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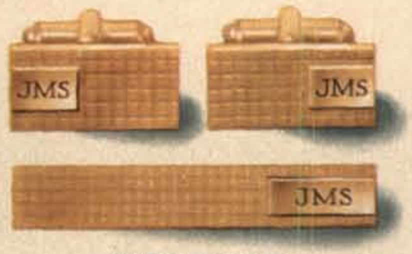

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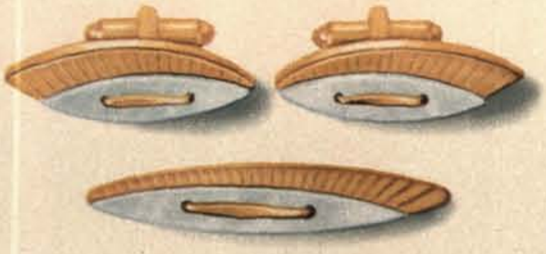

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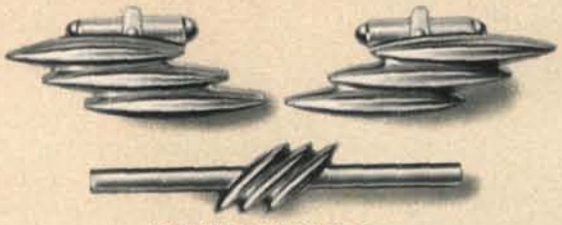

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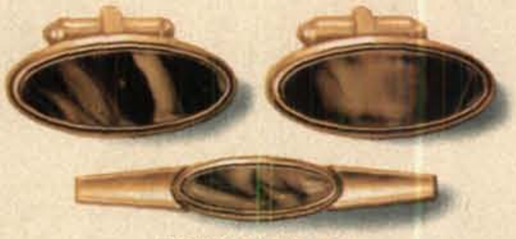

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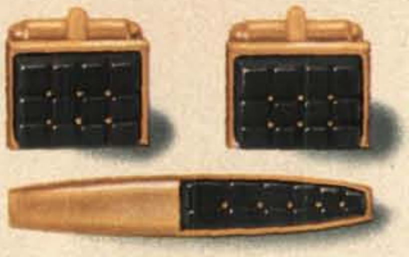

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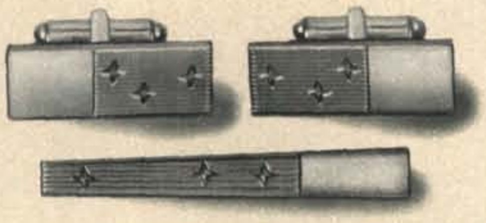

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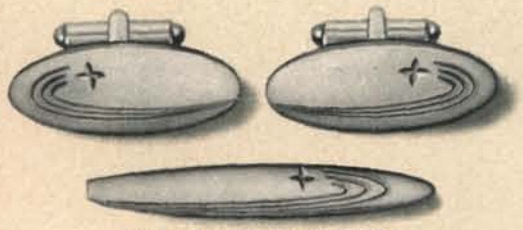

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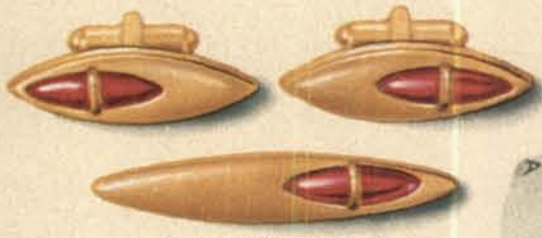

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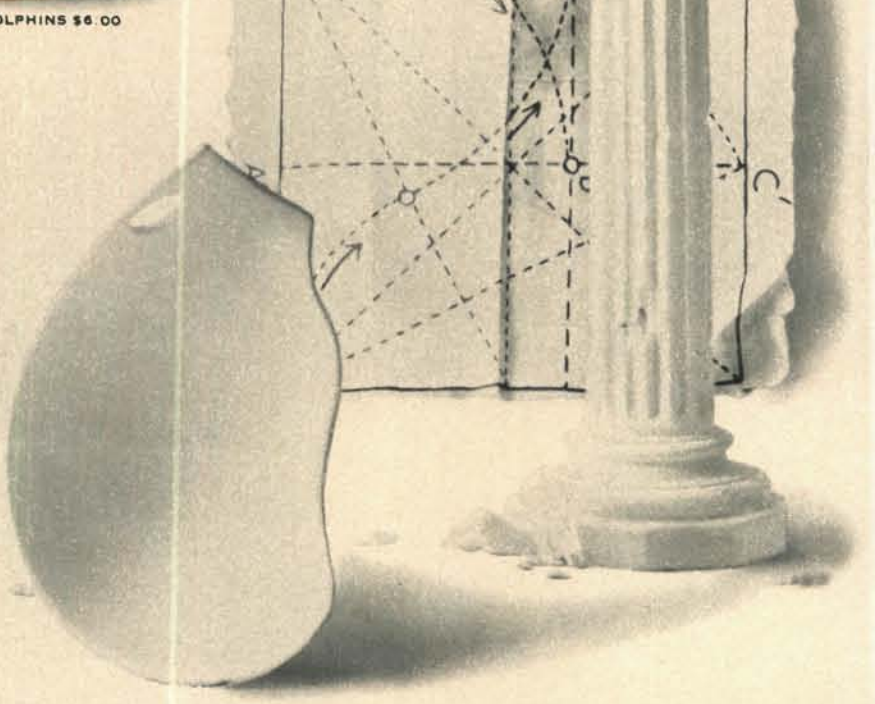

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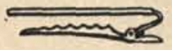

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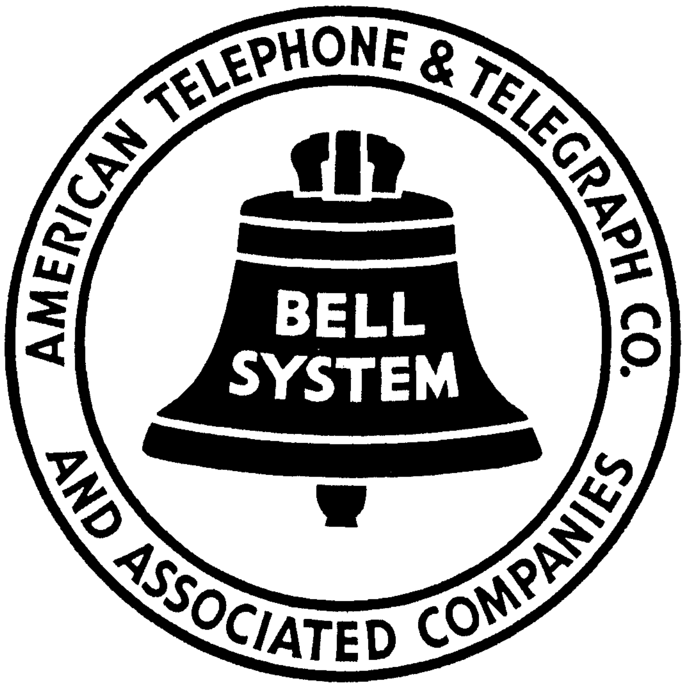

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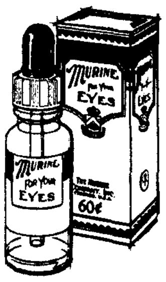

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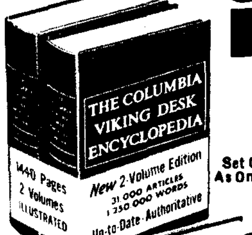
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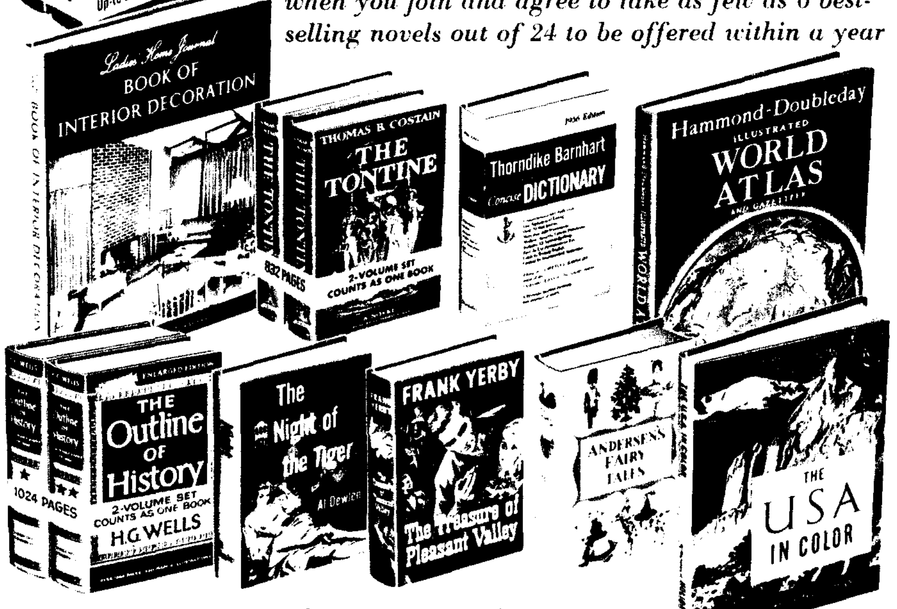
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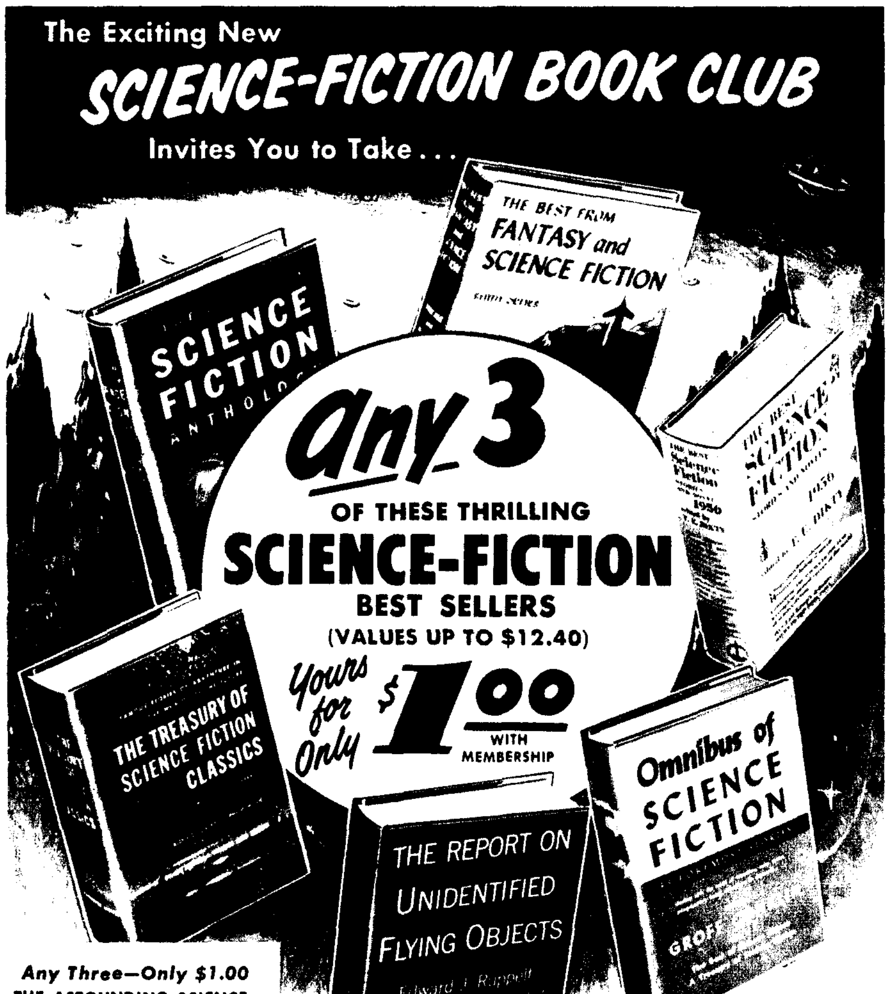
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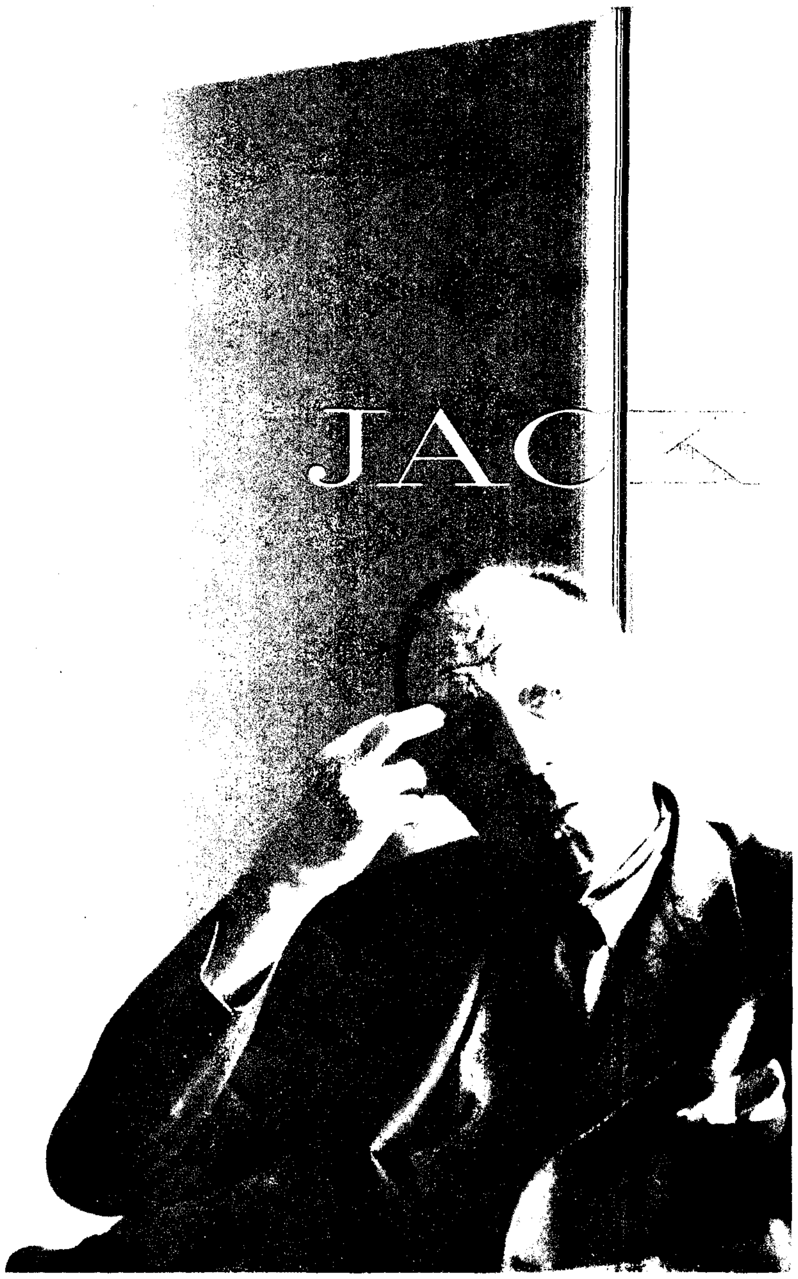

EVE ARNOLD

LISTEN TO...
JACK BENNY

By his own admission, there is nothing "very, very funny" about comedian Jack Benny. But by the measured laughs of millions of his dedicated admirers Jack Benny is one of the funniest men alive.

The discrepancy readily explains itself. Jack and his followers are examining two different Bennys. The legendary Benny is a miser, coward and poseur who thinks he is, but isn't, a great violinist and lover. The Benny who created the legend is a solemn man whose wife loves him after twenty-nine years together, who can play the violin rather well and who takes himself very, very seriously.

This is the Benny whom Eddie Cantor asked one day for a big donation to a fund-raising campaign and who—in utter defiance of the legend he had assiduously established over many years—sent a check to Cantor, signed but otherwise blank. With the check was a note: "Eddie, you fill it in."

It is the same Benny who by his exquisite sense of timing and taste has fashioned a comic character so lovably transparent that his "H'mm," his "But—" and sometimes even his silence are enough to break up an audience. Perhaps the supreme example of the Benny technique occurred on a Sunday radio broadcast some years back when Benny, out of sugar, took a cup from his cupboard and set out to borrow some from his neighbor, Ronald Colman. For some moments there was nothing but a sound of footsteps as he walked along the sidewalk between the houses. Then there was the unmistakable clink of a coin dropping into an empty cup. "Thank you," said Benny simply. And his audience had a fit.

Why? Listen to Jack Benny.

—LEONARD GROSS

People laugh at me because I'm demonstrating all the qualities they're afraid to admit they possess. My characterization includes perhaps all the faults that can be combined into one person. When people laugh at me, they always say, "Well, Uncle So-and-so is like that." They know somebody who acts something like I do. This is the basis of good humor that's lasting.

An established comedian has one immediate advantage: people are primed to laugh at him. Will Rogers once got on a train to make a speech someplace and the train was 20 minutes late. His first line when he arrived was, "Well, I thought I'd never get here." Now, there's nothing particularly funny about that line, or anything great or clever or anything particularly smart—though Will Rogers was a very smart man—but he had to start with something, so he merely said, "I thought I'd never get here," and everybody screamed because it was Will Rogers who had said it.

Comedy is merely something that makes people laugh. That's all. It makes no difference how.

You don't plan anything. You never plan anything. Something gets started on one show and you keep it on for the next show or for three shows in a row because it got laughs. And then, just by accident, it becomes a characterization.

Almost everybody is intelligent today. People at home in the small towns have television, radio, newspapers, magazines—everything to make them intelligent, if they want to be. I have never believed in playing down to people or in saying, "Well, the 'masses' will like this." I always had a feeling that if the real intelligent people liked what I was doing, then everybody did.

Basically, you have to "go wild" to get your jokes, but there must be something basically true about it that you believe. Now, a pie in the face can be very funny and very subtle if it's done in exactly the right way. But just to take a pie and throw it in somebody's face to get a laugh wouldn't be at all funny. I think everything depends on how it's done or what reason there is for its being done. There must be a basic truth in things. For example, a lot of people really believe I'm stingy. Not as stingy as I am on television—they don't think anybody could be that stingy—but they always feel maybe where there's a little smoke there's fire.

I would never take a gamble on an ad lib unless the situation warranted. Basically, you've got to know what you're talking about. When a person says to me, "Do you like to ad-lib?", I say I much prefer to get a laugh out of a joke that we have struggled with all week and I've paid a lot of money for.

The timing of a joke is very much like the timing of a golf swing. The golf swing has to be smooth, there has to be a certain rhythm to it. If it's a little too slow, you have lost something in hitting the ball. If it's a little too fast you have also lost something. If you make any kind of timing mistake in telling a joke, you have lost anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent of the laugh.

In dealing with other people, I've tried to be as encouraging as I possibly can. For instance, I have never told my writers, "I think this script is very, very bad." I might say it needs fixing. I might say it's weak in spots, and I might say it needs a lot of good editing. But I'll add, "I think we've got something here," even if I don't always think so, because then right away everybody is happy and they go right to work. Now if I should pick up a script and say to the writers, "I think this is lousy, this is very, very bad, how can you write anything like that?", I don't think they could write all that day or the next day.

If a person says to me, "What kind of a show have you got Sunday?", I'd say, "I *think* it's going to be good." I'm never positive that anything's going to be good. I don't think it's a good idea to be too positive about anything.

I've flopped occasionally. It's humbling, and you have a feeling that moment that every possible thing you did to become a success before that has all crumbled. It really hasn't, but you think it has. You just have to forget about it and perhaps learn a lesson from it.

There are many, many great golfers who would rather play golf than practice, but it's only the practice at golf that makes you a great golfer. When I was a kid violinist—up until I was about fifteen years old—I loved the violin, but I much preferred playing it to practicing. This alone could have kept me from being a violinist.

To be a success in life, do whatever you are planning to do seriously—even if it comes to being a comedian. Being a comedian is a very serious business.

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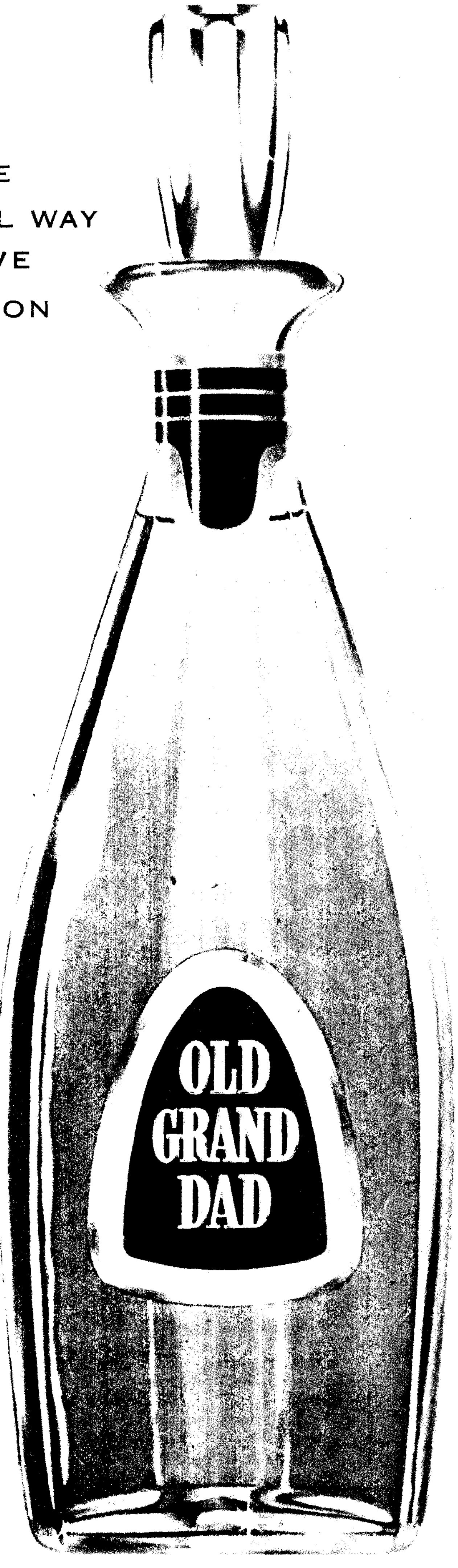

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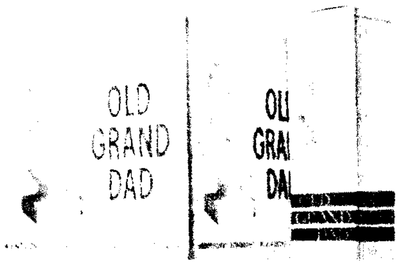

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Both the Old Grand-Dad Classic Decanter and the regular bottle are available in Presentation Cases of one dozen, with beautiful holiday cartons of matching design. A most generous gift for the top people on your list!

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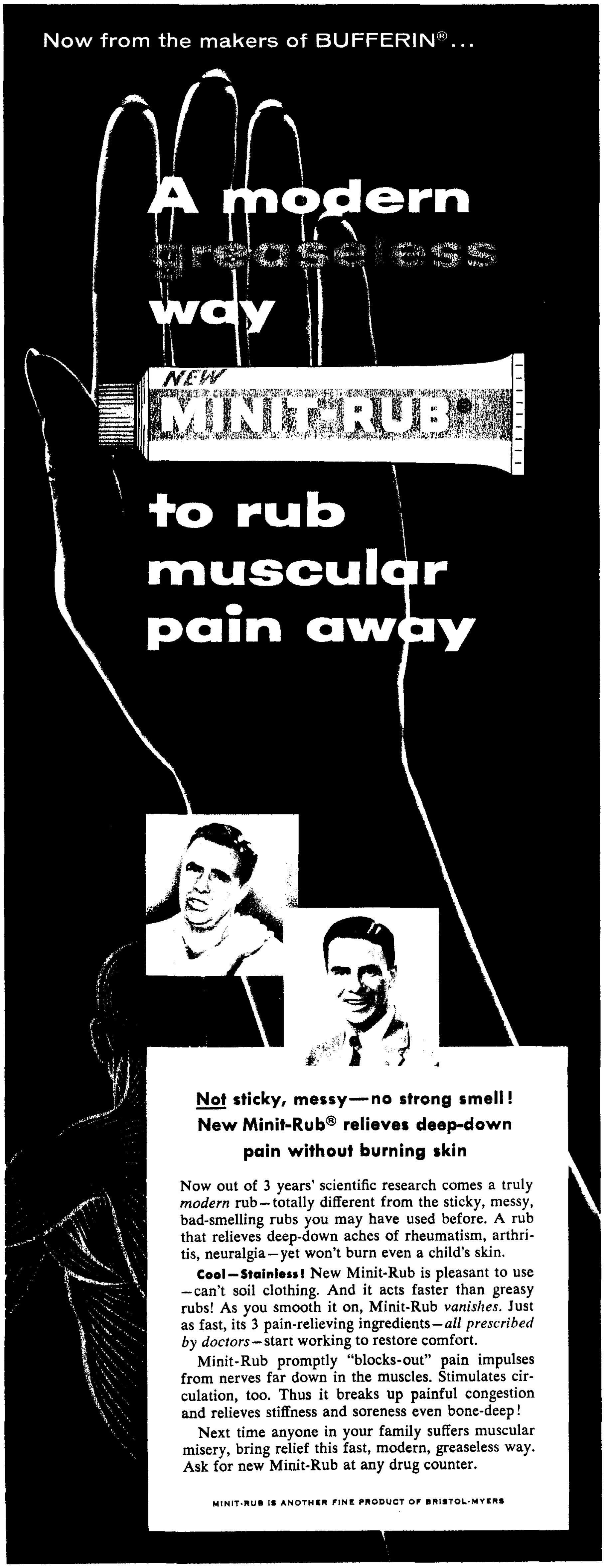

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Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly *modern* rub—totally different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you may have used before. A rub that relieves deep-down aches of rheumatism, arthritis, neuralgia—yet won't burn even a child's skin.

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MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

COLLIER'S CREDITS

VANCE PACKARD'S assignment was to go around the country and ask people how much money they were making. Considering the impertinence of it all, he made out so well that on page 54 we are publishing a most revealing story.

"There was a flush of prosperity visible over most of the land," Vance says. "In most cases, folks I questioned seemed quite eager to talk about the money people in their town were making, often including themselves. I was, however, frequently suspected of being a 'revenooer' in disguise, and was forced to identify myself. This happened to me four times in one day in Rochester, New York, where I was ferreting out information on who owned the big boats and houses.

"I heard of a machinist (tool-and-die man) who was working twenty hours a week overtime and making $12,000 a year; he's ordered a swimming pool. A headwaiter at a New York hotel was found to be making three times as much as the governor of Missouri.

"The incomes I cite in the article are *averages,* of course. Here's an item to emphasize that: in the article I mention that secretaries average $70 a week. I ran across this classified ad in a New York paper:

"SECTY, good-looking, $100."

★ ★ ★

MERLE MILLER'S sensitive article about that fine farm family, the Cooks, is partly due to the fact that he is a good writer and partly to the fact that he knows all about Iowa farm life to start with. He was born on an 80-acre farm in that state and brought up there. Both of his grandfathers were farmers, and a great-grandfather, too.

Miller began writing regularly at the University of Iowa as an editor of the Daily Iowan. He was also a newscaster on local radio station WSUI. The last time he was home, his mother wistfully said, "Merle, if you'd played your cards right you could have been another Hal March."

After college, Miller's newspaper career had barely started on the late Philadelphia Record when military training got really compulsory and he spent four years in the Army, half the time in the Pacific and the rest in Europe as correspondent and editor for Yank. When that was all over, he started writing for a living, and has done almost every kind: books—fiction and nonfiction, magazine articles and stories, television and screenplays.

"The last time I was in Hollywood," Miller recalls, "there was an item in one of the columns linking me with a beauty I'd never even seen. We were a 'Hollywood duet,' it said.

"The morning that column appeared in the Des Moines Register, Aunt Bertha called my mother in great excitement. 'Dora,' she said, 'I didn't know Merle sang.' "

Miller's favorite work is writing novels, of which there now have been five published—the most popular, That Winter, and the most recent, A Secret Understanding. The sixth one in the works is tentatively called A Very Warm Day in July.

Last summer Miller attended the Bread Loaf Writers Conference at Middlebury College in Vermont as guest and adviser and speaker, along with a few writers and a lot of people who want to write. At one question-and-answer session, Merle tells us, an earnest young man of seventeen or so stood up.

"Mr. Miller," he queried, "do you just want to keep on being prolific or do you want to be good, too?"

★ ★ ★

GEORGE WELLER, author of South of Suez (page 38), is a Bostonian by birth, a Harvard man by education, a foreign correspondent (Chicago Daily News) by profession, and an occasional lecturer and novelist.

Doing his story, he talked with Haile Selassie in Ethiopia, King Saud in his desert capital Riyadh, crossed the Arabian Desert to the strategic, remote Buraimi oasis, and flew in an R.A.F. jet over the Yemeni border—among other things.

One of his best-remembered stories is the World War II, Pulitzer-prize-winning account of an appendectomy aboard a submarine.

The Navy congratulated him but advised, in effect, "Please don't do it again: you've got all our pharmacist's mates wanting to be surgeons."

★ ★ ★

A FEW WEEKS before Walter Winchell's television show was to be launched, our Peter Maas called the columnist with the thought of doing a story about it.

"Come on over!" Winchell barked. "But make it snappy—I've only got ten minutes!"

Maas raced over to Winchell's NBC headquarters. It was ten minutes of four in the afternoon.

At 7:30 A.M. the next day, Maas staggered into his own apartment after having spent the whole night covering the big town with WW.

"I was talking to him," Maas says, "when he said, 'Come on to the barbershop.' He got shaved and so did I. Then he raced out of there and said, 'Come on to Lindy's for dinner!' Then it was the Copa, El Morocco and all those other places he goes to. Then he started what he calls 'chasing burglars'—answering police calls in his radio-equipped car.

"I spent 10 nights like this with him, and Gene Cook spent six nights on the photographs."

The story's on page 32. The boys are still catching up on sleep.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Merle Miller (l.) at Middlebury writers conference (with student Jean Wolcott)

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THIS NEW PHILIP MORRIS HAS IT! A new roll of sweet, rich, true tobacco. And it's all tobacco, lip end, tip end—all the way through! Before you light it give it a couple of puffs. Get that taste? That's natural tobacco goodness. Then light up, and have a real good smoke. One is a promise. A pack is proof. A carton will really convince you!

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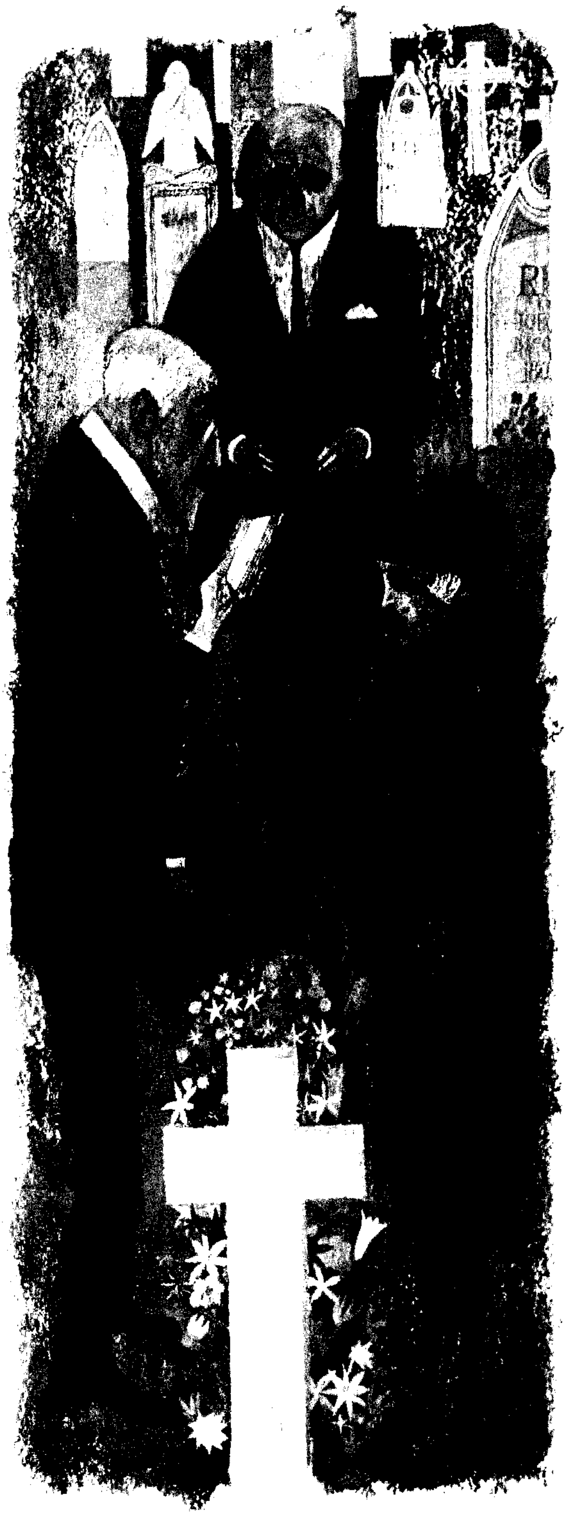
This NEW Philip Morris has it

A favor for Lefty

By CHARLES EINSTEIN



"Well, there we were," Leon told us later. "And I never expected what happened next"

IN OUR family, we have an expression—"Do a favor for Lefty"—that, like the private sayings you have in your own family, is very hard to translate so outsiders will understand. Even today, a generation later, I am not qualified as, say, my father, to use this expression with its exact nuance and meaning (though I have used it time and time again) because I wasn't there when it happened. I was five years old, and five-year-olds don't go to funerals.

What happened was that Mr. Ghiblikian, who lived across the street from us in Boston, died. He died of old age. He was in his eighties, and he had had a long and a full life, and he died peacefully. My grandfather and my father and my Uncle Leon all went to the funeral parlor for the services, and they went in two cars. This was because Uncle Leon had bought a new car the day before, and he insisted on driving it every chance he got. My grandfather refused to drive anywhere in a car that had Uncle Leon behind the wheel, so Grandfather went with my father; and Uncle Leon went in his own car, a trifle bitterly.

"Why won't you go in the same car with me?" he'd asked Grandfather.

"Because you don't look at the road when you drive," Grandfather said.

"I have to look for the signs," Uncle Leon said.

"You can't drive and look for signs at the same time," my grandfather said, and that was that.

Funeral services were held for Mr. Ghiblikian at one of the largest chapels in Boston, and after that all the cars got in line to follow the hearse to the cemetery. My father and my grandfather got back from the burial before Uncle Leon, and they were both upset about something. From their conversation, often recounted, I have been able to reconstruct at least dimly what had happened.

"He did what you told him," my father said. "He stopped looking for signs and kept his eye on the road."

"So he got lost and never showed up at the cemetery!" Grandfather shouted. "A fine time to stop looking for signs!"

"Look," my father said. "There was a whole crowd of mourners. One more wasn't missed. And of the three of us—you and me and Leon—Leon knew Mr. Ghiblikian the least. It isn't as if he was as close to him as you were."

It was not typical of my father to stick up for Uncle Leon this way, but in later years I have understood that Grandfather was upset over the death of his friend and that my father was trying to soothe him.

He wasn't too successful. "Signs!" my grandfather shouted. "Signs! He didn't even have to look for signs! All he had to do was stay in line in the parade"—"parade" was not the right word for a funeral procession, but my grandfather did not know the right word and meant nothing disrespectful, and my father, wisely, did not correct him—"and he couldn't miss!"

"Maybe he had a flat tire," my father said.

"Brand-new car!" my grandfather bellowed. "It goes two miles, a flat tire?"

"He might have run over a nail."

"So while he's looking for signs he'll look for nails too!"

There was the sound of a key in the door. My Uncle Leon came in and found himself looking down the barrel of an accusing finger.

"You!" my grandfather bellowed at him.

My father said, "Leon, what happened?"

"It's hard to explain," Uncle Leon said.

"It's hard to explain," my grandfather said, in savage mimicry. "Your brother and I, we were at a funeral today. Where were you?"

"At a funeral," Leon said.

"You saw them bury Ghiblikian?" my grandfather asked doubtfully.

"No. I saw them bury somebody else."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"I may hit him," my grandfather said to my father.

"It's very simple," Uncle Leon said. "I mean, it's not simple, but the way it worked out there wasn't anything else I could do." He looked appealingly at my father. "You know how the cars got jammed up on Beacon Street a few blocks away from the chapel?"

My father nodded, looking carefully at my grandfather.

"Well, I guess I got in the wrong lane," Uncle Leon said. "The traffic started to move, and a cop waved me on through a light, and I saw I was right behind one of the chapel limousines, and right in front of the limousine was a hearse from the same chapel, so naturally I thought I'd moved up in the line and was following Mr. Ghiblikian's hearse." He shrugged. "Nobody told me where the cemetery was, anyway, so I had no way of knowing I was following a different hearse to a different cemetery."

"Seems only yesterday," my grandfather said to him, "you came home from the school saying, 'Papa, I got an A in American history.' What brains have you got? How come you ever got an A in anything?"

"There was just nothing I could do," Uncle Leon said. "The traffic was heavy, and I didn't recognize the people in the car behind me, but Mr. Ghiblikian knew a lot of people I didn't know, so that didn't mean anything; and you couldn't tell who was riding in the limousine in front of me. So"—he took a deep breath—"it wasn't till we turned in the cemetery gate and stopped at the graveside that I realized."

My father said, "Realized that you were at the wrong funeral?"

"Realized that I was the only car in that procession, besides the hearse and the limousine. I got out of the car and there was nobody behind me. And all there was in the limousine up ahead was the widow and the minister and a man from the funeral parlor."

My grandfather stared at him. "So?"

"So what could I do?" Leon said plaintively. "I can't say I'm sorry, good-by. I was in the presence of the dead. The minister came up and shook my hand. I had to stay where I was."

Nobody said anything for a time. Then Uncle Leon broke the silence. "The minister said his few words, and then it was over, and you know what happened? The widow came up and kissed me on the cheek. And you know what she said? She said, 'I know you don't want to tell me who you are, but you did my husband a favor, coming here today. I want to thank you,' she said."

AND THAT WAS Uncle Leon's story, and that way it stood until the following morning, when the papers came and there was a little item that said:

Smalltime racketeer Lefty Brown, fatally wounded in a holdup attempt last Thursday, was buried at Fair View Cemetery yesterday, all but unmourned. Cemetery officials said only the widow, Mrs. Frances Brown, and an unidentified escort accompanied the body to its final resting place. . . .

It all checked out. That unidentified escort was my Uncle Leon, and I guess the widow must have thought he was some hoodlum or other, which is why she told him she wouldn't ask his name. And since that time we have this expression in our family—"Do a favor for Lefty." It is by no means a sardonic or sarcastic saying, but implies instead something unplanned but nonetheless warm: something that means some unexpected happiness in some unexpected direction, something that deals with fate. It is like the expressions you have come to have in your own family—there's no describing them or explaining them to outsiders. You know how it is. THE END

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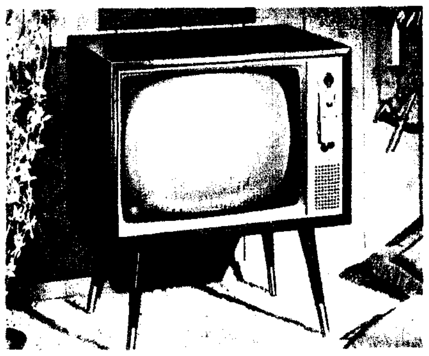

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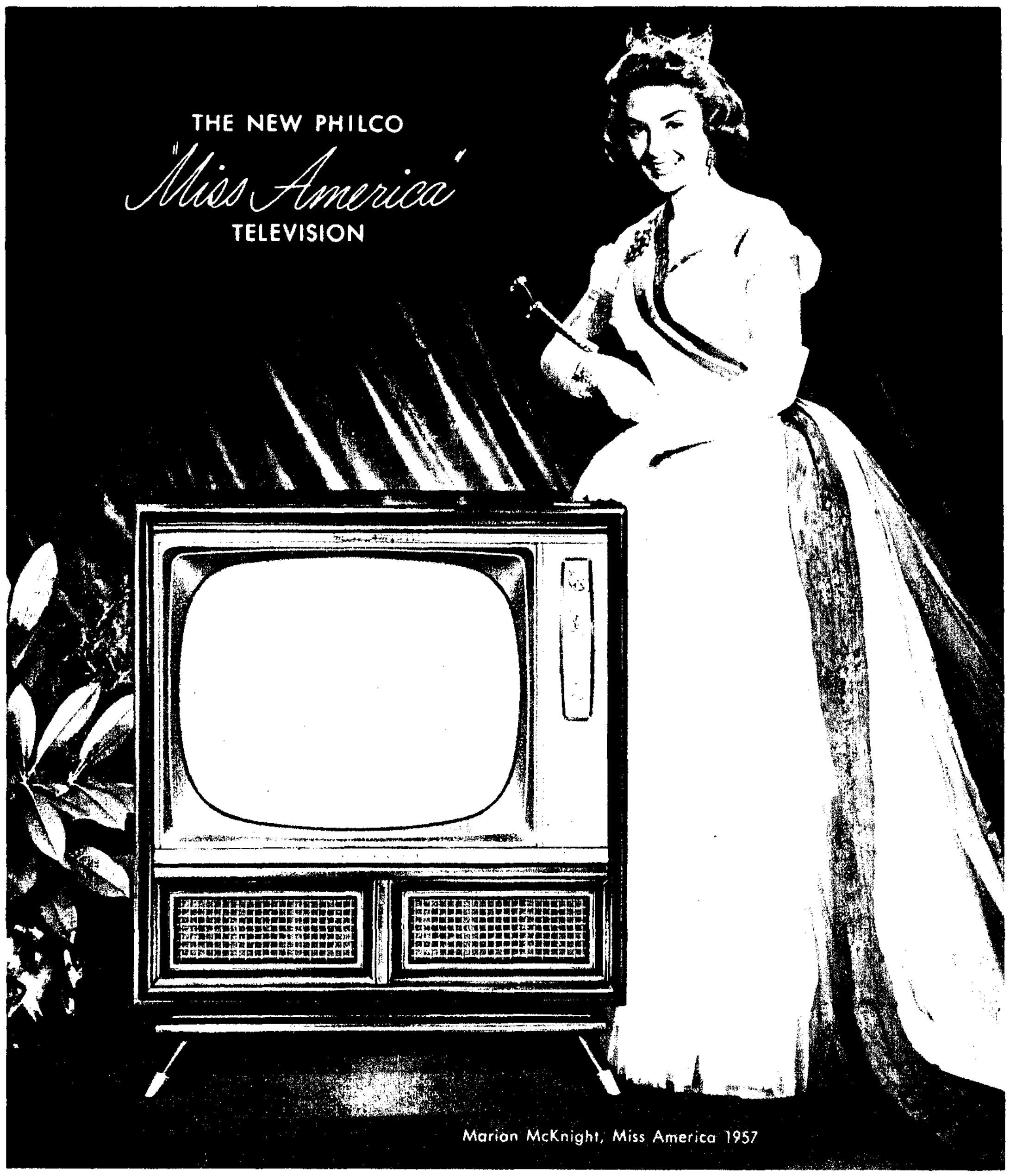

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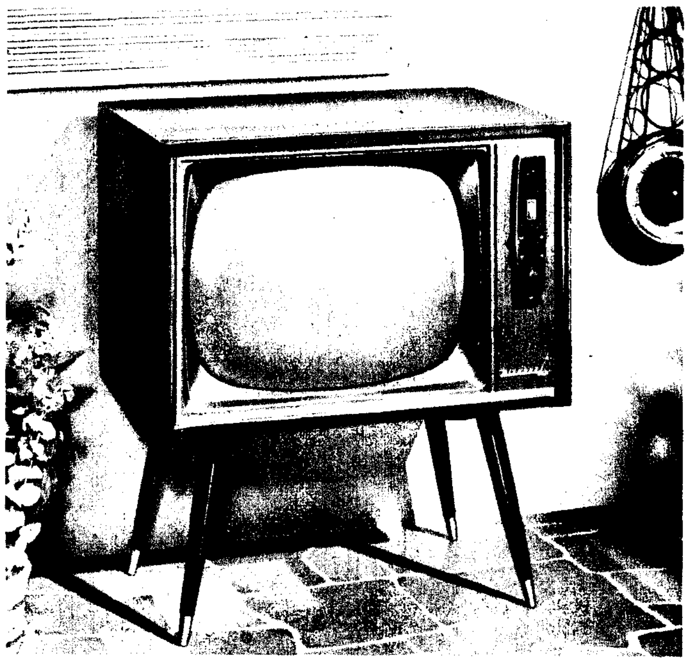

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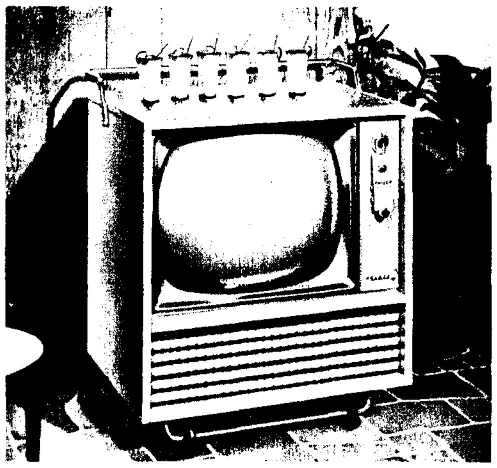
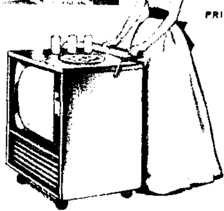
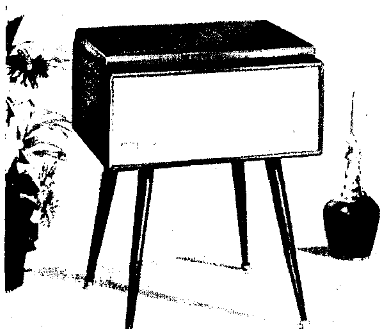


NEW "RUNABOUT" TV. Big screen console on wheels—doubles as mobile snack bar. Aqua blue serving top resists spills and stains. Philco 4612-G.





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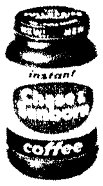


LETTERS

A Penalty on the Play

EDITOR: Why Collier's attack on some of our college football teams? (College Football Is Pro Football, by Ronnie Knox, Oct. 12th.) When I was in college the verbal assault on our athletes came from two groups: the gutless wonders who envied the boys with the courage and ambition to play, and the misfits who spent every free minute "tippy-toeing" from car to car at street intersections, passing out left-wing literature. Things haven't changed.
WAYNE E. JOHNSON, Wallace, Idaho

. . . What is so horrible about a young man working his way through college in a football uniform?
CHARLES F. JACOBS, Mansfield, La.

. . . Ronnie was by no means the really big name in Coast college football. There were at least half a dozen players in the conference who were better all-around players than he was.
CHARLES Q. BALDWIN, San Jose, Calif.

. . . Sour grapes. . . .
MISS DONNA LEE REYNOLDS,
San Francisco, Calif.

. . . I played nine years of football in the Midwest . . . I sure would like to run up against Ronnie Knox on the field just once.
CHARLES WARD, Syracuse, N.Y.

. . . Collier's Comment (College Football: 1956, Oct. 12th) is excellent. I go back to football games at my alma mater, Harvard, and enjoy them immensely. While it is nice when we win, it isn't essential.

Certainly, Harvard, with the largest endowment fund in the country, *could* buy the best team; but, along with Yale, Princeton and others, it prefers to set a proper example along the lines indicated in your editorial.
LAURENCE MCKINNEY, Albany, N.Y.

Please, madam, your child . . .

EDITOR: Hats off to the Berenstains for the cartoon Supermarket (Oct. 12th). I thought I'd seen everything in four years of supermarket work, but now I'm cringing between rows of stock in the back room.
BRIAN K. MOORE, Lansing, Mich.

Here, Boy!

EDITOR: A Master for Psalmsinger, by Dion Henderson (Sept. 28th), is an excellent story. However, I disagree with Mr. Henderson as to the best way to train a young bird dog. He suggests a dummy leather bird; I always take a warm, freshly shot quail and put it in the puppy's mouth, then, keeping one hand under his jaw and the other holding his collar, I walk him 30 or 40 yards once or twice. . . . ALFRED C. QUIMBY,
Cordova, Md.

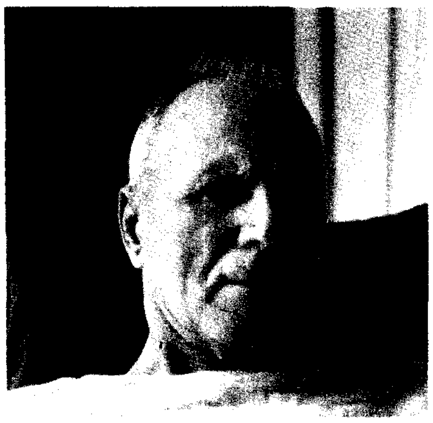
Who Is "Charles Jameson"?

EDITOR: Who Is the Living "Unknown Soldier"?, by Don Hogan (Oct. 12th), was wonderful.

It is the first well-handled human-interest story I've read in an American magazine in the six years I have been in this country.
ERIKA PURIN, New York, N.Y.

. . . Couldn't you show a better picture so that someone might recognize him?
MRS. ROBERT WALDRON,
North Plainfield, N.J.

See below.


CARL BAKAL

. . . Please, will there be a follow-up?
MRS. AUGUSTUS KELLEY,
Cos Cob, Conn.

Collier's is running down all possible leads. If anything turns up, another article may well be published. Readers who want to help the old man or simply to write to him should address him as Charles Jameson, U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, 77 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.

The Trouble with Harry

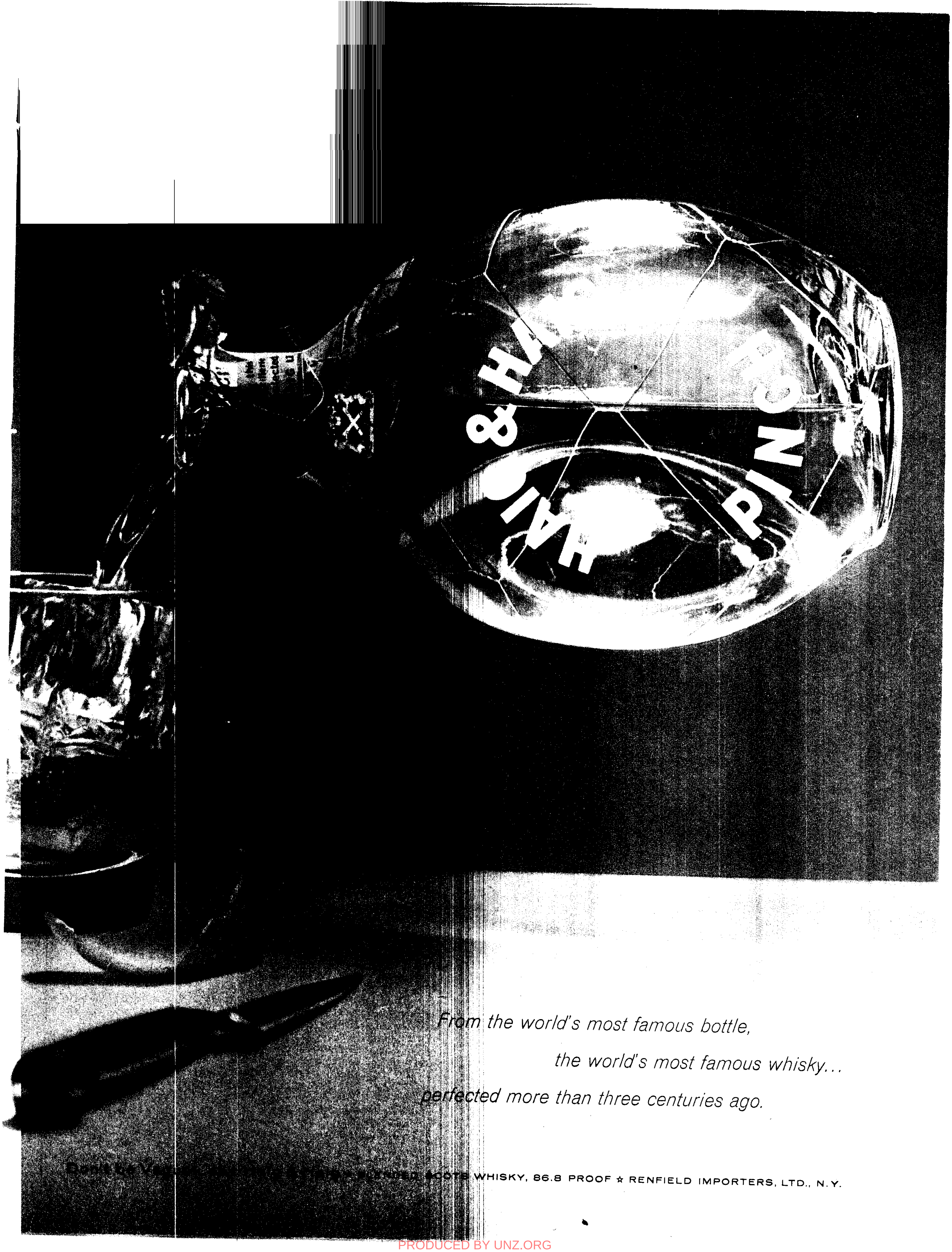
EDITOR: Collier's Comment, The Rise and Fall of Harry Truman (Sept. 28th), was superb. It described perfectly this vain and foolish man.
MRS. G. V. GROVES, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Harry S. Truman symbolizes the opportunity of the common man in this great country of ours.
J. T. FISHER, Mission, Kans.

. . . Don't waste your tears on Mr. Truman . . . he is resilient, irrepressible,

The Cover Gene Cook

As our cover of Walter Winchell was shot, this dialogue ensued. Collier's Special Photo Correspondent Cook: "Walter, can't you even stand still for a quarter of a second?" Winchell: "Hey, what are you guys trying to do, practice on me?" Cook pursued Winchell for a half-dozen hectic nights from twilight to dawn, in and out of night clubs, police stations, theaters, hospitals and TV rehearsal halls. Winchell moved so fast on his nightly prowls that Cook could use no lights, barely had time to focus. But all his shots came out. For a report on Winchell's beat, see page 32



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Please mail free Zenith literature, dealer list, and free one-year subscription to the new magazine, "Better Hearing."

Name ....

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indomitable. . . . MRS. C. A. ROMBACH, San Bruno, Calif.

. . . You hit the nail right on the head. HAROLD DUNFORD, San Diego, Calif.

Doria Aftermath

EDITOR: I'm honored by your article (Five Desperate Hours in Cabin 56, by Cornelius Ryan, Sept. 28th) . . . I shall always remain thankful for what you have done . . . As for my future, I shall try to buy a little fishing boat . . . I hope that Mr. Ryan will always remember that my poor home is at his disposal whenever he feels like coming to Genoa. GINO ROVELLI, Genoa, Italy

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

At Rome press conference, Rovelli (right) watches Ryan show angle of Doria's list

. . . The way Cornelius Ryan has captured Mother's and Dad's personalities makes it hard to realize that he never knew her and knew Dad only recently. His handling of our tragedy was beautifully done.
JUNE PETERSON MONTGOMERY, Montclair, N.J.

. . . We who have studied under Dr. Peterson give thanks for an article that grasped our hearts. . . .
RICHARD E. VINCENT, Salem, Mass.

. . . My sister and I were occupants of Cabin 62 on the Doria that night. We are grateful . . . We have learned much that we didn't know before. . . .
MRS. THEODORE S. CORNELL, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Tears I had been holding back while reading the story finally spilled out when I read Gino's words, "Why couldn't it have been me? I'm nobody."
MRS. GEORGE HEINDL, Van Nuys, Calif.

. . . Congratulations. . . .
ALEX FAULKNER, London, England

. . . dramatic and almost incredible . . . Rovelli should get a Carnegie medal.
MRS. WILLIAM BEEKMAN, Springfield, Ohio

. . . It would be interesting to know what has happened to the doctor and the steward since their rescue. Do people . . . thrown together in disaster forget one another afterward, or do they feel a tie and continue to correspond?
MRS. BEVERLY BORSETI, Medford, Mass.

Thure Peterson and Gino Rovelli are naturally very close. They exchange letters frequently, sharing their everyday experiences, but rarely discussing the disaster. After a long rest, Dr. Peterson, president of the Chiropractic Institute of New York, is back at his desk. Rovelli, like other members of the Doria's crew, was paid off August 27th and awaits reassignment. For his future hopes, see his letter in column 1.

No Negro Signers

EDITOR: In answer to E. B. Cowley of Atlanta who says "there were no Negro signers of the Declaration of Independence" (Letters, Sept. 28th), it is because his ancestors hadn't brought them over as slaves yet.
MRS. EDWARD DICKE, Fort Wayne, Ind.

. . . Kindly inform Cowley that there were no Cowleys signing either. . . .
VIRGINIA MCALPIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Nor were there any women signers. So what? . . . MISS MARY GAINES READ, Baton Rouge, La.

Toast of the Town

EDITOR: Ed Sullivan's comments (My Story, Sept. 14th, 28th, Oct. 12th) on those who criticize him are gems of charity; he is neither subservient nor domineering. He meets each one of us as an equal human being. I am for him. He's a man. J. CLYDE MCINTYRE, Flint, Mich.

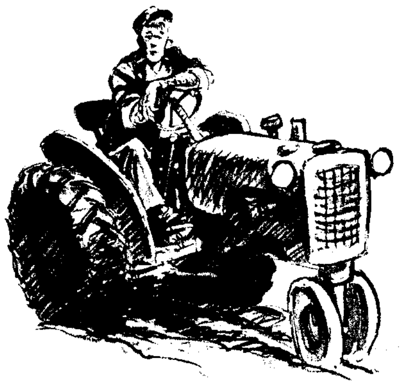
. . . To Ed Sullivan—After Reading His Life Story:

Leprechauns, shamrocks and shillelaghs
Brought him unusual luck
But what made fortune shine daily
Was his indomitable American pluck!
LOIS MURPHY HOUGH, Champaign, Ill.

Praise from Japan

EDITOR: I think The Magic Fog, by Robert O'Brien (Aug. 31st), is a beautiful piece of literature. To me, American cities had been just concrete and electrical appliances until I read this. Thank you for putting in my mind a softly beautiful image. . . .
MISS KAZUKO IMAI, Moji City, Japan

Well, I'll Be . . .



"My biggest farm problem is that you're holding up my plowing"

EDITOR: The only thing holding up the farmer's plowing (A Cartoonist Goes Campaigning, by Bill Mauldin, Sept. 28th) is that he has his rear tires mounted backwards. JACK KELLY, Goodyear Tire Distributors, Fremont, Ohio

Replies Democrat Mauldin: "I grew up on a farm under a Republican administration and all of our tractor tires were smooth then."

November Is Longines-Wittnauer
"90th Anniversary" Month At Your Jeweler

XII
1866
LONGINES
WITTNAUER
90th
ANNIVERSARY
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III
VI
IX

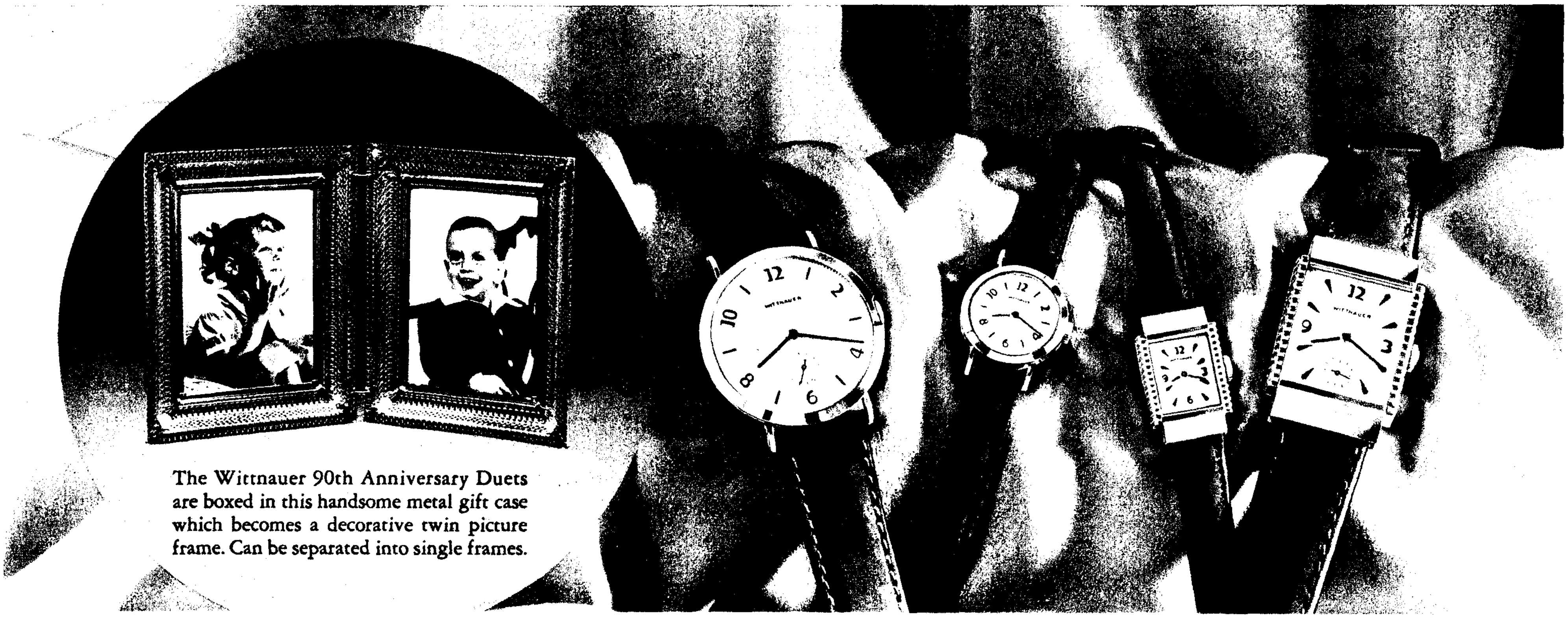
Wittnauer

Distinguished Companion Watch to the World-Honored Longines

CELEBRATING THE *"90th Anniversary"* OF LONGINES-WITTNAUER

During the ninety years of Longines-Wittnauer, the history of the modern watch has been written almost in its entirety. And during this whole era no watch company has contributed more to the progress of the horological industry. ℭ To mark this anniversary milestone, Longines-Wittnauer has prepared a series of watches, ultra-modern in style, breathtaking in beauty, superior in accuracy. Now, more than ever, these Wittnauer 90th Anniversary watches offer exceptional quality in the price range from $34.75. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

A gift-within-a-gift—boxed in double-duty metal Picture Frame cases illustrated are these Special Wittnauer 90th Anniversary Duets, perfectly paired for man and maid. Left—"Majestic Duet," with engine-turned dials; right—"Companion Duet." Each watch $49.75. Federal tax included.



The Wittnauer 90th Anniversary Duets are boxed in this handsome metal gift case which becomes a decorative twin picture frame. Can be separated into single frames.

WITTNAUER

Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

Get *triple-action* when you winterize your

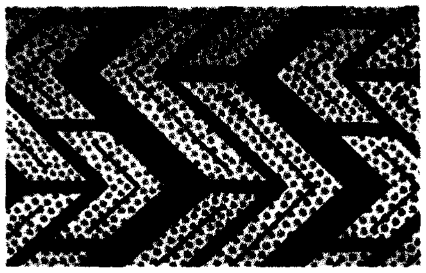
1

Terrific Pulling Action

with husky, deep-biting traction bars No more spinning in snow, slush or mud when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get all the hum-free, thump-free riding comfort and long, carefree mileage you'd expect of a high-quality passenger car tire.

2

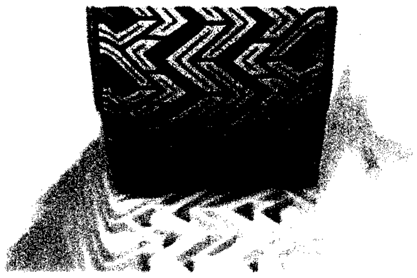
Non-Skid Action



with built-in Skid-Resisters and sharp-angled cleats Those action-angled cleats molded in the extra width tread are powerful traction forces in themselves, and, in addition, their design includes thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.

3

Self-Cleaning Action



prevents traction loss due to "packing up" As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud out of the tread spaces to prevent them from packing up. This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

TUBELESS
Firestone
Town & Country

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC.

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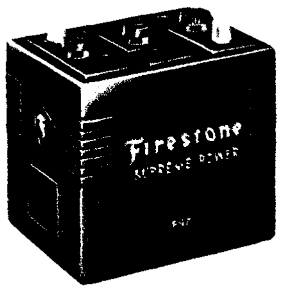
traction

car at Firestone

Go through winter with Built-In Peace of Mind. Get Firestone's new, improved Town & Country winter tires that give you Triple-Action Traction!

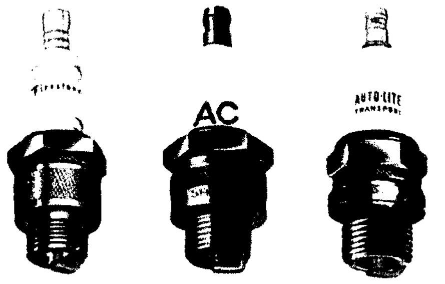
With only one stop you can winterize your car completely at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store—and only there can your car be equipped with the latest development in winter tires: Firestone's new, improved Town & Country Tires with exclusive Triple-Action Traction! A few dollars down will mount them on your car right then and there!

Take your choice of nylon or rayon cord bodies, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or for use with tube, but come in now for immediate service, drive out with *built-in peace of mind* and be ready for winter weather ahead!



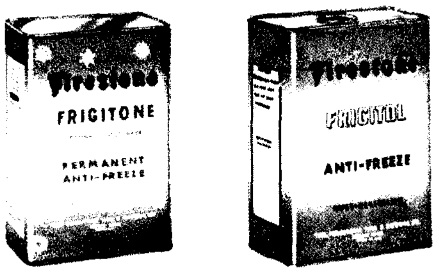
Get a Firestone Dri-Charge Battery

Have your battery tested now at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. If it will not last all winter, replace it with a Firestone Dri-Charge Battery. You can be sure of a new, fresh battery because power-producing acid is not added until the battery is installed. You can buy on convenient payment terms.



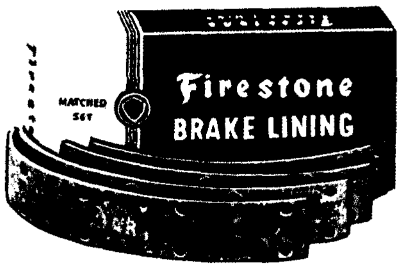
Buy a set of new spark plugs NOW!

You get quicker starting and save your battery by installing a set of new Firestone, AC or Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car this fall. Your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store will be glad to recommend the type that will give the most satisfactory performance for your make of car . . . and install them expertly for you.



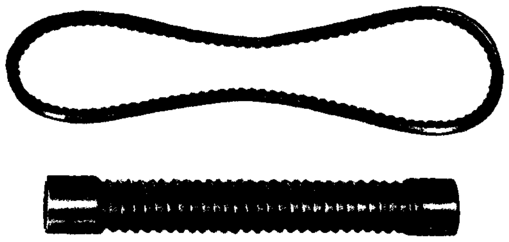
Put in Firestone Frigitone or Frigitol

Don't let the first cold snap catch you cold! Now is the time to go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and have Firestone Frigitone, the permanent anti-freeze, or long-lasting Firestone Frigitol put in the radiator of your car. You can buy on convenient payment terms, if you desire.



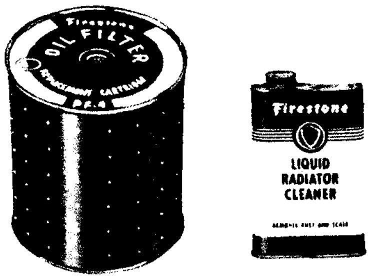
Have Firestone brake lining installed

Good brakes are vitally necessary for safe winter driving, and Firestone Matched Set Brake Lining will assure you of safe and dependable stopping power on any roads in any weather. You can have your brakes relined with genuine Firestone brake lining at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



Put on new fan belt and radiator hose

Before you put anti-freeze in your car, be sure to have its cooling system inspected at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Worn radiator hose can cause expensive loss of anti-freeze and loss of protection, so play safe by installing new Firestone Radiator Hose. And be sure to put on a new Firestone Fan Belt.



Change oil filter . . . clean radiator

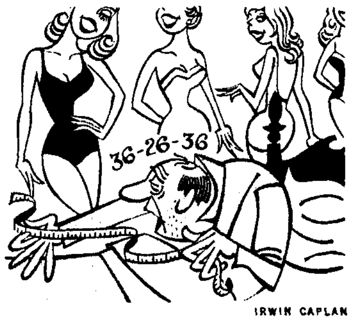
Your oil filter is more important in winter than at any other time of the year. Start the winter right by installing a new Firestone Oil Filter in your car. And before you put in anti-freeze, be sure to have your radiator flushed and thoroughly cleaned with Firestone Radiator Cleaner and Rust Inhibitor.

48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Recovered is Mr. A. R. G., symmetry engineer, Los Angeles, California. Summer just about did him in. Reason: he was a judge in 13 beauty contests. Got so he couldn't sleep thinking about Miss T-Shirt and the rest of the girls. Tried counting sheep with no slumbersome success. Finally tried counting beauties and eventually went into an 18-hour coma. But it wasn't very restful because, his family tells him, he kept ducking and dodging and yelling 36-26-36.



★ ★ ★

Midwest outfit rushing to the rescue of toil-gnarled American housewives who have been spending their dreary days over hot can openers. Turning out an air-cooled opener that, at the touch of a button, will shear the top off a food container and flip it aside. Nothing for the little woman to do but hand the can over to the gadget and have the oven give the result a warm reception. Let freedom ring.

★ ★ ★

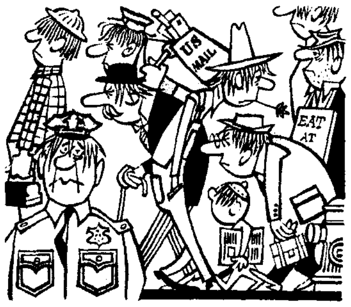
We have a bargain basement packed with fall sales of slightly damaged but still serviceable states of mind. Do your shopping here and save. For example, a fashion editor warns against the embarrassment of appearing at an archery party improperly dressed for bow-and-arrow shooting . . . A letter from a Utah gentleman predicting that the time will come when "He was born in a trailer" will be the modern version of the old Log Cabin Candidate slogan . . . Mr. Ted McColl, of Lansing, Michigan, says it's getting harder and harder to tell whether some politicians are telling the truth or just can't think fast . . . Boston, Massachusetts, lady has decided you can tell a man's character by what he does when he has nothing to do . . . Tourist Abe Heimberg asked a carhop at an Idaho diner what was in the all-burger she had just fetched him. She pleaded the Fifth Amendment . . . Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, gentleman named Al—just Al—reports enjoying a dance in the street in New Orleans with a buxom lady who told him she was Miss Shrimp of 1938 . . . Hobby of a gentleman in Pinewood, South Carolina: he collects burnt matches. Started two years ago. Has about 30,000 of them. Says it's good exercise . . . Watch for future economy announcements from our bargain basement.

★ ★ ★

There are two gambling clubs within a gallon of gas of Oklahoma City and stern measures are being taken to force them to quit and begone. The state highway commission has decreed that no state-highway funds may be used to improve the roads leading to these deplorable establishments. This, it is estimated, will cut down attendance very close to one per cent.

★ ★ ★

Only a matter of hours ago the country was saved from various disasters that the scare-vote seekers thought up from time to time during the recent election campaign. And now maybe Stuart, Nebraska, will have a chance to be heard. Stuart is in the market for a doctor and a barber, and to hell (pronounced heck) with their politics as long as they can roll the proper pills and cut hair without including an ear. Town hasn't had a doctor for four years nor a barber for a twelvemonth. Many a headache under unshorn locks.



★ ★ ★

Good news from Sacramento, California, and none too soon to suit us either. It says that "California honey adds flavor to fruit drinks, eggnogs and milk shakes and eliminates the necessity of dissolving granulated sugar." Dissolving a couple of spoonfuls can be pretty exhausting.

"
NATIONAL BOHEMIAN
?"
"
NATIONAL BOHEMIAN
!"

THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE, MD., ORLANDO, FLA., THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. OF MICH., DETROIT

Friendly voice . . . friendly invitation. There's nothing so satisfying as the satisfying flavor of National Bohemian Beer.

NATIONAL BOHEMIAN BEER Oh boy, what a beer!

The Answer...for men who need (but think they can't afford)
at least $10,000 more life insurance!

New York Life's popular Whole Life policy protects your family at a low premium cost—builds high cash values fast!

Here's a policy that offers permanent life insurance in an "economy size package." Because the minimum amount is $10,000, savings are possible which are passed along to you and make the premiums much lower than they would otherwise be. For a man of 35, for example, the annual premium for standard life insurance is only $23.59 per $1,000. And rates are correspondingly low for all ages.

Low as the premiums are, Whole Life builds up *high cash values* quickly—equal, in fact, to the full reserve after only seven years! These values are a source of ready cash available for emergencies.

Dividends payable on Whole Life policy can be used to reduce premium payments. Or, you can allow dividends to accumulate, increasing the policy's cash value. Or, you can apply them under other available options. The low premiums, high cash values and dividends combine to make Whole Life unusually attractive.

If you have been telling yourself that you ought to have more life insurance to protect your family or your business—but have been putting it off because you think you can't afford it—ask your New York Life agent for all the facts about Whole Life, or mail the coupon for full information today!

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

Life Insurance • Group Insurance
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NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
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Dept. CR-21, 51 Madison Avenue
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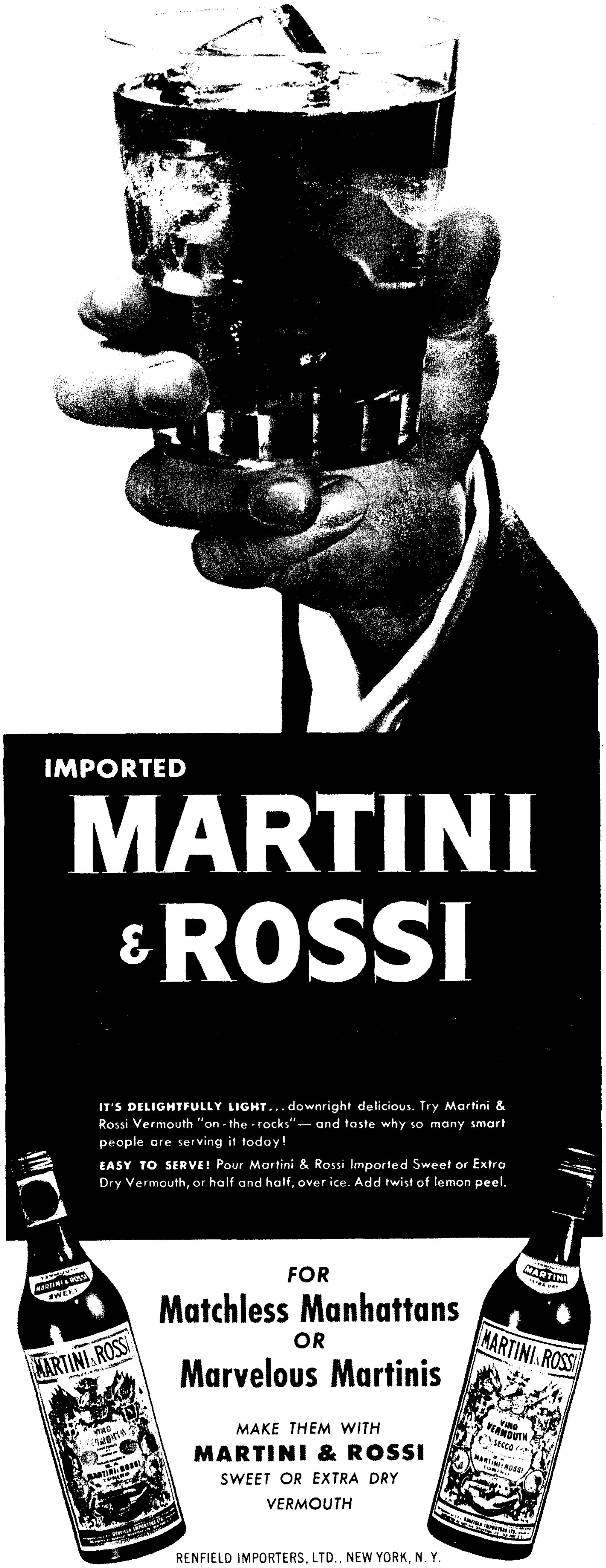
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please furnish me, without obligation, your booklet, "Measuring Your Family Security."

NAME____________________ AGE________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY______________ ZONE_____ STATE________


IMPORTED

MARTINI & ROSSI

IT'S DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT... downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks"— and taste why so many smart people are serving it today!

EASY TO SERVE! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet or Extra Dry Vermouth, or half and half, over ice. Add twist of lemon peel.

FOR
Matchless Manhattans
OR
Marvelous Martinis

MAKE THEM WITH
MARTINI & ROSSI
SWEET OR EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

an **American** feature

Why don't they?

INSTALL public telephones that make change for people not having the right amount of silver handy?—*Mrs. Anne Gasner, New York, N.Y.*

FASTEN bottle openers to picnic tables for tourists who have forgotten to bring an opener along?—*Cheryl Stepanski, Bay City, Mich.*

HAVE a master lock on the car driver's door which will lock the other doors too? This will prevent children from unlocking doors from the inside, and make it easier to lock up the automobile when leaving.—*Mrs. David Hagerman, Whitney Point, N.Y.*

MANUFACTURE children's sleds so they can be adjusted in length to fit the growing child?—*William C. Buss, Vancouver, Wash.*

INSTALL a timer on electric mixers, to shut the mixer off at the proper time and ring a bell to remind you to return and finish adding the ingredients?—*Sharon Hayden, Anchorage, Alaska.*

PACKAGE cooking chocolate in individual one-ounce aluminum-foil cups so you can melt the chocolate right in the cups and eliminate messy pots and pans?—*Mrs. O. H. Spencer, Jensen Beach, Fla.*

PROVIDE every purchaser of plastic-covered furniture with a repair kit including assorted sizes of plastic patches to match?—*Mrs. Thomas J. Hmay, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

PRINT detailed city road maps in telephone books for the convenience of out-of-towners who are not familiar with the city?—*Bill Wood, Jr., Wadsworth, Ohio.*

ATTACH magnets to the ends of broom handles to facilitate picking up bobby pins and other pins on the floor?—*Mrs. Paul Dompts, Chicago, Ill.*

HAVE collapsible clothes poles that will telescope into a container sunk into the ground for storage when not in use?—*Joseph Keys, Philadelphia, Pa.*

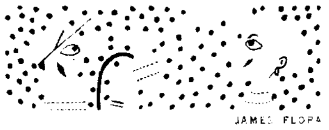
IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each published idea. All entries shall become the property of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company. No contributions are acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

Now they've done it!

Like to be able to wash your car with one pail of water? A new soapless preparation needs no hosing or rinsing off and, since it self-dries without streaking, self-polishes the chrome as well. It's also said to leave the wax intact so the car never requires rewaxing or polishing.

All in one, a new grooming aid serves as pants or skirt hanger, nylon-bristled clothes brush and delinter, and king-size shoehorn. It's compact enough to keep in the office desk, club locker, or to tote when you travel.

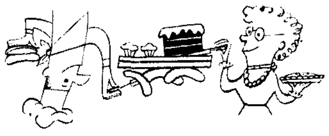
For an unusual finish on walls, woodwork or furniture, there's a lacquer emulsion with a multicolored spatter effect. Composed of white, gray and brown flecks, it can be sprayed on with conventional single-nozzle equipment and the colors automatically separate to cover about one third of the original background color. It's especially useful for minimizing surface imperfections.



An electric clock that keeps right on going when power fails or a fuse blows has been introduced. With a spring mechanism taking over instantly and automatically, it can also be disconnected without time loss when you need the outlet for another appliance.

Painting windows? A new aluminum edger with pistol grip, that comes already assembled onto a trim brush, paints the sash without daubing the glass. It's also useful in trimming furniture, baseboards and doors without overlapping.

A new automatic electric cooking appliance has two sides for double duty. It grills and broils on the one side, and bakes and fries on the other. It's 11½ inches wide, and 17⅞ inches long.



For camera fans there's a new flat-faced flash reflector that delivers a different and distinct amount of illumination from each of three conventional bulbs and lets some spill over for a soft-lighting effect. It's for both indoor and outdoor use, has a lamp exposure dial to simplify camera settings.

Tired of trying to get storm rubbers over wide-toed "brogans?" A lightweight molded rubber stretches to fit any work shoe, however bulky, even one with a steel toecap. It has an unusually high top for extra protection against splashes.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

NOW! THE BIGGEST NEWS YET FROM THE *FORWARD* LOOK

THE NEWEST NEW CARS IN 20 YEARS!

On the next five pages you will see the story of a great achievement—an achievement that will enrich your car-riding life. For 1957 Chrysler Corporation presents five complete lines of cars with total newness . . . with style so striking, so right that it's called THE NEW SHAPE OF MOTION . . . a sensational new ride—Torsion-Aire—that carpets the road . . . new Total-Contact Brakes . . . the newest, smoothest automatic transmission, Push-button TorqueFlite.

See your dealer now and discover how much more newness, how much more value you get in every price range—in a 1957 car from The Forward Look!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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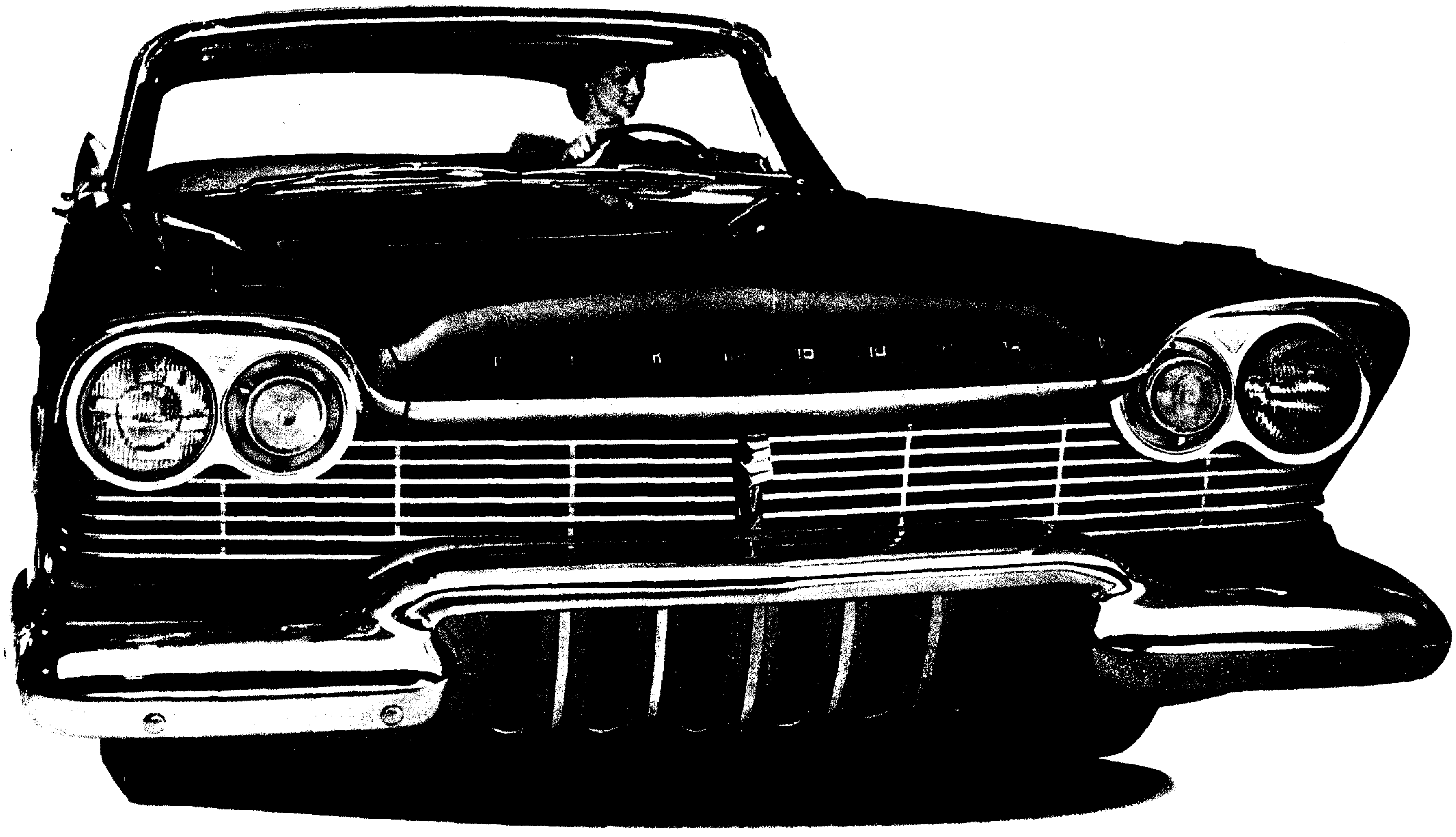
Now turn the page and start to dream

SUDDENLY, IT'S 1960...PLYMOUTH!



Don't miss Plymouth's "Ray Anthony Show," with coach Frank Leahy on TV every week.

In one flaming moment, Plymouth leaps three full years ahead—the *only* car that dares to break the time barrier! Plymouth's traditionally great engineering brings you tremendous power for safety with the fabulous new Fury "301" V-8 engine... revolutionary new Torsion-Aire ride... exhilarating sports car handling... new super-safe Total Contact Brakes... dramatic Flight-Sweep Styling. The car you might have expected in 1960 is at your dealer's *now!*

Step into the wonderful world of AUTODYNAMICS!

Swept-Wing '57 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer 2-Door with dramatic Flight-Sweep styling.

It unleashes a hurricane of power
It breaks through the vibration barrier
It is swept-wing mastery of motion

Autodynamics . . . where *everything* is new from road to roof! You sweep along in a low-slung, *swept-wing* beauty barely 4½ feet high, cushioned in a "Realm of Silence" by new Torsion-Aire Ride. A touch of your toe unleashes a hurricane of power, tamed by new Push-Button Torque-Flite that packs a 1-2 punch. You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it.

SWEPT·WING
'57 Dodge

1957
DE SOTO

FIREFLITE SPORTSMAN BY DE SOTO. GOWNS BY I. MAGNIN

These great advances make the '57 DE SOTO the most exciting car in the world today!

New *Flight Sweep* styling. For 1957 De Soto presents the new shape of motion! Long, upswept tail fins that add stability at modern highway speeds. Sleek, lower-than-ever lines—barely 4 feet 7½ inches from ground to graceful roof.

And inside, there is generous head room with lots of length to stretch. 40% more glass area gives you a super-safe view of the road!

New *Torque-Flite* transmission. This year De Soto introduces the most advanced transmission ever built—*the new Torque-Flite.* It gives you positively breath-taking getaway . . . tremendous passing power and velvet-smooth acceleration. No shift delay . . . no annoying "clunk."

New *Torsion-Aire* ride. Here is the smoothest ride you've ever had in an automobile. Cobbled streets seem smooth as silk. You take corners without lean or sway. Braking is level as a table top, even from high speeds. No nose-dive.

The secret? A completely new suspension that combines torsion rods, super-soft cushion tires, Safety-Sphere control joints, outrider rear springs and a rubber-cushioned front suspension. New Torsion-Aire ride is *standard equipment* on every 1957 De Soto.

New super-powered V-8 engines. '57 De Soto engine designs are the most powerful in the industry! These deep-breathing giants respond instantly for safer passing, and loaf quietly at superhighway speeds. There are three new De Soto V-8's to choose from . . . with higher-than-ever horsepower for safer passing!

New *Push-Button* control. Simply touch a button of De Soto's new Triple-Range push-button control—and you're on your way!

New *4-Season* air conditioner. This advanced and compact unit—mounted out of the way under the dash—*cools* in summer, *heats* in winter. It filters out dirt and sneezy pollen . . . wrings moisture from muggy summer air. One flick of a simple set of controls keeps the interior of your new De Soto ideally comfortable and quiet every mile you drive, all year round.

New interior features. Each '57 De Soto interior features exciting new fabrics, smart accenting trim, and a new flight-styled instrument panel.

Of course, you have your choice of every advanced power feature. See the most exciting car in the world today at your neighborhood De Soto-Plymouth dealer's.

Be sure to see the new
De Soto FireSweep
Priced just above the lowest!
The Most Exciting
Value in the World Today
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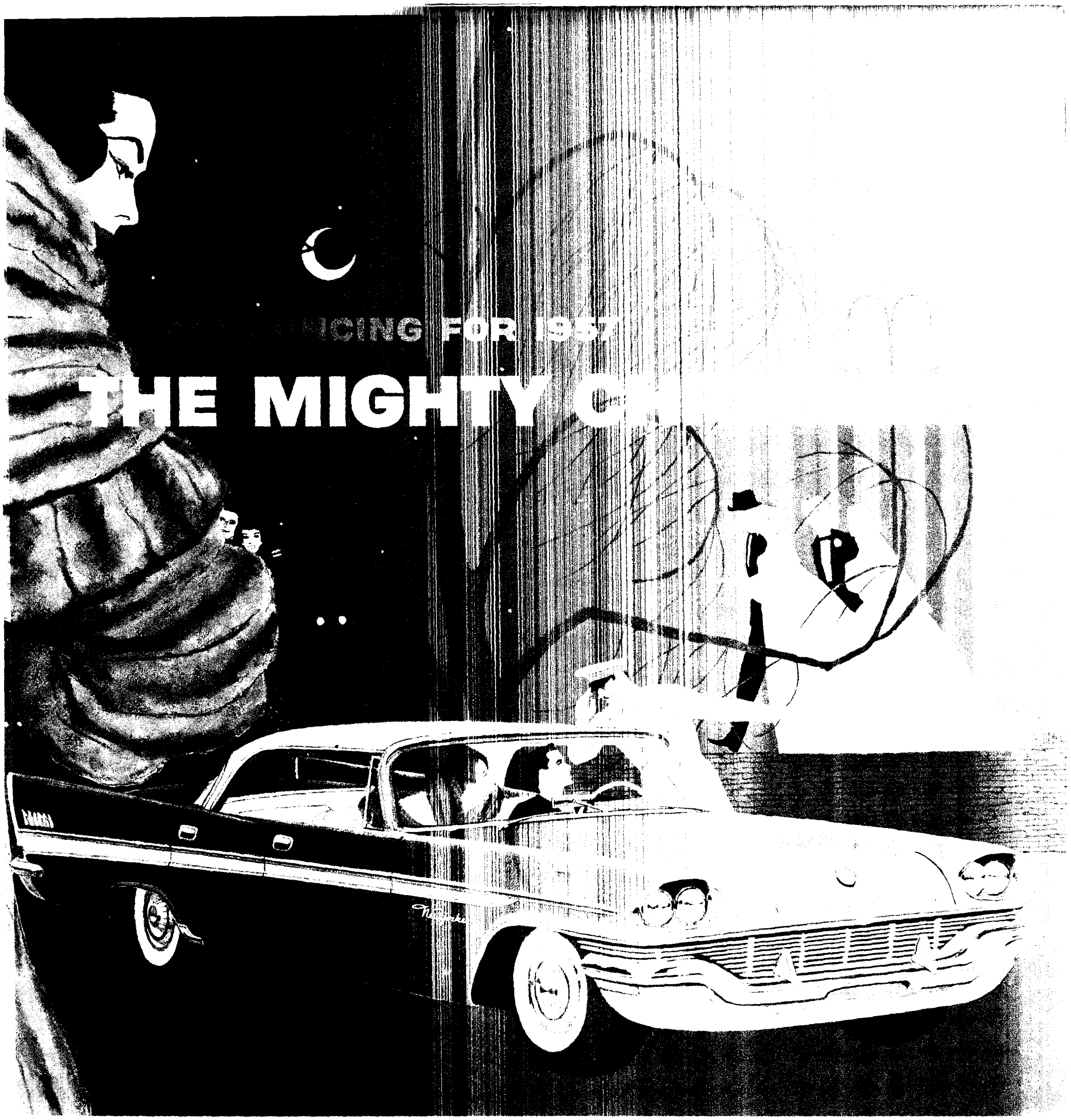

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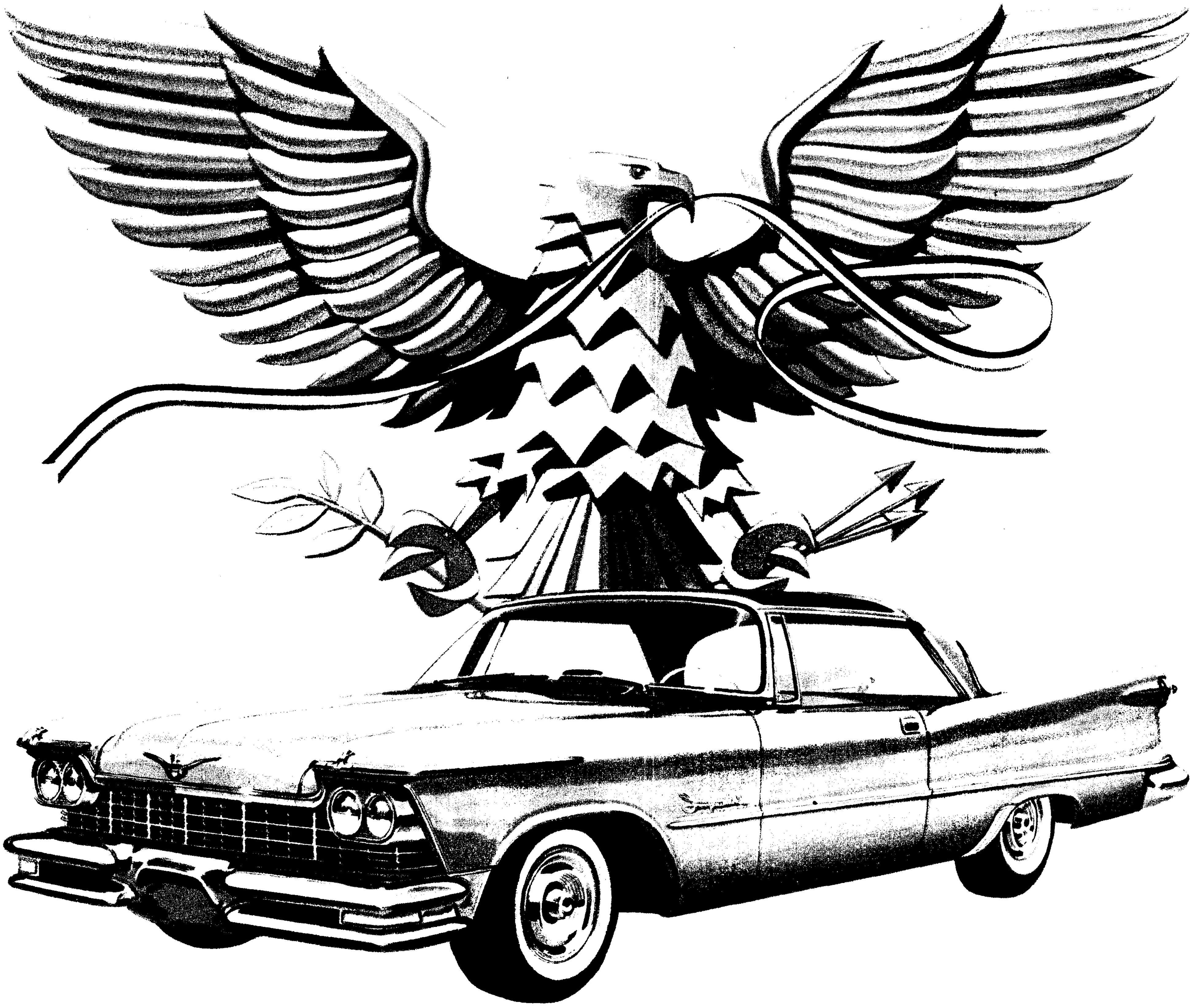

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COLLIER'S NOVEMBER 23, 1956

Medicine's greatest hunt—for

CHEMICALS TO STARVE OUT CANCER

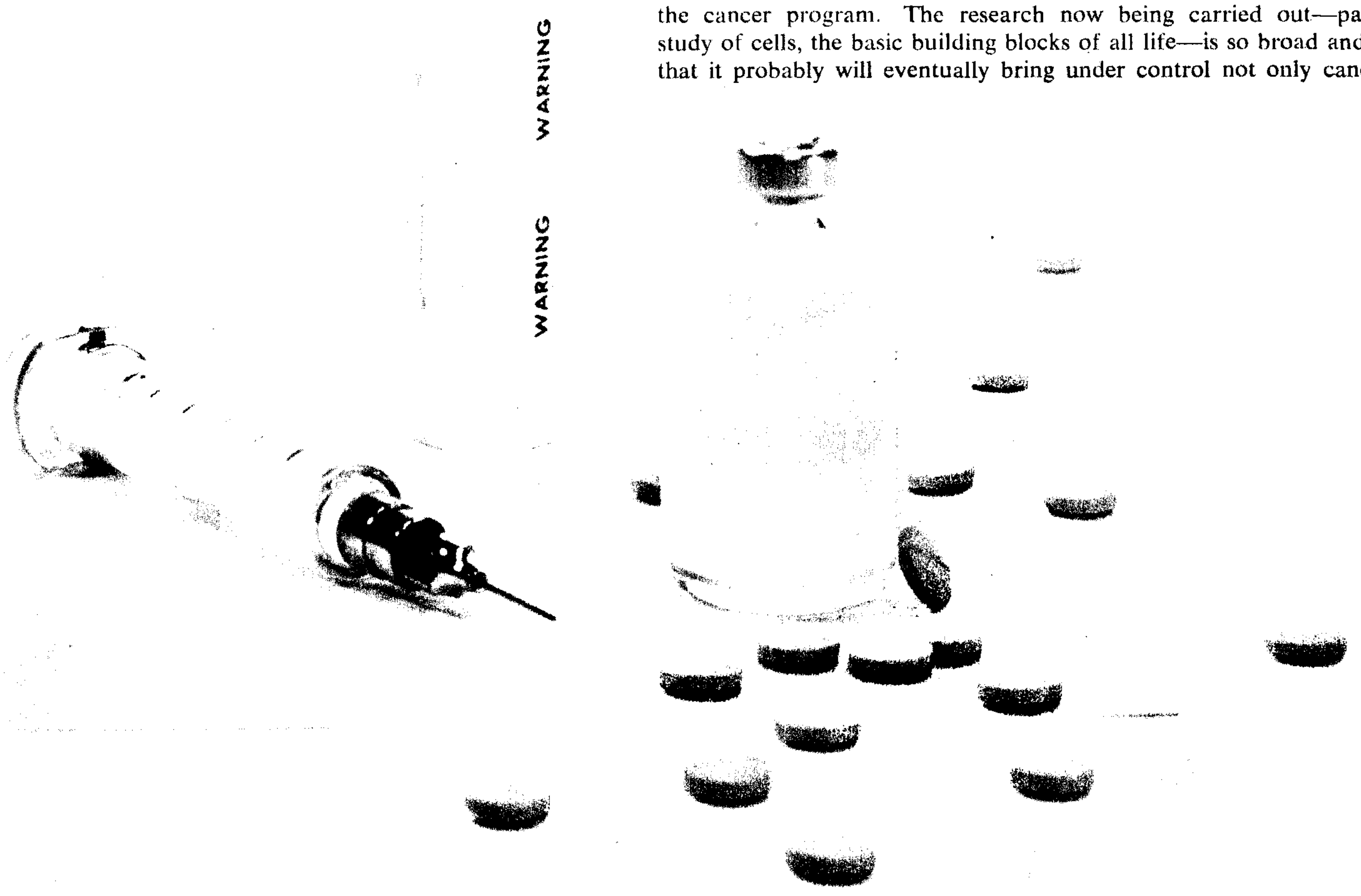
A dread disease faces a finish fight—against chemicals which trail and kill it anywhere in the body

By CLAUDE STANUSH

Half hidden in the reports which have come so swiftly during recent months from research laboratories and clinics all over the world is one of medicine's most exciting stories. The individual reports probably have meant little to the average person because they describe highly technical research into the basic fabric of the human body. But the over-all story can now be pieced together, and, in the words of Dr. Sidney Farber, one of its main protagonists, it tells of "the greatest mobilization of resources—man, mineral, animal and money—ever undertaken to conquer a single disease." The disease is cancer.

This current, all-out assault on cancer is much larger than the national effort which produced the antipolio vaccine, and produced it much sooner than anyone hoped for.

An equally exciting part of the story has to do with the wider implications of the cancer program. The research now being carried out—particularly the study of cells, the basic building blocks of all life—is so broad and fundamental that it probably will eventually bring under control not only cancer but many



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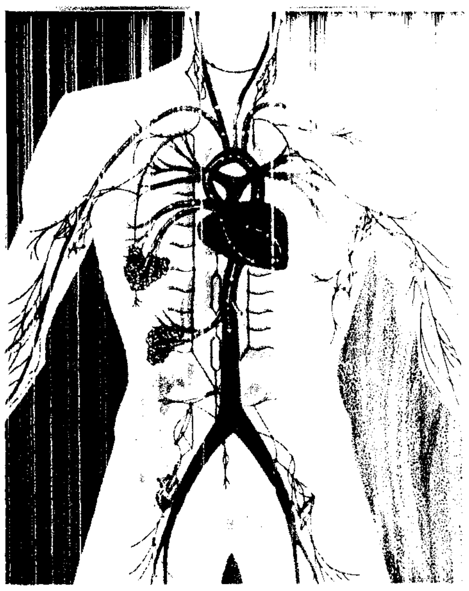


Cancer cells (white bubbles) spread through blood or lymph systems; drawing does not show venous system or right side of heart

"We know more about the cancer cell now than was known about bacteria in 1936 just before the great antibiotic discoveries"

diseases completely unrelated to cancer. The "opening up" and taking apart of the cell—made possible with science's latest and most refined techniques: the electron microscope, the spectrophotometer, radioisotopes—have the same sweeping import and implications for biology that the splitting of the atom has had for physics during the past 20 years.

Until now the principal weapons against cancer have been surgery and radiation. But they are effective only if cancer is localized within accessible areas of the body and if the disease is detected in its early stages. Once cancer begins to infiltrate and choke off vital organs or to spread throughout the body via the blood and lymph streams (as shown in the drawing top left), the case becomes well-nigh hopeless.

It was the limitations of surgery and radiation which prompted a few farsighted medical researchers during the past decade to look to chemistry for new, more effective treatments. The goal of chemotherapy is the discovery of a chemical or chemicals which will seek out and destroy cancer cells wherever they may be in the body, even if deeply imbedded in the most vital organs. In the past few years chemotherapy has become medicine's best hope for the eventual control of cancer. Potentially it is the ideal treatment, for not only could localized cancer be treated without the undesirable effects of surgery and radiation, but even the most widespread cancers might be halted and destroyed.

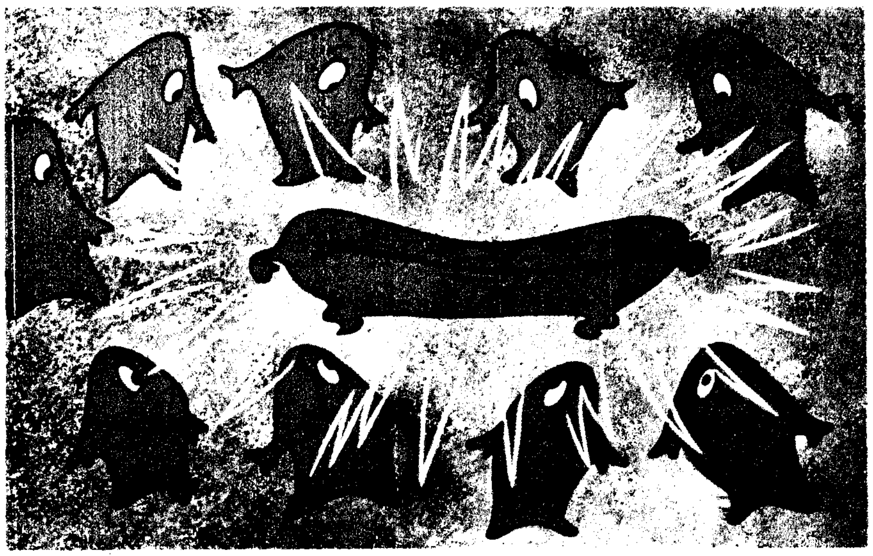
No chemicals have yet been found which *completely* destroy widespread or disseminated cancer in the human body. But the general principles by which this goal can be achieved have been laid down and are rapidly being applied. Already chemicals have been found which specifically destroy human cancer cells living side by side in the same test tube with normal cells; chemicals have been found which can completely cure transplanted cancer in animals; and chemicals have now been found which can at least partially destroy cancer in humans, ease pain and prolong life.

Though the final knockout of cancer in man by means of chemicals has yet to be scored, researchers now know enough about body chemistry in general and the mechanism of the cancer cell in particular to pick out specific targets for their drugs. And as the results of tests are tabulated, the organic chemists can be called upon to redesign the drugs—by the addition or the subtraction of chemicals—to do an even better job of destroying cancer tissue and at the same time, cut down on toxicity and undesirable side effects.

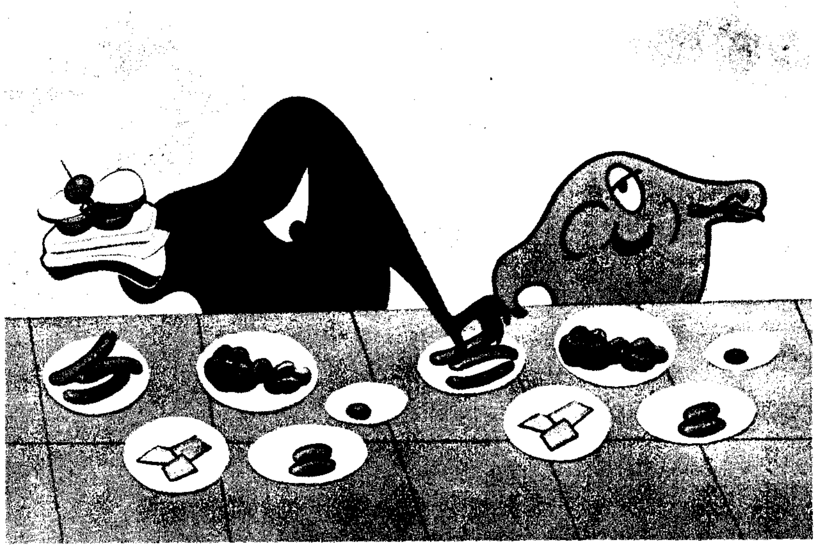
Thus, treatment is constantly improving. Only eight years ago less than 5 per cent of children suffering from acute leukemia lived for as long as

A gluttonous killer—from its birth to death

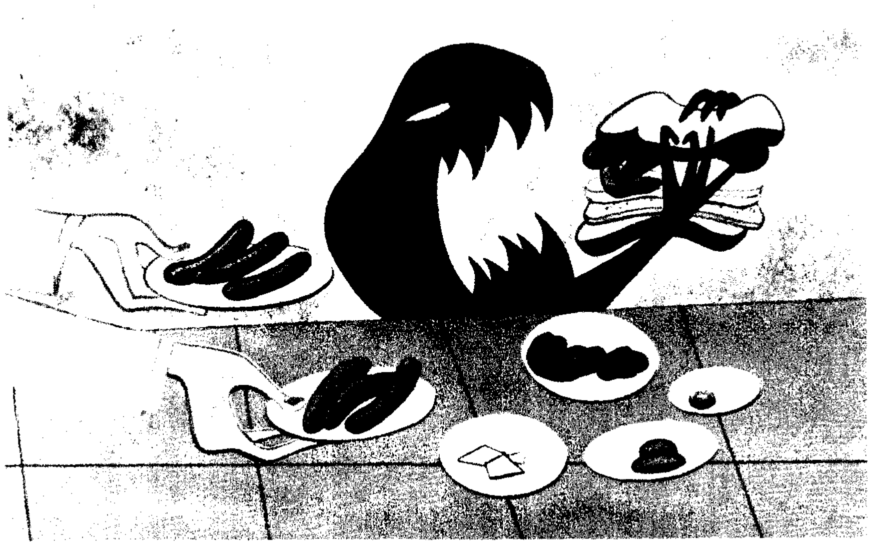
Cells, the basic structural units of our bodies, are constantly being born and dying. They are born by the division of an existing cell. Sometimes in dividing itself, a cell gives birth to a cancer cell, which then divides itself into more cancer cells. Latter generally grow faster than normal cells and tend to consume more than their share of the "food" provided by the body—chemicals which the cells need to live and multiply. The cancer cell apparently takes in these "foods" in proportions, combinations and at a rate different from the normal cell. But these differences in diet are the very factor which, scientists now believe, will lead to the death of cancer cells by chemotherapy. Drugs are designed which do not harm normal cells but which interfere with the metabolism of cancer cells. These drugs resemble the "food" needed by the cancer cell, but they have been altered enough to wreck its metabolic processes. The cancer cell consumes them because they fit in with its eating habits; its growth is halted and it dies



A cell splits itself and becomes two cells



Cancer cell steals food from normal cell



Altered food is substituted for food which . . .

a year. By treating with a variety of compounds, as well as making a more liberal use of blood transfusions and antibiotics, doctors have now raised the one-year survival rate to 50 per cent. At least 10 per cent of acute leukemia victims can now be kept alive for three years or more. One Boston boy has been kept alive for six years and engages in all normal activities.

The new developments in chemotherapy, the better understanding of the human body it has made possible, and the actual clinical improvement in patients are all working a revolution in the field of cancer research. Last year, to give some over-all perspective and direction to the many complex research activities through the country, a national program of voluntary co-operative research in cancer chemotherapy was organized. The Cancer Chemotherapy National Committee, with Dr. Farber of Harvard and the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston as chairman, was set up as the top policy-making group for the program. And at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, the Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center, directed by Dr. K. M. Endicott, provides technical, advisory and other services. With the formation of these groups, for the first time in history an all-out attack on cancer is now being organized in which every resource in the United States, and eventually in the world, will be utilized. Hospitals, clinics, industrial and college laboratories all over the country, many of which have never done cancer research before, are being enlisted in the program, either to screen new chemicals or to test those which have already proved useful. Almost every major chemical and pharmaceutical company in the country is supplying compounds with which to experiment.

Because of the promise of chemotherapy, Congress is earmarking $20,000,000 in 1957 specifically for this branch of cancer research. This compares with a $5,000,000 appropriation for this year and only $1,000,000 in 1955. National agencies contributing funds or facilities or other support to the new, co-ordinated program include the American Cancer Society, the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, the Veterans Administration and the National Cancer Institute.

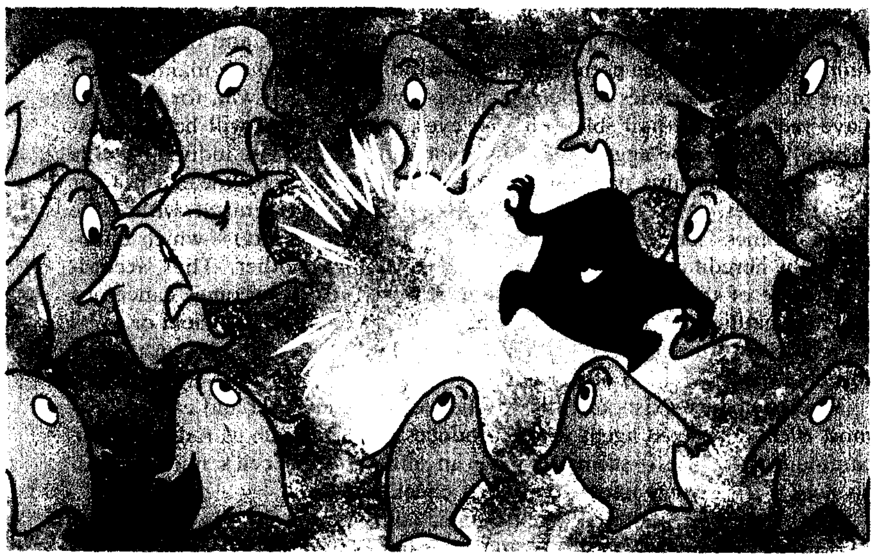
No clues or leads are being overlooked. Every family of natural or synthetic compounds, even insecticides and herbicides, is being tested. At the National Cancer Institute at Bethesda, researchers have even tested compounds taken from the needles of juniper trees in their back yard. New York City's Sloan-Kettering Institute has already tested 31,000 different compounds. Only 12 have shown any promise, indicating the difficulties the screeners face.

But the screening program is constantly being accelerated because most of the now famous drugs—the sulfas, penicillin, the tranquilizing drugs—were discovered more or less by accident. "If medical history repeats itself," says Dr. C. P. Rhoads, the Sloan-Kettering Institute's scientific director, "it is just possible a chemical may suddenly show up that will, for no explainable reason, be a 'magic bullet' that destroys cancer."

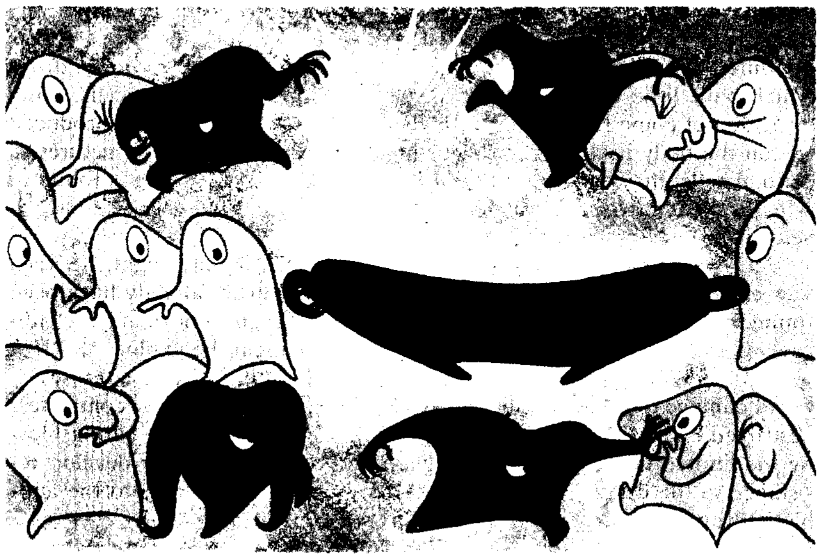
Yet progress against cancer cannot wait on the chance discovery of a "miracle drug." Therefore, a simultaneous mass attack is being made on cancer by what is known as "rational chemotherapy"—the methodical build-up of knowledge about the disease and the design of new drugs to take advantage of each new fact that is learned. There still are big question marks about cancer, but already, Dr. Rhoads declares, "we know more about the cancer cell than was known about bacteria in 1936, just before the great antibiotic discoveries."

Rational chemotherapy concentrates on the fact that cancer is primarily a disease of misbehaving cells. (See cartoon series below.) What causes them to misbehave, no one knows for sure. At some stage in the normal process by which the body produces new cells to replace old ones that have died off, something goes wrong. A cell or cluster of cells gets out of control and begins to reproduce other, similar cells in runaway fashion. This

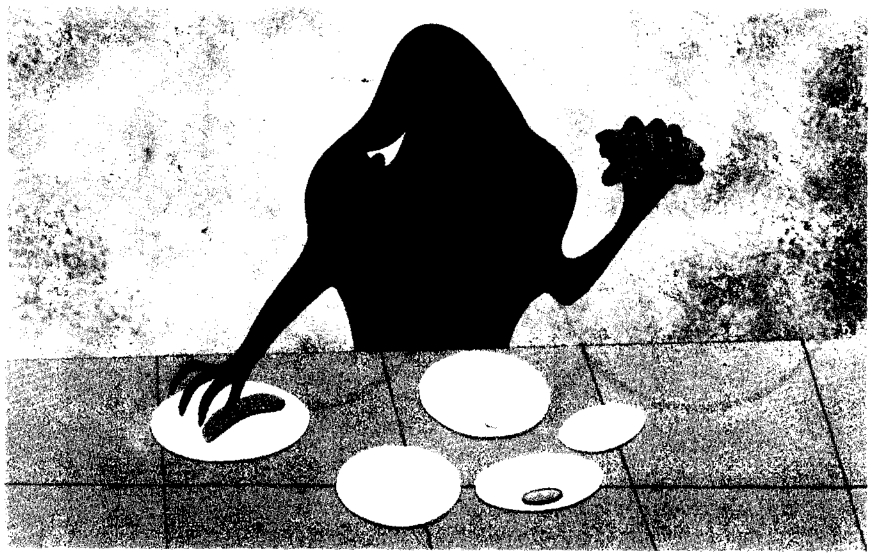
ADAPTED FROM ALFRED P. SLOAN FOUNDATION FILM, HORIZONS OF HOPE PRODUCED BY JOHN SUTHERLAND PRODUCTIONS, INC.



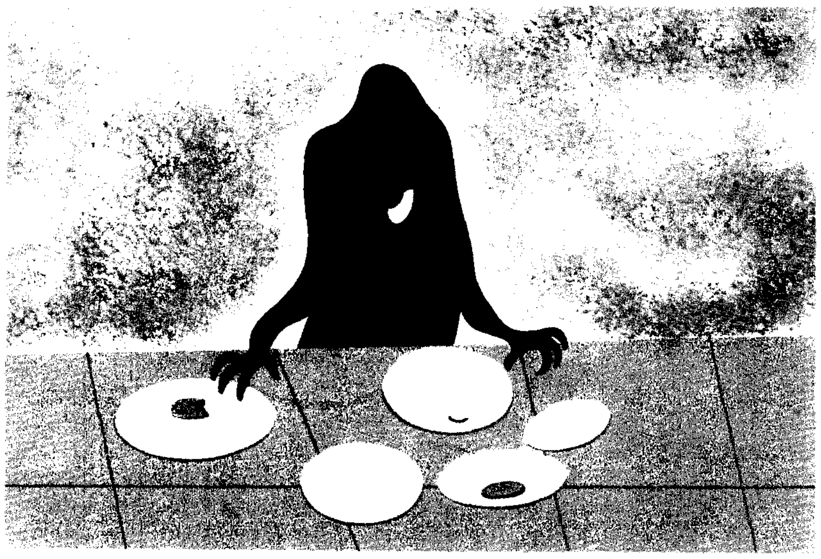
Sometimes one part of division is cancer cell



It then makes more cancer cells, which are tough

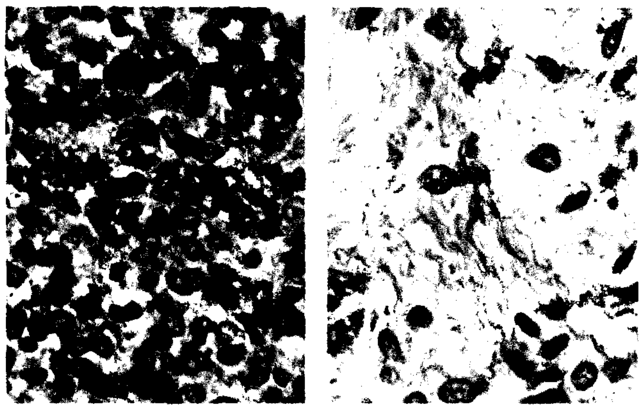


. . . cancer cell likes and is fooled into eating



But altered food stops cancer cell from growing

In recent months scientists' old defeatism about cancer has been checked; victory is in the air



Slides of human tissue (l.) with cancer cells, and (r.) after chemotherapy only "ghosts" of the destroyed cells remain

may happen in the liver, kidneys, stomach, breast, bones, thyroid gland, anywhere in the body, and when it happens, the body has "cancer" in that particular organ or organs. Since different organs or tissues are made up of different kinds of cells, there are different kinds of cancer, about 70 different kinds altogether. Most deaths, for some presently inexplicable reason, are caused by a relatively few types.

Once established in the body, the faster-growing, overly aggressive cancer cells crowd out normal cells as faster-growing, more dynamic weeds crowd out grass in a lawn.

It is not necessary, however, to know the cause or causes of cancer in order to destroy it by chemical means. If the precise biochemical differences between cancerous and normal cells can be established, cancer cells probably can be killed without harming normal tissue, in the same way that the chemical 2,4-D is used to kill the weeds in the midst of a lawn without harming the grass.

The reason weeds can be destroyed by chemicals without harming the grass is that the broader leaves of weeds are more vulnerable to 2,4-D than are the narrow grass blades. The reason diseases like pneumonia, tuberculosis and blood poisoning can be cured chemically without at the same time harming the body is that the bacterial cells which cause these diseases are different enough from normal body cells to be sensitive to certain drugs which have little or no effect on normal body tissue. Cancer cells, however, do not come from outside the body, as bacteria do, but are produced within the body itself. Cancer cells have somewhat the same structures as normal cells; they eat the same foods. When, therefore, a drug is found to which cancer cells are sensitive, the odds are that normal cells will also be sensitive to the same drug.

Yet, obviously, there must be a difference, even if only slight, between cancerous and normal cells. The fact that certain drugs already have been found which are more destructive to cancer cells than to normal cells indicates that there are biochemical differences which can be exploited. "If it were not for the fact that present drugs must be given in limited doses to avoid damage to normal tissue, many cancers could probably be completely destroyed," Dr. Farber declares. The cancers are dealt a staggering blow by the limited dosages but not knocked out. Eventually, they develop resistance to the drugs, just as many bacteria develop resistance to the antibiotic drugs.

All over the world scientists are probing, measuring, testing and comparing to define the precise, chemically exploitable differences between cancerous and normal cells. For, once these are carefully spelled out, the defeat of cancer will become primarily a mechanical problem.

Promising clues and leads already exist. Some of the best of these have to do with metabolism, the process by which cells take in chemical "foods" and convert these foods into energy and the building of new cells. Although cancer cells consume the same foods as normal cells, they probably do so at a different rate and in different combinations, so that drugs might be designed to interfere specifically with these special metabolic processes and mechanisms. Such drugs are called "antimetabolites," a word which may someday be as familiar to the general public as the word "antibiotics."

The principle by which the antimetabolites work was actually discovered by studying the way in which the sulfa drugs kill bacteria. The sulfas resemble a chemical which many bacteria need in order to grow and multiply. Therefore, when these drugs are taken into the body, they are mistakenly absorbed by the bacteria. But having a slightly different chemical structure from the required compound, they interfere with the metabolism of the bacteria and cause them to die.

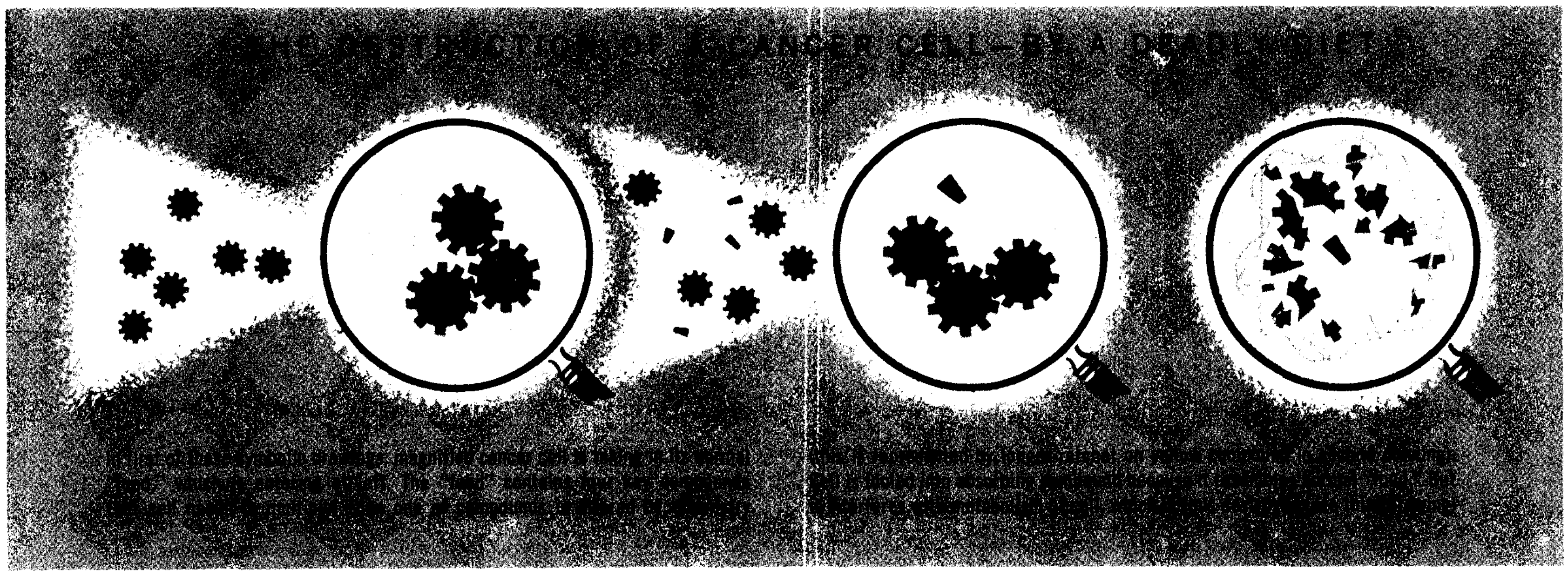
The antimetabolite principle has been applied only recently to cancer because it has been only recently that researchers have learned enough about the metabolism of cells, both cancerous and normal, to design drugs for specific antimetabolite duty. Many different possibilities actually exist for interfering with cell metabolism.

Drugs might be designed, for example, to interfere specifically with fats, carbohydrates, vitamins, enzymes or proteins, all of which are involved with the growth and multiplication of cells. But interest has centered, with good reason, on the stringlike chromosomes which lie within the nucleus at the very heart of the cell.

THE "GOOD REASON" IS that the chromosomes are key factors in heredity. In human beings, as a whole, it is the chromosomes, and their smaller units, the genes, in the germ cells of husband and wife which mainly determine the characteristics of their offspring—whether they will, for instance, have red or blond hair, blue or gray eyes, whether they will be temperamentally passive or aggressive. With some qualifications, individual cells within the body also pass on their hereditary factors by means of their chromosomes. More specifically, it is a particular chemical within the chromosomes—desoxyribosenucleic acid (DNA for short)—which establishes the hereditary pattern from one generation to another. Thus, according to one of the most accepted theories today, a cell becomes cancerous when something happens to either the structure of its nucleic acid or to its metabolism to make the cell resist normal body controls and then to pass this characteristic on to other cells.

Much evidence exists for this link between nucleic acid and cancer. Almost every suspected agent which produces cancer—such as radiation, the carcinogens, viruses—seems to have an effect on the cell's nucleic acid. So does almost every known drug that checks cancer.

On the premise, therefore, that nucleic acid may be the key both to the start of cancer and to its control, many scientists are today designing drugs


THE DESTRUCTION OF A CANCER CELL—BY A DEADLY DIET

specifically to interfere with the formation of this chemical in cancer cells. As one doctor explains it, "Though we might eventually knock out cancer by interfering *one by one* with the many metabolic processes that are involved in the manufacture of new cancer cells, just as we might eventually put an entire factory out of commission by interfering one by one with its many assembly lines, there is good evidence to believe that if we can knock out nucleic acid specifically in the cancer cell, it would be comparable to shorting the master switch which controls all the assembly lines in a factory."

SOME BRILLIANT WORK has been done both in this country and England in working out the precise structure of the main nucleic acid, DNA, and in studying the metabolic pathways by which this giant, complex molecule is built up and employed within the cell. Though both cancerous and normal cells use the same raw materials to manufacture their DNA, cancerous cells apparently produce more nucleic acid than normal ones do. They also apparently have their own characteristic patterns of manufacture and may use a certain chemical or chemicals in greater amounts at particular stages. The trick, then, is to feed the cancer cells a drug (or drugs) that resembles the required chemical or chemicals (as the sulfa drugs resemble the chemical needed by bacteria), but which has been sufficiently altered to throw the whole metabolic process into confusion (see drawings at left).

For example, Aminopterin, one of the best antileukemia drugs found so far, resembles folic acid, a vitamin which the rapidly growing cancer cells apparently require in greater amounts than normal cells. But Aminopterin does not perform as well as folic acid, and when the cells are "fooled" into absorbing it, further growth is halted. Another successful antimetabolite which interferes with nucleic-acid synthesis is 6-mercaptopurine—called 6-MP for short.

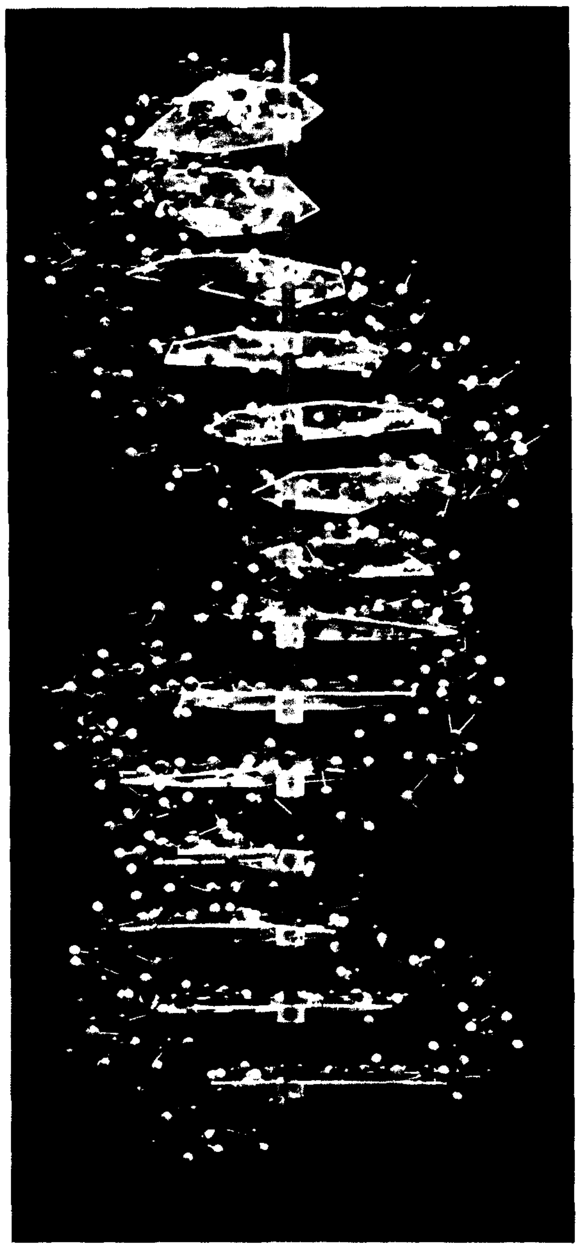
Though all initially susceptible cancers eventually become resistant to the antimetabolites, much concentrated research is being done to discover the reason for this resistance and means of overcoming it. One technique now being tested is to give two or three drugs in sequence—a sort of one-two-three blow—with the hope that, as the cancer becomes resistant to one drug, it may be vulnerable to others. Another possibility is to give two or three drugs in combination, an attack designed to block several metabolic pathways simultaneously so that the cancer will be knocked out before it has a chance to adapt to new metabolic patterns.

In general, the antimetabolites have worked more effectively on the leukemias and lymphomas (cancers of the blood cells) than on solid tumors. One reason is that blood can be easily drawn from the body for study and therefore the effect of treatment can be quickly and precisely assessed. For this reason many doctors predict that the leukemias and lymphomas probably will be the first of the different types of cancer to yield finally and fully to chemotherapy.

Meanwhile, there are other very promising leads besides the antimetabolites for chemotherapists to follow. One such lead is the use of viruses to attack tumors. Viruses, strangely enough, come under the heading of chemotherapy even though they are on the border line between living things and nonliving matter. Viruses have long been known to have a preferential "taste" for specific body cells. Polio viruses, for example, prefer nerve cells. The viruses that cause hepatitis like liver cells.

In 1949, it was found at Sloan-Kettering that certain exotic viruses exhibited this preference for cancer cells and would partially destroy animal cancers. The scientists were able to "train" these viruses to destroy some animal cancers completely without causing undue harm to the animals' normal tissues. In the first tests on human patients, the viruses were found to concentrate in some human cancers and in a very few instances partially to destroy them.

IKE VERN



Key to cancer lies in the cell; key to cell is in the chromosome; key to chromosome is DNA, its main nucleic acid. This is model of part of DNA molecule

Using another virus, known as APC, the scientists at the National Cancer Institute recently reported that large chunks of cervix cancers were destroyed without any of the symptoms usually associated with this virus. Now the dosages are being increased to see whether they will destroy the entire cancer. At the Sloan-Kettering Institute, several viruses, which were grown in human cancer cells in the test tube, have increased their ability to destroy these cells and at present are being tried in patients with various types of advanced cancer.

Still another lead in the chemical field is hormone therapy. Some types of cancer, notably those invading the breast and prostate, require hormones for growth and can temporarily be restrained either by cutting off the supply of these hormones or by blocking their effects with counterhormones. The full role of hormones in regulating the delicate biochemistry of the body is just now being worked out, and this research offers hope not only for the cure of some types of cancer but for preventive medicine, that is, for periodic checkups on the chemistry of the body and its maintenance in such balance that these cancers and other diseases involving the glandular system will not get started in the first place.

Finally, research is being stepped up to determine whether the body has natural defenses against invasion by cancer cells, as it has natural defenses against invasion by bacteria, viruses and other foreign objects. If so, the way would be opened to build up this natural resistance by vaccination or "shots" in the same way that the body's natural immunity is built up against the bacteria and virus diseases.

Some animals, for example, are more resistant to cancer than others, indicating they have some kind of immunity against the disease. Also, cases of "spontaneous regression" have been reported in human patients, in which the cancer simply retreats and disappears without explainable reason. To get to the bottom of the mystery, Sloan-Kettering scientists recently injected live cancer cells into 96 convict volunteers at the Ohio State Penitentiary to study the mechanism by which the body rejects these cells—if it does.

Last month Dr. Rhoads announced that the tests with the convicts indicated "there clearly does exist in well persons a defense mechanism against the growth of cancer cells, which is greatly reduced in patients with the disease. Dr. Rhoads based this statement on the fact that the transplanted cancer cells flourished in cancer-bearing patients, but the convicts who had no predisposition to cancer had a strong reaction to the transplants.

NONE OF THE VARIOUS chemotherapeutic approaches to cancer control is mutually exclusive. All of them may have a place in the armamentarium of the cancer specialist of the future. Meanwhile, the various trials being followed are of tremendous importance to medicine as a whole, because in helping to delineate the biochemistry of the human body they are opening up whole new vistas which may lead not only to the control of cancer but to the curbing of heart disease, hypertension, arthritis, mental disease and the whole line of diseases which still baffle scientists.

Though no conscientious scientist would be so rash as to predict when cancer finally will yield to the all-out attack now being made on it, there is, for the first time, a scent of ultimate victory in the air.

"The past decade, you might say, has been a period of preparation, of acquiring knowledge, of organizing research teams, of refining instruments and techniques for the chemotherapeutic attack on cancer," declares Dr. Rhoads. "Within the past year, particularly within the past six months, the strides we have been making in chemotherapy research have brought about a tremendous psychological change among the doctors here at the institute, away from the old defeatism and fatalism about cancer. It is no longer a question *if* cancer will be controlled, but *when* and *how soon*." THE END

At 4:00 A.M., Winchell watches five-alarm fire. Such events are grist for column, next night's dialogue

NAT KING COLE

In Broadway record shop, ex-hoofer Winchell can't resist syncopation, runs through old-time routine

On press car radiophone, he gets tip (later proved unfounded) that Supreme Court vacancy would not be filled until after the elections

Prowling the NIGHT BEAT *with Walter Winchell*

TEXT BY PETER MAAS—PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE COOK

From dusk to dawn, he restlessly holds court across Manhattan. The trail: Broadway, tenements, fires, hospitals and now TV

In all the kaleidoscopic years from bootleg liquor to the hydrogen bomb, few figures have been more consistently or controversially both creator and chronicler of news than a fifty-nine-year-old former song-and-dance man named Walter Winchell. Winchell, whose schooling terminated in the sixth grade, has seen his contributions to the language (infanticipating, Chicagorilla) duly noted by H. L. Mencken and included in freshman English textbooks. As the originator of the modern gossip column, he upended journalistic technique. His syndicated commentaries built him a huge national audience, later multiplied by his staccato Sunday-night (215 words a minute) newscasts. This fall he has added another dimension to a phenomenal career as the star of his own TV variety show over NBC.

Winchell's waking hours, once merely frantic, now approach final chaos. His nightly prowlings about Manhattan are punctuated by the conversational delivery of an animated typewriter. Shortly after seven one recent evening, he strode briskly up Broadway ("the Sappian Way") to Lindy's Restaurant, fortified himself against the hours ahead with a chocolate soda, poetically signed a little girl's menu ("Bread is food/Water is drink/ An autograph is just some ink"), described to early dinner arrivals a five-alarm fire ("Oh, did you miss the action!"), acknowledged ("Hello") the greeting of a former member of Murder, Inc., and an hour later abruptly left with a dozen people yet vying for his ear.

Backstage at a nearby theater, he asked Sammy Davis, Jr., to appear on his TV show, commented on his recent split with Stork Club owner Sherman Billingsley ("I think I'll open Winchell's Bar and Grill across the street"), dropped into a Broadway music shop as he regularly does to listen to both sides of a Roberta Sherwood record ("She doesn't want to open an engagement without me"), paused outside to talk to an elderly lady ("I know you, you're Mrs. America!") and then said, as he invariably does at some point in the night, "Let's go chase the burglars."

Thus, at ten o'clock, he rolled forth in his car (complete with short-wave receiver) to answer all police and fire calls within striking distance. Along with the mambo, this is his principal mode of relaxation. Most police officers know him by sight now and, if not, his standard introduction, "My name's Winchell; I'm a reporter," usually suffices.

At a Signal 30 (crime of violence) this night he arrived simultaneously with the police and pistol in hand ("What am I doing this for? I'm fifty-nine years old") gave chase to a hoodlum—who eventually escaped. Soon thereafter, he attended a political reception where he lectured Tammany bigwig Carmine De Sapio on the shortcomings of the Truman administration. He then left to go to a night club, El Morocco, hastily munched a steak sandwich, whirled through several mambos with Elizabeth Taylor (when she said it was her first dance in five years, he told her, "That's why marriages break up") and invited Deborah Kerr and a 20th Century-Fox executive to ride in the car. Upon depositing Miss Kerr at her hotel at

Night beat regularly begins at WW's favorite Broadway hangout, Lindy's. Here, at the bar, he mixes himself a chocolate soda. When working, he rarely drinks

Winchell awaits cue to go on camera. Both TV show and radio newscast are preceded by great personal tension. He always lectures himself: "Calm down!"

Along the East River, Winchell often stops to watch the sunrise in what his friend, Damon Runyon, labeled the "tubercular light of early dawn"

Acutely aware of his power, Winchell applies himself with equal vehemence to the state of the nation or a Broadway play

4:00 A.M., he invited her to appear on his TV show. When 20th Century demurred on the grounds of a conflicting film, he later noted, "Now I'll have to give raves to her next three pictures, good or bad. Because they'll be saying, watch him pan us."

Winchell resumed the chase of further police calls until, at dawn, he found himself present at an emergency birth in a tenement house. It was the first he had ever seen and he was moved to report it as a society item: "A bundle of Boy (her 2d) for Mrs. Arcario Otero of W. 22d St. Happy Baby!"

Afterward, he stopped for a cup of cafeteria hot chocolate ("It gives me energy") and returned to his St. Moritz Hotel duplex apartment. He went directly to his office on the second floor, equipped with a bed, an ancient table-model typewriter and heavy beige curtains, ever drawn against the sun. There, he began his next day's column. He finished the column at 9:00 A.M. Then he fell asleep.

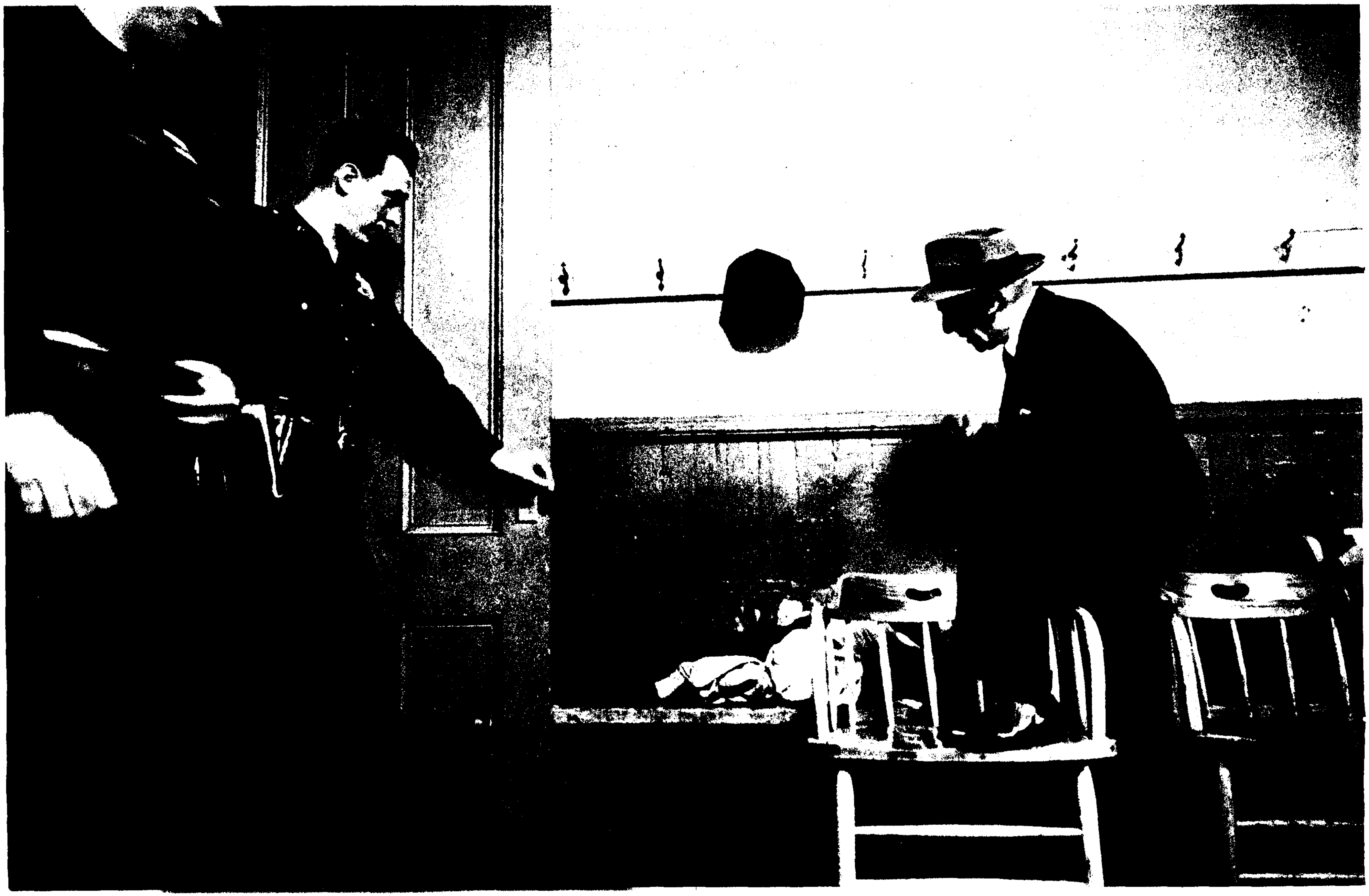
WINCHELL APPLIES HIMSELF with equal vehemence to the fate of a Broadway play or the state of the nation. Following a recent newscast, he pointed to a soapbox orator on the street and cracked, "I'm just like him. I'm a rabble rouser too. But I've got syndication and a mike."

He sees himself first as a reporter. His critics insist that he is irresponsible, and refer to him as "Little Boy Peep." When he hears such charges, he usually reacts with the disdain of a man who has just heard the cry, "Break up the Yankees!" Although Winchell's temper flares easily and he is continually on edge, rival columnists, except Ed Sullivan, leave him relatively unruffled and he says of them, "They print it; *I* make it public."

He has no leg men as such but a number of contacts supply material they know is of specific interest to him. Otherwise, he collects his items in person or culls them from his immense daily mail. His column is currently carried by 165 papers with an audience estimated at 25,000,000. When the editors of a news weekly asked Winchell how he arrived at this figure, he told them, "I read it in your magazine."

Winchell first got the idea for his column when, still a vaudevillian, he produced a gossipy mimeographed sheet about backstage goings on and pinned it to bulletin boards under the heading, "Daily Newsense." Several years later on the New York Evening Graphic (a tabloid which on a dull day would have a reporter shoot up the editor's office, call the cops and headline: "Gangland Tries to Intimidate Graphic"), he included a series of his tips, turned down by the city desk, in his regular drama column. By

Cops-and-robbers forays are a form of relaxation for Winchell, and also a source of scoops. Here he follows a street-fight victim into a police station house



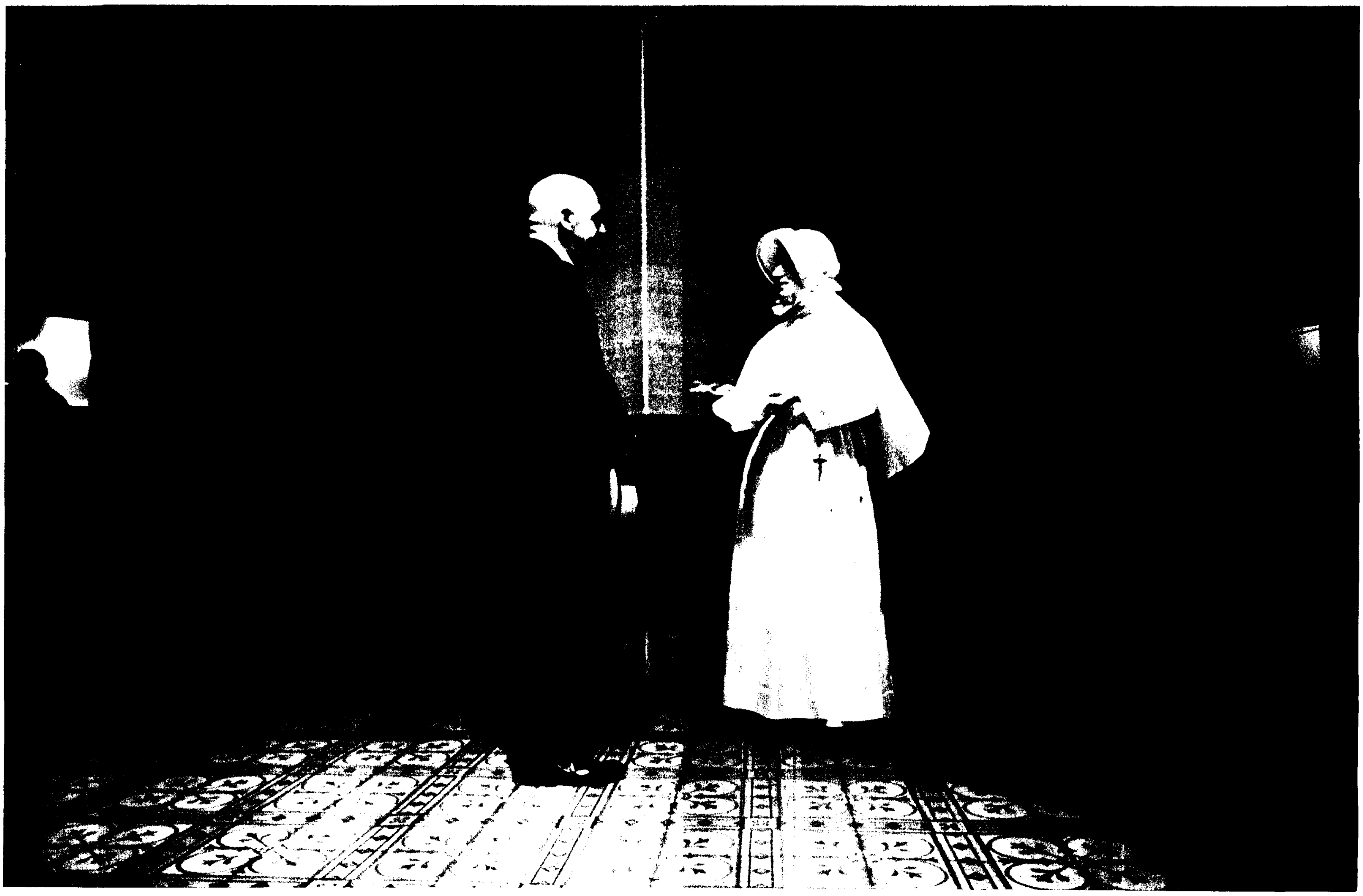
Most people recognize Winchell immediately. Here he replies, "I know you, you're Mrs. America!"

Admiration for F.D.R. launched WW in politics; later he broke with Truman. At meeting, he is with Tammany boss Carmine De Sapio (r.)

HE RAW
2 HR. SHOW
POLICE LINE

At a Broadway opening, he signs autographs for the watching crowd

Winchell's favorite causes, notably the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund, are intensely personal. He is shown visiting New York's Saint Vincent's Hospital



Of his recent return to TV, Winchell says, "I had to get back. They said I was through"

morning, he was the talk of the town. In 1929, Winchell was hired by Hearst's New York Daily Mirror and immediately syndicated. The first of his regular Sunday-night newscasts began in 1932. They continue today over Mutual and are still preceded by tremendous personal tension. Winchell constantly, although futilely, admonishes himself: "Calm down!"

He is acutely conscious of his power. He is also privy to the enormous draw of gossip and often uses it as a lure to advance his own highly opinionated views on affairs of state and the world. In the 1930s he shelved his previous disinterest in politics to, as he says, "help a man named F.D.R. win." Soon after, he plunged with equal force into the international arena "because of two guys named Hitler and Mussolini." Winchell currently regards himself in the forefront of the fight against Communism and, after a break in diplomatic relations with President Truman, is again a favored White House visitor. Politically, he regards himself as an Independent. "There aren't any liberals left," he says. "If there are, I'm one." Scoffers deny this and charge Winchell is in over his head. They single out his violent defense of Senator Joseph McCarthy as a case in point. He angrily answers, "Who else was fighting the Commies? Name me one!"

Winchell's volatile nature demands outlets. His cops-and-robbers exploits serve this end as well as giving him some notable scoops. His first such coup took place in 1932 when nightclub hostess Texas Guinan tipped him off that Vincent Coll, the then infamous Mad Dog Killer, was about to get his from rival mobsters. Winchell printed the item forthwith. Per prediction, Coll was mowed down some five hours later.

His most sensational exploit unfolded in 1939 after he had become a friend of FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover. Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, gangland's high executioner, had been hunted for two years. He was America's most-wanted criminal and carried a $50,000 tag dead or alive. After a decision to surrender to the FBI, Buchalter's problem was to get to Hoover alive.

Winchell was chosen as go-between. For 20 frustrating days during August, he carried on blind negotiations that apparently led nowhere. Finally, Hoover taunted Winchell to his face ("Here he is, the biggest hot-air artist in town"). But the next Sunday night on a deserted Fifth Avenue, Winchell was able to make a memorable introduction: "Mr. Hoover, Mr. Buchalter; Mr. Buchalter, Mr. Hoover." As it turned out, Winchell lost his scoop; when he breathlessly telephoned his city desk he was brushed off with, "So what, Hitler's just invaded Danzig."

Winchell is a man of intense personal loyalties. His association with police and firemen during his nocturnal prowling led him to discover the inadequate death benefits provided their dependents. He promptly crusaded for the Bravest and Finest Fund to provide financial assistance ("The check gets there before the undertaker"). His closest friend was the late Damon Runyon, who rode with him nightly. Just before Runyon died from cancer of the throat, he told Winchell he hoped that one friend would remember him "once a year." Four nights later, on Winchell's newscast, he announced the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. "I didn't know what we'd get," Winchell recalls. "Maybe fifty thousand, seventy-five tops." To date, largely through his efforts, $11,500,000 has been raised, with no deducted expenses.

His feuds are equally violent. Although he once championed the Stork Club, he has soured on owner Sherman Billingsley ("I built the place up and I'll tear it down"). Winchell and Ed Sullivan are long-time foes. The bitterness was renewed when Sullivan publicly announced that Winchell was a "dead duck" after he lost his TV and radio newscasts with the American Broadcasting Company. One of Winchell's prize possessions is an early letter from Sullivan expressing the hope he could return a Winchell favor with "something equally nice." "I put it with all my other thank-you notes," Winchell snaps, "in the ingrate file."

Of show business, Winchell says, "I never left it." He is almost universally regarded in the trade as a man whose nod of approbation will lift a hitherto obscure entertainer to stardom. Winchell's willingness to do battle for a favored cause has produced some spectacular results. Several years ago, he took a unanimous critical flop, Hellzapoppin, under his wing and it wound up one of the eight musicals in Broadway history to run more than 1,000 performances. More recently, he has been plugging forty-three-year-old singer Roberta Sherwood, lifting her from $50 to $5,000 a week in six months.

HIS CURRENT RETURN TO TV picks up a phase of his career which began when he left school at thirteen, went to work as an usher in a New York theater and then, with George Jessel, Eddie Cantor and other youngsters, first traveled the country's vaudeville circuit as a member of the Gus Edwards' Newsboy Sextette.

His TV show also comes as personal vindication: "I had to get back. All the ingrates were having the big laugh. They said I was through. An old man with one knee on the canvas. Maybe they were right, counting me out. How did I know? They said I couldn't get up off the floor. But I did and now I'm aching for a fight."

The variety format, which received initial critical huzzahs and a fat rating, was furthest from Winchell's mind when he left ABC nearly two years ago. He wanted to continue his newscasts. "But," he says, "the TV networks told me Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, was too controversial. So that was that. Then Mutual offered me radio time and I grabbed it with a low bow and many thanks." TV negotiations with NBC, begun over a year ago, were completed last spring.

Winchell has solved the problem of script preparation and rehearsal for his new show simply by piling them on top of his other activities. Rehearsals for his *première* telecast were supposed to begin two weeks beforehand. But the first week, he spent in court following the case of four toughies who beat up two night-beat news photographers ("This is more important"). Then he flew to Los Angeles to introduce Roberta Sherwood in her first appearance there ("I have to do that"). Finally, he returned four days before the opening. "When they asked me how I wanted to be introduced," he says, "I said just use two words: Walter Winchell." THE END

Winchell has guest stars like Perry Como and Martha Raye on new show, but he says format will vary: "One week we'll have skits and songs, and maybe the next we'll have my most thrilling police call"

Next night's prowling begins again in barbershop. In rare reflective moment, Winchell worries about his frenetic career, asks, "Oh, how am I going to do it all?"

■ *Indicates countries in which the U.S. has major Army bases*

● *Indicates countries in which the U.S. has major air bases*

▲ *Indicates countries in which the U.S. has major naval bases*

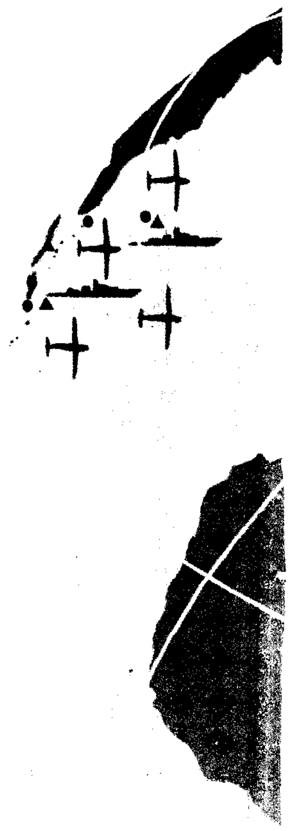
Neutral

░ *Uncommitted*

■ *West and allies*

■ *Communist*

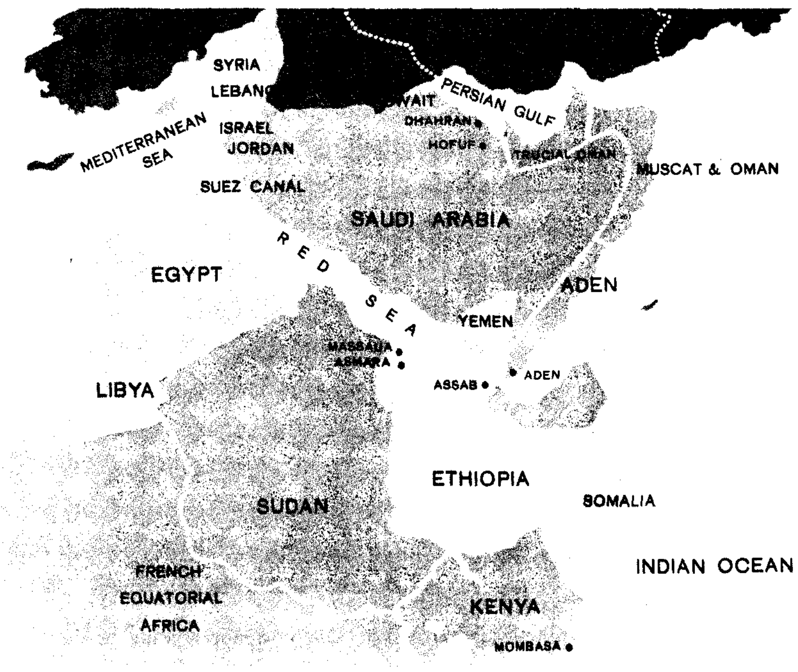
Map at right shows how the U.S., in establishing globe-girdling system of bases, forgot to put the buckle on it in the Middle East (for detail of area see map at lower left). We have refueling and repair air base at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, but no combat planes are stationed permanently there. Our bases in Spain, important to Mediterranean defense, are not scheduled for completion till sometime in 1957



SOUTH of SUEZ

Will Egypt's grab of the Canal force us out of the Middle East? It needn't, for there's a back door to the strategic oil lands still open

By GEORGE WELLER



Massaua, Ethiopia

For nearly four months, a single slim, green waterway has been fretting the Western World: the narrow, heat-ridden, 103-mile-long Suez Canal. Ever since Egyptian President Nasser seized the canal on July 26th, the West has been trying to puzzle out the cost of his brash anticipation of 1968—when the British-French-dominated Suez Canal Company was to turn over the Canal to Egypt anyway under the original agreement for its construction.

Despite concern in high Western circles, Nasser at this writing has neither closed the Canal nor raised its tolls. But many authorities in Western capitals fear that he may yet act to deny us access to oil in the Middle East or at least make it prohibitively costly. They argue morosely that by jumping the date for Egypt's operation of the Canal, and by purchasing from Russia arms refused him by the United States, he is in effect putting all Arab petroleum in his private oil drum.

But is this pessimism really justified? Has the United States no emergency course left, if things get worse, except to join Britain and France in armed coercion that might set aflame a dozen Arab nations? And must we stand helplessly by while Russia ties Egypt ever closer to her militarily and economically by trading Soviet planes and other arms for Egyptian cotton?

The answer, according to some of our shrewdest military planners is no. They believe we can both keep open a route to the Middle East's oil riches and deny the area to the Soviets without going to war about it. In the Pentagon and in the Middle East itself, these experts are making fresh appraisals of our power situation south of Suez, and they have emerged with two new readings, one against us and one in our favor:

MAPS BY HERB WILEN

First, whatever the outcome of the struggle for Suez, the Mediterranean's value as a safe and certain corridor to the Middle East has been sharply reduced.

Second, there is another effective gateway to the Middle East, a "back door"—and it is still open to us. Unaccountably overlooked by most of us up to now, this approach lies around Africa and through the Indian Ocean, whose waters not only lap the Arabian peninsula and East Africa, but also give access (through the Red Sea) to Ethiopia, the Sudan, Egypt and the southern end of the Suez Canal itself. Further, they are the avenue to the Persian Gulf, a sleeve of water dominating the Middle East's four biggest oil-producing areas: Kuwait, Iran, eastern Arabia and Iraq.

Foresighted naval strategists in the Pentagon have long recognized that the Indian Ocean could become vital to our economy and to the defense of the free world. It offers a trouble-free route for our tankers to the gushing spigots of the Middle East pipelines, and its shores and islands provide ideal sites for bases from which to thwart Russia's southward ambitions. One influential Pentagon policy maker, in fact, calls the Indian Ocean "the world's most tempting vacuum."

Will Russia fill this vacuum—or will we?

In the years since World War II our record in the Indian Ocean has been one of apathy and lost opportunities. Indeed, we let two possible bases, one of them fully equipped, go by default. It was a time of retrenchment and, besides, we had our Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean to look after our Middle Eastern interests.

Traditionally, the Mediterranean has been the West's gateway to the area. Yet World War II showed the sea's vulnerability to attack by land-based planes, and the postwar tide of Arab nationalism menaced both its Tangier and Suez bottlenecks. Finally, any lingering doubts we may have had that the Mediterranean's usefulness to us will be limited in any future war should have been dispelled during an amphibious-landing exercise early this year.

At that time, the Sixth Fleet, based in the Mediterranean, joined our Greek and Turkish allies in a training operation for what might happen in a real war: a Russian paratroop landing cutting off the Dardanelles, near Izmir. California-trained frogmen swam ashore. Marines followed them onto the mine-cleared beach, and our carriers sped their fighters and bombers against the imaginary invaders.

"There is only one flaw in this preview," a quarterdeck friend of mine remarked. "The Soviets sent a high-level plane across the Dardanelles to watch it."

"How long," I asked, "would you give Soviet fighters to find our carriers in the Mediterranean if there weren't maneuvers to pinpoint our location?"

The officer reflected a moment. "Two hours," he said.

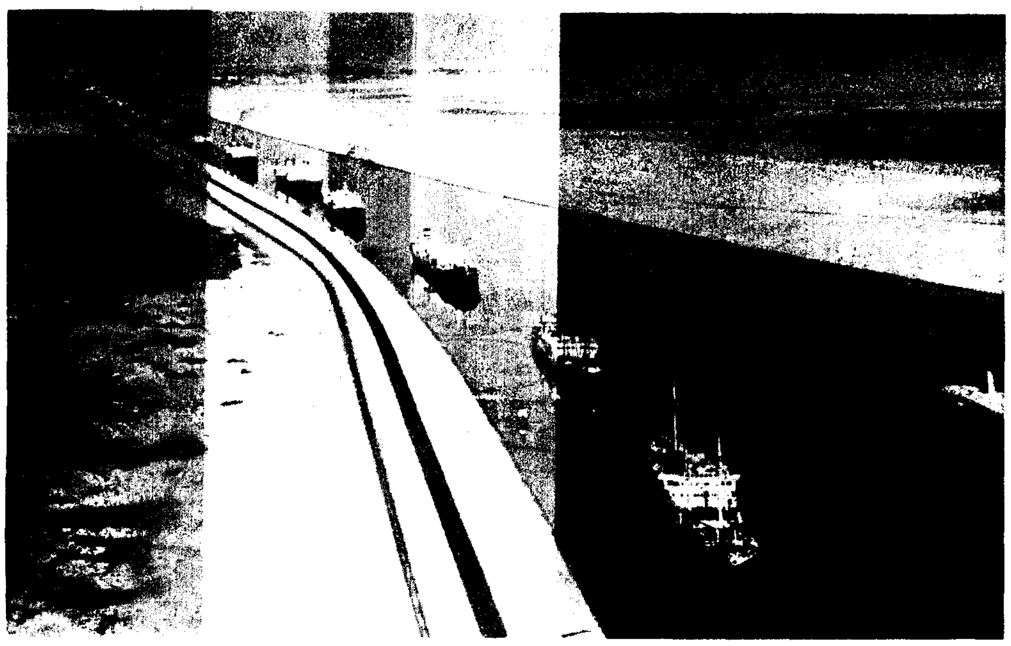
"Does that mean if we gamble on holding the Middle East through the Mediterranean corridor, we lose?"

"The first phase, at least," he replied.

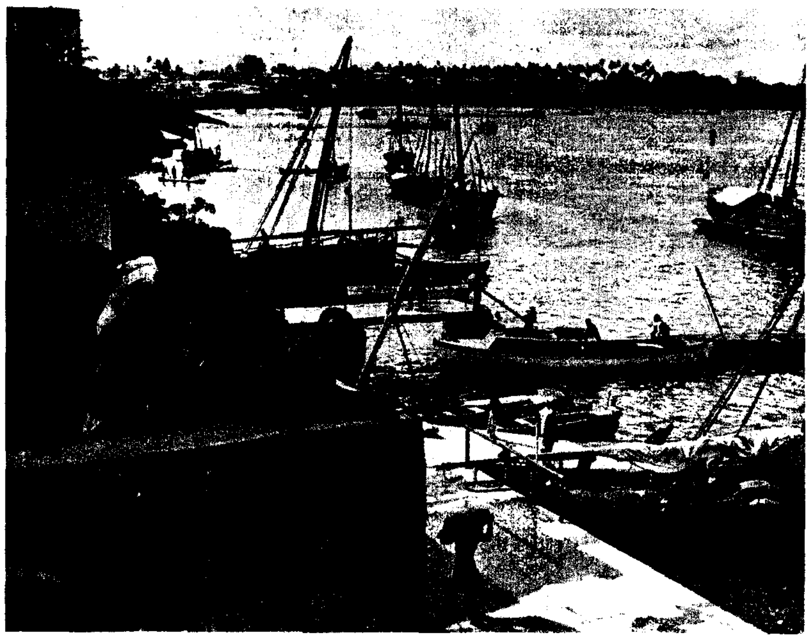
Russia long has cast covetous eyes southward, especially toward the open, ice-free waters of the Indian Ocean. For two centuries, she has hoped and

WIDE WORLD

Chess player Nasser's Suez gambit forces Western naval strategists to turn their attention southward—to the vast reaches of the Indian Ocean



INTERNATIONAL



KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY

When Egypt's President Nasser (at top) seized control of Suez Canal (left), Western naval strategists began looking into question of Indian Ocean bases to protect alternative route to the Middle East—around Cape of Good Hope and through the Indian Ocean. Among possible bases is Mombasa (right) in Kenya

conspired to reach its shores. At the end of World War II, the Soviets, taking advantage of the presence of their troops in northern Iran, set up an autonomous Red state there—a first step toward gaining a corridor to the Indian Ocean. When Iran protested bitterly to the United Nations Security Council, however, the project collapsed and the Russians withdrew their forces from the country.

FRUSTRATED IN THEIR OPEN BID for Middle Eastern power, the Soviets have turned to stealthier tactics. They are now attempting to win by infiltration of weapons, money and ideas what they failed to gain by more direct methods. They already have concluded arms deals with Syria and Egypt, and their agents are deep in the Middle East.

Their deep penetration became clear to me during a recent visit to the oasis of Hofuf, a green splash of palms on Saudi Arabia's American-built railway. I asked an Arab friend whether the Soviets had reached there yet.

"Not as Russians, no," he told me. "But this quiet oasis happens to have one of the finest *agitprop* [Communist propaganda] sections of any place east of Suez. Forty copies of a Syrian Communist newspaper arrive every day in the hands of an educated Palestinian refugee. He hates the West for awarding his home to Israel. So he distributes the newspaper—free."

With the Mediterranean in danger of becoming neutralized and the Russians already filtering into the Arab lands from the north, many American defense planners are coming to the conclusion that the long way around to the Middle East—around the Cape of Good Hope and through the Indian Ocean—may offer the best way to check the Soviets' southward drive. To reach the tropical waters of the Indian Ocean, the Soviets must first cross the Moslem world in force. But if the West can dominate the Indian Ocean, the Reds could cross the Arabs' domain and still be denied the southern outlet they have sought so long.

The sad fact is, though, that Western strength has been slowly ebbing in this the world's third biggest ocean. The Ceylonese have asked the British to give up Trincomalee, their naval base. The Chinese and Malays are blackmailing Britain with riots in an attempt to make her surrender Singapore. An almost undefended gap 5,000 miles wide is gradually opening between Hong Kong—which could be readily smothered by Red Chinese—and Aden, British oil port and air base at the junction of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. As this is written, Aden is quiet, but it may be next.

How does it happen that the United States has paid so little heed to this crucial southern doorway to the Middle East? Why were we caught so unprepared when Nasser snatched Suez?

To find the answer, we have to go back to World War II. In wartime, fearing to offend our allies, we hesitated to acquire permanent world-wide bases. Only after our relations with Russia worsened did we begin slowly to develop a belt of alliances girdling the globe. The men in the Pentagon planned the NATO bases in Europe to reach around to protect our east as far as Turkey. The new Southeast Asia alliance, plus the fan of islands we hold under trusteeship in the Pacific, would be the western end of the belt.

But we forgot something—the buckle in the middle. In the Middle East, we put no solid link. Across the burnt gingerbread hills of Baluchistan and the yellow crests of the Arabian sand-sea, there was nothing. Where the belt needed to be strongest, where Russia's aims were nakedest, the world-girdling alliance was most weak.

There was another reason for our hesitancy, so far as the southern gateway to the Middle East was concerned. To many in the Pentagon, the Indian Ocean—halfway around the world from the United States—appeared too far off to be of value. The remoteness was true, however, only so long as you measured distance in ordinary miles. In strategy, experts measure in weight-miles; they use a slide rule, not a pair of compasses.

From New York around the Cape of Good Hope to Dhahran, our leased Saudi Arabian airfield on the Persian Gulf, is 12,000 miles by ship. From Moscow to Dhahran is 2,100 miles by air, 2,400 miles by land. Far for us? Near for the Soviets? In miles, yes. In power, perhaps not. Power depends not only on how far you go, but what you have in your hands when you get there.

THE MIDDLE EAST HAS one abiding characteristic: nobody, not even the Soviets, can live off the sands. An army must bring all its supplies with it. Departing by sea from New York, you can take 10,000 tons of supplies around Africa to Arabia in three weeks. For the Russians to send 10,000 tons of supplies from Kiev to the Persian Gulf would require the establishment of an enormous truck train to travel over terrain where linked railroads do not exist. And roads on land—unlike the trackless highways of the sea—are always vulnerable.

"I pity the Soviet general who reaches the Indian Ocean and tries to stay there without a huge naval force," says one American strategist. "This southeast shelf of the Middle East, broken up by coastal mountains, backed by internal seas of impassable sand, is tailored to make generals bite their nails and admirals smile."

Actually some farseeing planners in the Pentagon began actively agitating for Indian Ocean defenses as long as four years ago. It was proposed then

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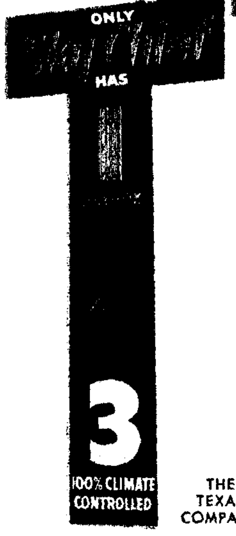

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We fumbled an offer of a Red Sea base complete with submarine pens. Now it is rubble

that we establish an Indian Ocean fleet to control the Red Sea and Persian Gulf from the south. Moreover, in building the new 60,000-ton supercarriers Forrestal and Saratoga, the Navy recognized that the monsters would be too broad-beamed to pass through the Suez Canal. For better or for worse, we are now bound to a strategy of using the vast reaches of the Indian Ocean—an area in which we have no naval bases—as a hiding ground for the big carriers in any retaliation against the Soviets from the south or southwest. Not the sunny Mediterranean, but the South Atlantic would have to be their avenue for getting there from our East Coast or European bases.

The first proposal for the Indian Ocean fleet ran afoul of staff rivalries. It was never killed, but was set aside, like a fish too salty, to marinate a while. There seemed no reason, then, to hurry; the British still controlled the Suez Canal, and the Communists had not begun their able seduction of the young Arab republics and the Palestinian refugees.

To our credit, in the postwar years of indecision we did acquire somewhat absently three token assets at the southern gateway to the Middle East.

—One undefended refueling and repair air base at Dhahran, on the Persian Gulf in Saudi Arabia. It is ours only by virtue of one short-term lease after another, and it demands more millions of dollars every year because the Arab landlord is too oil-rich to care whether we stay or go.

—One baby "Middle Eastern Force," consisting of a single seaplane tender, minus plane. This flagship without a fleet was commanded until last January by Rear Admiral Paul Dudley, a politically spry officer who roamed the area from Burma to Kenya. His successor, Rear Admiral John Quinn, lives in leased quarters at the British naval station in the Bahrein protectorate, an uneasy island in the Persian Gulf, off Dhahran.

—One undefended Signal Corps garrison at Asmara, on the cool Ethiopian highland above the Red Sea.

Our tragedy, in retrospect, is that during this time of hesitancy we were offered at least two major bases—one, fully equipped, on the Red Sea, and the other farther south along the east coast of Africa—and we let them slip through our fingers, although perhaps not forever.

The Red Sea stronghold that we lost is Massaua, a broiling, coral-guarded Eritrean harbor handsomely located for discouraging Egypt's ambitions and the Kremlin's designs. Now the property of Ethiopia, it is on the west shore of the Red Sea, near its southern tip. It is a fully adapted naval and air base—or was.

STAND TODAY on Massaua's cracked, weed-grown parade ground, with scores of eviscerated and rubbled buildings around you, and try to forgive the errors of the West. It is not easy. Here you are amid the wreck of a mechanical arm of power that was to have handed East Africa to Mussolini, and could have compensated us for Moscow's gains in Egypt.

Ask Commander John Melisino, a leathery Greek ex-naval officer, what ruined Massaua. In answering, he sighs. "Why did you Americans allow the British to destroy such a necessary base?" he demands. He is completing a small naval school for Ethiopia among the blistered cactus and thorns. It's like laying out a diamond for Little Leaguers in the infield at the Polo Grounds after an A-bomb has leveled the massive original.

"Over there was the hospital—300 beds, paid for mostly by America," mutters the Greek sadly. From the chewed fragments of masonry you can see that the hospital was dynamited. When? "Three years ago." By whom? "The British, with approval of the Americans." Why? Melisino looks into your eyes and shrugs.

The commander points across the scarred, lunarlike landscape to four huge towers of girders, their tops twisted off like cornstalks. "That radio station could speak to the whole world," he murmurs bitterly. "And see the submarine pens down there! With Soviet submarines being sighted in all the oceans of the world, wouldn't they come in handy for somebody today?" Your eye, raking the harbor, finds in the green water two big rectangles of sunken concrete, blown up and sagging. They might still give shelter to our long-range atomic submarines—but it would cost a lot of money.

Ironically, we once could have had this base for free—but didn't do anything about it. During World War II, the U.S. Navy raised 26 sabotaged Italian ships at Massaua, including two 14,000-tonners. Commander Edward F. Ellsberg, the great Navy underwater engineer, also saved a dry dock capable of floating a 10,000-ton cruiser. Of all this work, nothing remains. The dry dock was towed away to Pakistan. Everything else Ellsberg won was given away by slow strategy and loose diplomacy.

Why did the British systematically destroy the base before, on orders from the United Nations, handing Massaua and the rest of Italian Eritrea over to Ethiopia? It may be that they feared the rise of another naval air base in the area, not realizing that they or the United States might need a foothold firmer than Aden, Massaua's opposite neighbor. Now, with the Suez Canal passage permanently jeopardized, Massaua's importance is even greater.

Three years ago, the British also generously offered us for use as a naval base Mombasa, the major Indian Ocean port of Kenya, some 1,400 miles south of Massaua. We refused it, apparently because we feared that we might be pulled into the British war with the native Mau Mau terrorists. Now that the Mau Mau are quieter, the door may be open again. Meantime, as a stopgap measure, Britain is expanding her own naval facilities at Mombasa, as well as in the Seychelles, an island chain in the Indian Ocean due east of Mombasa.

THERE ARE A NUMBER of other possibilities open to us, too. Besides Massaua, for example, Ethiopia has an uncompleted new port at Assab, where Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito landed last winter with a message of neutralism and Moscow's blessing for Emperor Haile Selassie. For all its vacillation, however, Ethiopia trusts the United States. Flanked by awakening Arab peoples—in the newborn Sudan, three Somalilands, Saudi Arabia and Yemen—Ethiopia needs outside assurances. She also needs money. Only the dollars provided for Eritrea by the American listening post at Asmara have kept that key province from foundering economically.

Then, southeast of Ethiopia and just below the famous "horn of Africa" lies Somalia, which grows bananas and looks like one. This largest of the three Somalilands (the other two are held by the British and French) is taking its first breath of freedom as its former Italian colonial masters gradually leave. (Although still under a United Nations trusteeship, Somalia will gain complete independence in 1960.) But Somalia is broke, and probably would be willing to rent 10,000 feet of sand to our Air Force for a base on less captious terms than the Saudis at Dhahran.

Along southern Arabia's coast, Britain's two protectorate systems—Aden and, to the northeast, Trucial Oman—also offer stopgap possibilities. Aden itself has a Royal Air Force base, from which keening Vampire jets carry pamphlets and sometimes rockets against the restless, bearded little Yemenis on the Aden-Yemen border. (The Yemenis, it seems, share an ambition with Egypt and Russia; they want to push Britain out of Aden, into the sea.) Other R.A.F. bases stretch along the coast lines. During World War II, some were used by American planes hopping to India. One base, at Salalah, was even manned by Americans.

But perhaps our most promising chance for gaining a protective foothold in the basement of the Middle East lies in the sprawling but almost unknown kingdom of Muscat and Oman, in the extreme southeast corner of Arabia. Muscat is 4,000 miles from U.S. bases in Morocco, on which we have spent $500,000,000. The Sultan of Morocco is expected to squeeze us further for rentals, but Muscat would probably be more reasonable. In Muscat, as in Morocco, we have a yellow calling card in the form of an old treaty.

In 1833, the State Department, worried about sailors lost from our trading clippers, awoke to the idea that the sultanate of Muscat was the most influential sea power in the Indian Ocean. Not wanting any more messy wars such as we had had with the Barbary Coast pirates, we sent a small warship to make friends. The sultan got the idea and signed the treaty.

Today's sultan, plump, amiable forty-six-year-old Sayyid Said Ibn Taimur, lives largely on American dollars exacted from the Cities Service oil people, who are boring in Dhofar, and the British-staffed but partly American Iraq Petroleum Company, which is boring inland at Fehud. Muscat is heavily under British influence. The sultan's foreign minister, Neil Innes, is a Scotsman who formerly ran the prisons of the Sudan.

Saudi Arabia frequently makes difficulties about renewing our lease for the landing field at Dhahran, though we have no combat planes permanently based there. The sultan of Muscat would offer a secondary insurance against the Saudi tendency to gouge.

As the French gradually fail themselves and us in the Mediterranean, our lifeline in that half-Arab, half-European sea grows shorter. And as Soviet influence grows, history turns backward. The horsemen of the Huns and Mongols once invaded Europe from the east. Soon afterward the Arabs invaded it with their galleys from the south. The danger we face is that this time both invasions might happen together.

Russian tanks, following a line of submissive Arab states and genial vacuums along the Mediterranean shore of Africa, could turn up in Morocco, opposite our bases in Spain. Then "fortress Europe," cut off from American aid across the Atlantic by Soviet submarines, could succumb in a giant pincers.

"We can be sure," predicts a high naval authority, "that the coming fight for overseas communications is going to be the fight of our lives. And it has already started."

On the other side of the world, the Indian Ocean beckons us—and Russia. Who will win control of it? THE END

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"Farm problem" or not, in bad years or good,

the fourth-generation Cooks, of New Providence, Iowa, prefer

their way of life. The reason is simple: It's the . . .

LAND THAT THEY LOVE

By MERLE MILLER

Almost every county agent in Iowa could suggest at least one farm family that would welcome a visitor who had spent his first 12 years on an Iowa farm and wanted to find out what had or had not changed in the nearly 25 years since. I liked Dick Pulse's letter best; he is the extension director of Hardin County in central Iowa. "The Maurice Cook family is not average or typical—but who interesting is?" Pulse wrote. "They have a 235-acre farm near New Providence; there are three sons, Kenneth, Frank and Lisle, all of whom want to be farmers themselves. There have been Cooks on their land for four generations now, and it looks to me as if they've settled down for quite a stay—'farm problem' or no farm problem.

"The Cooks are modest and value their family relationship above everything else. They really know how to plan and work together. They are highly respected by just about everybody in the county . . . Besides, you'd have a good time with them."

The Cook place turned out to be the first on the right on the graveled road leading east out of New Providence, population 250. In the 27-mile drive from my home town, Marshalltown, I had counted only two farmhouses that didn't have television antennas. The new barns I saw were smaller than I remembered and the farmhouses were larger. Professor Herb Howell of Iowa State College at Ames later explained, "Twenty-five years ago a farmer's standing in the community was measured by the size of his barn; now his house is more important. Now he'd rather send his kids to college and make do with the old silo, and he might even get a quick freeze before he buys a new tractor."

Most new Iowa farmhouses are ranch types, with a picture window which often seems to overlook the pigpen. The two-story Cook house has 11 good-sized rooms; it is brick, which is rare in Iowa, and contains what Mrs. Cook, Fern, described as "something I've dreamed about ever since I heard about it, radiant heating." It is the first radiant heating in Hardin County, and people still drive all the way from Marshalltown to take a look at it. The house was completed in 1948, which was a good year for the Cooks and for most of their neighbors; there has not been such a good year since.

Fern explained the practicality of her heating system by pointing out that the menfolk invariably stretch out on the living-room floor for a half-hour nap after their noon meal. "They used to catch colds," she said.

Fern's picture window overlooks a seemingly endless series of pleasantly half-rolling fields. Fern is a slight woman, her once black hair now gently gray. She used to put Kenneth in a baby basket on the edge of the oat field as she helped Maurice sow the crop.

"I was born just across the field there," said Maurice. "I always knew I wanted to own this land, never had any doubts about it, never wanted to be anything but a farmer, never wanted to live anyplace else."

Except for four years at William Penn, a Quaker college in Oskaloosa, Iowa, where he met Fern, and a quarter at Iowa State, Maurice never has lived anyplace else.

But at fifty-one, erect and muscular, with deep, unshadowed blue eyes and cheeks burned russet by the sun and the wind, he is not a provincial man. On their annual vacations during the slack days after the oats are harvested and before it's time to pick the corn, he and his family have traveled by car from Niagara Falls to Mexico. Two summers ago he and Fern flew over to Germany with 34 other Iowa farm families; their son Frank was stationed at an air base near Frankfurt. Fern took along a homemade angel-food cake as well as some of Frank's favorite butterscotch frosting; she stopped off in Wiesbaden for 22 birthday candles.

"Saw a lot of pretty sights over there," said Maurice, "but I never saw anything I'd say came even close to that—" and he pointed to a pale-green meadow where his white-faced Herefords were grazing.

Maurice's father would have been shocked at the idea of flying to Europe; he was not much for travel anyway. "Wherever you go, you just see more people," he used to say, "and we've got plenty of people right here."

Of course, Maurice added, there are probably a good many other things he does that his father would not have understood. The elder Mr. Cook died of a heart attack at the age of seventy-one, a few minutes after he had bought three truckloads of cattle and had helped load them for the trip

Left: Spread around farmer Maurice Cook and his wife, Fern, is some of the bounty which they produce on their 235 acres. First right: Maurice (left) and eldest son, Kenneth, repair leak in pipe leading to the hogpen. Second right: Feeding the chickens is among Fern's chores. Profits from the eggs pay the Cooks' grocery bills. Third right: Maurice helps Kenneth by feeding his hogs. Kenneth and wife live half mile from family home

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROLAND PATTERSON

All family members who can be spared from chores turn out to help spruce up Kenneth's home, located on part of Cook farm

The Cook boys have one major goal: farming

home from Des Moines. The Cooks do not retire. For that reason, among others, they are strongly opposed to Social Security for farmers. Maurice believes that the law of supply and demand should and will someday again determine a farmer's income; he believes that industrious and competent farmers survive and prosper and that the incompetent and lazy will, tragically but inevitably, be pushed to the wall. Nevertheless, neither he nor any of his neighbors has ever turned down any checks for taking part in whatever program Congress in any given year has decided is the best vote-getting solution to the agricultural problem.

The Cooks are in the upper-third income group in Hardin County. Their 235 acres, on the other hand, have to support two families. Maurice's father was born in the same house as his son; Maurice's seventy-six-year-old stepmother lives there now. The sturdy white frame house is only half a mile south of the equally sturdy white frame house to which Maurice's eldest son, Kenneth, recently brought his bride Evelyn.

Frank, the middle son, used to talk some about moving to town to become a mechanic. But when he got back from overseas, he and his young wife came straight to the farm, and after his graduation from Iowa State next spring, he hopes to rent a place nearby. The youngest son, Lisle, was one of two Iowa farm boys sent to a national Four-H Club congress in Washington this summer. He will finish at Iowa State in June, 1959, after which he intends to come back to a farm near New Providence. Lisle doesn't know which one, and he doesn't know which of several girls he will marry. But should the girl he decides on not like farm life, Lisle would not change his plans. He would change girls.

THE COOKS HAD NEVER been separated until Kenneth went into the Army in 1951; they want to spend the rest of their lives as near neighbors, but achieving what they refer to as "the Cook dream" will not be easy; they are living through what the professors at Ames call "a revolution."

"The machine age has finally caught up with the farmer," Rex Conn, the knowing farm editor of The Cedar Rapids Gazette, told me. "With machines, a farmer can do five times the work he did twenty-five years ago—but people aren't eating five times as much. All the farm programs, every one of them, have just patched at and mended. The fact is we need fewer farmers in this country. That's a tough thing to say, but it's true."

"Money," said Professor Howell. "That is one of the things that has happened to the farmer in the past twenty-five years—maybe the most important thing. A farmer used to be an artisan—and he still has to be, but now he's got to be a capitalist, too. Tractors, trucks and cultivators—all these things make for more efficiency, but they also cost hard cash."

About half the agricultural students at Iowa State will be forced to become county agents or agricultural scientists or combine farming with factory jobs in Des Moines or Cedar Rapids. One out of every three students educated in agriculture at Ames will go to another state for his job.

Very few of the 13 male members of Kenneth's high-school graduating class in New Providence were able to become farmers, although almost all of them wanted to be.

"They mostly just couldn't get together the wherewithal," Kenneth explained.

Kenneth, who once dreamed of becoming a big-league shortstop but decided he wasn't good enough, has been making and saving money almost ever since he can remember.

"When I was ten I bought a baby beef; it was with Dad on a partnership basis. He cost $35.93, which made $17.96 I had to pay. This money I had earned the year before; I had raised chickens and mowed some lawns. We got this first calf on December 16th and sold him on August 9th, making a net profit of $45.68, of which half was mine. I called him White Sox because he had two hind feet that were white. Each evening after the chores were done, I led him up and down the road to train him. Then I showed him at the county fair. He got a red ribbon. I decided to work harder the next year to get a blue ribbon."

SOME IOWA FARMERS give calves to their children; Maurice believes that ten is not too early to learn about profit and loss. When he was twelve, Kenneth one night forgot to feed his calf; the next year it did not even place at the county fair; he was convinced that his negligence was the reason, and he never forgot again.

"If you're a farmer," said Maurice, "you can't ever forget anything, and you have to realize there's a time for everything, too—just like it says in Ecclesiastes. The man who's repairing his manure spreader on the day he ought to be cultivating his corn is in for real trouble.

"And you've got to keep putting it away for a rainy day—or for the summer it doesn't rain at all."

Maurice is conservative where money is concerned, particularly for something personal. The Cooks waited 11 years before they bought a brand-new car, a four-door Ford sedan, to replace a secondhand Model T; they paid cash for it.

On the other hand, Maurice has no objection to borrowing from a bank—usually at 5 per cent—for a new piece of equipment or for feed for his livestock.

He and Fern had $800 between them when they started farming in June, 1928. Maurice bought three elderly plug horses, and at a farm sale he picked up a seeder, a plow, a cultivator and a disk and harrow. The machinery cost a dollar apiece. Those first few years he farmed on a share basis with his father, much the same kind of arrangement he has with Kenneth today.

Kenneth had three times that much cash on hand when he started last year. Even so he might not have been able to make it if he had had to rent a farm from a neighbor. His house is rent-free because his parents believe that the work he and Evelyn do on the house will increase its value.

"You can say that these are difficult times for us," Maurice told me, "but I wouldn't exactly call what we're going through now a depression."

He remembers, as I do, the times in the early thirties when Iowa farmers took hanging ropes to mortgage foreclosure sales and bid anywhere from a penny to a quarter for a 160-acre farm and all its equipment. After the sale, everything was returned to its original owner.

Maurice is not likely to forget the fall and winter of 1932; on September 19th, after Fern had started the week's washing, Frank was born, prematurely and assisted into the world by Maurice's stepmother. At ten that morning, after things had quieted down in the house, Maurice went out and burned the 90 of his hundred head of hogs which had died of cholera. He had not had the money that year to have them vaccinated.

Maurice could not afford coal that winter either. Corn was bringing 10 cents a bushel; so the Cooks burned it in the kitchen stove. It made a noisy, popping fire, and the flame was bright blue, the heat intense, temporary and very localized. Watching it burn, Fern said, a person didn't know what to do. A person didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

They ate a lot of oatmeal that winter, rolled from their own oats, and for dinner they often had hominy, made from their own corn. Both were cheap and filling, "and we got mighty tired of them," said Fern, "but we were never hungry. We were never ever hungry."

"You can see what I mean about this not being a *real* depression," Maurice added.

This year Maurice and Kenneth planted 100 acres of corn, 60 of oats and 60 of alfalfa. They plant their crops on a four-year rotation basis—corn, corn, oats, alfalfa. Their land is just as black and just as rich and fertile as when the sod was first broken. Somebody once said that the Iowa farmer has a gift from four gods—the god of rain, the god of sun, the god of ice and the god of geology. Farmers like Maurice and his sons have added a fifth, the god of science.

Maurice plants hybrid corn—as do about 99 per cent of the farmers of Iowa—because he now gets as many as 80 to 100 bushels of corn an acre as against 30 to 50 with nonhybrid corn. Six years ago he changed over to hybrid hogs because they have larger litters and, before that, he and Fern decided on hybrid chickens because they lay more eggs.

They feed their crops to their livestock (500 hogs, 125 cattle, 24 sheep) and last year they bought as much corn as they grew. They buy cattle weighing about 400 to 500 pounds; they feed them and sell them when they weigh 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. When the cattle are ready for the market, they are loaded into trucks rented from a firm in New Providence, and the next morning the cattle are sold in the Chicago stockyards. Maurice and Kenneth usually ride right along with them; a broker does the actual

As in feeding pigs (above), Kenneth does some farm duties just as his grandfather did before him. But to lighten plowing hours he plans to install a radio on his tractor

Left: Maurice and Fern pick some rhubarb for storing in freezer. Fern does most of the work in the quarter-acre kitchen garden—and cultivates roses as well. Below: Male members of the family like to stretch out on the living-room floor for half-hour nap after the noonday meal. They used to catch colds until radiant heating was installed. Right: Scattered on other days, family gets together for Sunday dinner. Silent grace is observed before meal is served

Out of 250 inhabitants in New Providence, 200 attend morning service at the Friends Church. Many of them also go to service in the evening

Religion still plays a big role in farm life

selling, but the Cooks like to watch. They market their pigs locally—on a day when the market is rising, if there is such a day.

In a good year, the Cooks get back as much as $1.50 for every dollar's worth of feed they put into their livestock. In a bad year, they get less than a dollar; last year they got 91 cents.

The difference between a good and bad year depends "on about a thousand things," Kenneth says, "but you notice we always get back to the weather." Corn, which dominates nearly all conversation in Iowa from about the first of June until it is picked in late October or early November, needs rain in June or July, hot weather in August. The Cooks listen to weather reports on the radio at least three times a day.

And there is sickness and death, of course. Despite penicillin and cobalt and copper pills and farrowing stalks and commercial feed that is filled with proteins and minerals, and despite the veterinarian, hogs die, and cattle, for seemingly no explainable reason, get runny noses, lose weight and have fevers, and a crop of oats sometimes develops smut and the corn gets worms.

MAURICE BELIEVES that to be a good farmer a man ought to be something of a philosopher; he ought also nowadays to be a soil expert and a mechanic and an economist and a veterinarian. Like a good doctor, he should also keep up with what science is doing to help him. And, even so, forces over which he has no control may overwhelm and destroy him.

Most of all, he must be an optimist. When I asked Maurice how he thought it would be possible for him and all three of his sons to continue farming at a time when prices for everything they would buy are rising and everything they might sell are falling, Maurice said, "Lisle won't be home until 1959, and you see," and he smiled, "I have faith."

Today's businessman-farmer, however, is vulnerable in a way the old-fashioned farmer could never have imagined. To be on what he calls "the safe side," Maurice would like to keep an operating bank balance of $30,000, which, according to the bankers I talked to in nearby Eldora and in Marshalltown, is not unusually high for a man farming 235 acres. Last year Maurice paid out $12,000 for cattle; he bought $12,000 worth of high-protein feed, and another $1,200 for commercial fertilizer. He ended the year with less money than he had when he began, and the pattern is likely to be repeated this year. He has already sold some of his hogs on a falling market; he needed the money to pay his taxes.

"If things keep up the way they are," Dick Pulse said, "Maurice and a lot of other farmers are going to have to cut way down on their expenses. That doesn't mean most farmers around here are going out of business; it just means they'll have to get along with old buildings and beat-up equipment; and they won't be buying any more wall-to-wall carpeting."

Maurice keeps meticulous records of every penny spent or earned, of every pound lost or gained by his animals. He is a member of the Farm Business Association, one of the services offered by the extension of the state college; it is headed by Professor Howell. Two or three times a year a supervisor comes around and checks over Maurice's books, correcting mistakes, advising him on tax problems, reporting on successful new experiments at the college, and comparing Maurice's record with that made on farms of similar size.

Pulse said, "Maurice Cook didn't stop learning after that quarter at Ames, and his sons won't either."

By now Maurice has almost every possible kind of mechanized equipment—from a manure spreader to a hay chopper—about $18,000 worth, all told. He got his first mechanical corn picker in 1939, a one-row job; now he has a two-row picker. When he husked his corn by hand, he managed to strip an acre during a backbreaking 10-hour stint. Now he can get through 10 to 15 acres a day.

"I guess I used to work harder," Maurice said. "Not longer; I always got up at four thirty or five in the morning and still do, and in the summer it's sometimes eight thirty, nine before Kenneth and I are through. Physically harder, I mean; it's one thing to walk behind a team of horses all day and another to sit on the foam-rubber seat of a tractor.

"Maybe I worry more now, though," he added.

FARM LIFE HAS CHANGED in other ways, too. In the old days, meaning up to, perhaps, 10 years ago when Maurice bought his first combine, a threshing ring of anywhere from six to nine neighbors went the rounds during the harvest season. In those days, Maurice said, a man had a chance to get together with neighbors he hadn't seen since the last harvest. A week or so after the rounds were completed, accounts were settled at an ice-cream social. Maurice misses both the ice cream and the sociability. Now the job is done in a couple of days, with Maurice and the boys helped by a neighbor, who brings along his tractor. In turn, the Cooks help the neighbor.

Fern likes the new way better. It used to be that for two or three days in August—a time when the temperature in Iowa often gets up toward a hundred in the shade—she cooked the noon dinner for the members of the ring. Not only were the men hungry, there was considerable competition among the wives to serve the most talked-about meal. Fern usually had scalloped potatoes one day and mashed the next; she either fried chickens or prepared three or four rib roasts; then she'd serve creamed peas and sliced tomatoes, both from her own garden. There'd be cabbage slaw with marshmallows and pineapple, homemade rolls, coffee, lemonade, milk and dessert. The dessert was usually pretty much the same—cherry pie, home-canned peaches and angel-food cake. Most threshers had some of all three, and by midafternoon they were ready for a cold ade of some kind and homemade cookies which Fern and one of the boys took out to the field in a pony cart.

Fern did her cooking on one of those old-fashioned ranges, which in August heated up the whole house before it started cooking the food. Nowadays she cooks on an electric stove, and she also has an electric blender and a grill. Cooking really isn't half the work it used to be; the other afternoon she got home from a visit to Ames at four; some of her supper guests had already arrived; they were friends of Evelyn and Kenneth, all of them members of the Baptist Roger Williams club at the college. In the next hour and a half Fern baked 10 cherry pies, and fried chicken for 28 people.

She still cans a lot of vegetables and fruit, but she used to put up as much as 500 quarts of beef and pork and chicken, too. Now she sometimes buys canned or frozen vegetables at the grocery store in New Providence.

Home butchering is only a memory in the Cook household—and, for Fern, an unpleasant one. "The people who think you ought to do your own have either forgotten or never knew what it's like to stand and render lard," she said. "Personally, I am very much in favor of progress."

Progress means that twice a year a commercial freezer concern in Eldora picks up a live animal, butchers it, and a few days later returns the meat, wrapped in neat packages, each stamped with the date of the butchering and the cut of meat contained therein. Fern now freezes all the chickens the family can eat. Her mother would probably have been shocked by it, but the Cooks buy part of their milk, too. They keep only one milk cow. The chickens, which are mainly Fern's responsibility, pay for the groceries. She sells about 60 dozen eggs a week to an Eldora produce company.

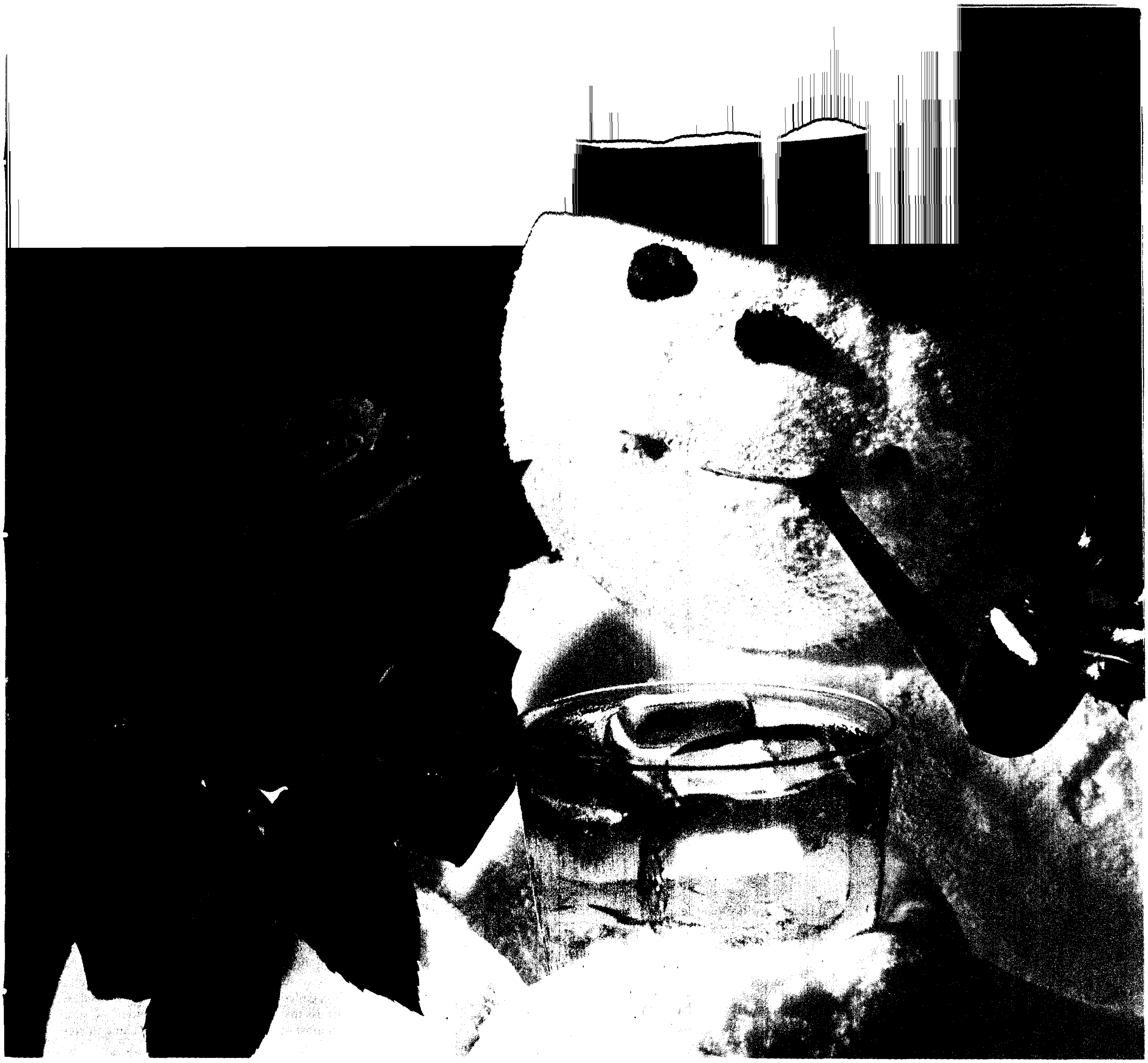
Fern also does most of the work in a quarter-acre kitchen garden, besides cultivating her roses, many of which tumble over trellises she built herself. Fern's favorite is a hybrid tea, the Peace rose, partly because she likes its name. Fern often broods about wars. "If only everybody had a family," she will say, "if only everybody belonged someplace, the way we belong to New Providence."

Fern, like Maurice, sometimes looks back on the past with longing. When she and Maurice returned from their honeymoon—most of which was spent in Des Moines, buying furniture—practically the entire town of New Providence turned out and gave them a "shivari." Dishpans were banged, cowbells rung and raucous songs were sung outside their darkened windows. At first, Maurice and Fern pretended they weren't there; they were expected to. Then everybody was invited in for ice cream and cake.

The shivari is a thing of the past, however, and last year when Frank brought his new wife Phyllis home from Germany, where she had been a civilian employee of the Air Force, Fern gave a reception for them.

"It was nice enough, but the shivari was more fun. Anybody can have a reception," said Fern.

A retired professor at Ames, a man of many and independent opinions, had this to say: "The farm family is just about like the city family these



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By ten o'clock, all New Providence has retired

days; they watch the same television programs; they never get around to reading the same books; they get the same pap in their newspapers, and they drive the same cars. Only thing, in the country you do have neighbors. In the city you meet somebody lives next door to you, and you try to pretend you're invisible."

Phyllis had not only never lived on a farm before; she had never even visited one. When Frank told her that his father's corn grew as high as a telephone pole, she saw no reason to distrust him. On the other hand, most of her knowledge of farm life had come from reading novelists like Erskine Caldwell and Sinclair Lewis.

She has since found that Iowa corn seldom gets more than eight feet tall, and that Iowa has the highest literacy rate of any state in the Union. True, there is more talk about hog prices than Marcel Proust, but, Phyl told me, "I never had to beat my way through any crowds to get into the Boston Public Library."

THE COOKS OCCASIONALLY WATCH a network television program; they speak of Hal March as if he were a member of the family, but their set is usually tuned to the extension station in Ames. They are not much for reading—the farm journals, yes, the local newspaper and The Des Moines Register. Once in a while Kenneth will look through a bulletin from Ames, but a book from one of the digest book clubs had been in the house about 10 days when I arrived and was still wrapped when I left.

"There don't seem to be many novels written about people I know anything about," Fern told me.

New Providence has neither a state liquor store nor a beer parlor, and in 51 years Maurice has never felt the need for an alcoholic drink or a cigarette. None of the Cooks drinks. Frank started smoking in the Army and still does, but the painful subject is never mentioned between him and his mother. It never will be. When he is home, he smokes only in his room or out of doors. There is no movie theater in New Providence; the Cooks see a movie maybe once, at most twice a year.

Religion is just as important in their lives as it was in the lives of their grandparents. The Iowa farmer is usually a devout man; his welfare depends on more than hard work and skill, more even than on the unpredictable ways of Congress; rain makers to the contrary, it still depends mainly on the weather, and that in itself is likely, in the words of Maurice, "to cause a man to give some thought to his relations with his God."

The Cooks are Quakers, as are most of the citizens of New Providence. On a Sunday morning as many as 160 of the total population of 250 usually attend Sunday school in the meetinghouse. About 200 turn up for the morning service and about half that many on Sunday evening. Prayer meeting is every other Thursday at seven thirty, and the church supper is on alternate Thursdays.

The Cooks almost never miss an event at the meetinghouse. Fern is painfully aware that the top half of the wall to the right of the pulpit is darker than the lower half right now because Fern's energy gave out when she was halfway through washing down the wall. In addition, Maurice has been superintendent of the Sunday school, and Kenneth teaches the class for young married couples. It is called the "As You Like It" class because, according to Kenneth, "we discuss just about every subject under the sun." Fern has had a class of her own most of the time since she first came to New Providence.

"City people are always asking what in the world we do in the evening. I often wonder the same thing about *them.*"

She handed me the community calendar for the week. On Monday, the school board met; so did the town council, the Boy Scouts, and the Bible Club. There was a father-and-son banquet at the school on Tuesday, a school game on Wednesday, for which, as usual, nearly the whole town turned out, and on Thursday the Child Study Club got together at Evelyn Faust's house. Members were asked to bring cookies. In addition, the church choir practiced at seven thirty that evening, and at the same time the governing council of the church met. On Friday afternoon, the Literature, History and Travel section of the Women's Club gathered at the home of Mrs. Ross Reece. Light refreshments were served. One or more members of the Cook family took part in each of these events.

Saturday was free, although there were 11 at the Cooks' for dinner that noon. Very often there are more on a weekend. In addition to the writer, Evelyn and Kenneth were there; Frank, Phyl and their year-old son Robbie, the Cooks' only grandchild so far, were home, and Lisle brought along a couple of college friends. There were two meat-and-potato meals that day. There always are at the Cook house, except in the dead of winter, when supper sometimes consists of no more than frankfurters and baked beans and sauerkraut and apple pie.

"We're big eaters around here," Fern told me, "but we don't gain

Maurice (left) and Kenneth Cook take a moment out from their labors. They plant their crops on a four-year rotation basis—corn, corn, oats, alfalfa

much weight." Maurice weighs just five pounds more than he did in 1928.

That Saturday afternoon everybody except Kenneth and Maurice, who had their own work, went over to Evelyn and Kenneth's house, which is part of the family farm. Paper was stripped from some walls and paint applied to others. Fern made a pot of cocoa, and the cooky jar was brought over and emptied. Lisle, who claims he learned how to cook just by watching his mother, made another batch of cookies the next morning.

Very often in the summer and early fall there is a game of croquet or of softball after dinner. The Saturday evening I was there everybody was pretty tired, and we stayed inside and talked for a while. Then Frank made fudge, Phyllis popped corn, and Fern, using a projector borrowed from a neighbor, showed the movies taken last November at Uncle Wilmer's place. Wilmer was a patient at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, at corn-picking time; so 39 of his relatives and neighbors pitched in and picked and cribbed his corn.

After we had looked at the pictures, there was some talk about turning on the television set, but everybody was really exhausted. By ten, the house was dark, and so was all of New Providence. The only light anywhere was the 60-watt bulb in the chicken house.

THE LAST EVENING I was with the Cooks we played rook, a game using special cards and requiring more skill than cunning. It is as close to gambling—and it is not very close—as any of the Cooks have ever come. "Even in the Army?" I asked, having been an Army man once myself. Frank and Kenneth said yes, even in the Army.

Afterward, before we went to bed, we were talking about the story I was going to write. I told them it would not be easy. Yes, things had changed. When I lived on a farm near Montour, Iowa, our toilet was outdoors, and I used to take my baths in a washtub in the kitchen on Saturday nights, and instead of radiant heating we had a stove that warmed an area of a foot on each side and no more.

"Us, too," said Lisle.

And, of course, I said, Kenneth is going to put a radio on one of the tractors, and in my youth we'd just had this one headphone set in the sitting room, and I'd never seen a tractor, only a picture of one, in, I thought, the mail-order catalogue. My grandfather had denounced Herbert Hoover's Federal Farm Bureau as "damn' socialistic interference with the laws of nature," and Heaven knows what my grandfather would have said about the farm proposals of both parties in the year 1956. And we went to the Methodist Church, not quite as often as the Cooks go to the meetinghouse but two or three times a week, and I once had four desserts at a church supper and didn't get sick, and the telephone switchboard in Montour then was just about the same as the one in New Providence now; it closed at nine in the evening and except for emergency calls didn't reopen until five the next morning.

The trouble with the story I was going to write, I said, was that while farm life had changed, it seemed to me fundamentally the same and, what's more, probably always would be, and how could that fact be easily put into a magazine article?

Lisle, who is what the neighbors call a natural-born farmer, said, "There is an old French saying, and in English it is, 'The more things change, the more they remain the same.'

"You think about that a while," he told me, "and you'll see what I mean." Lisle is nineteen.

Well, I have thought about it, and I see what he means. THE END

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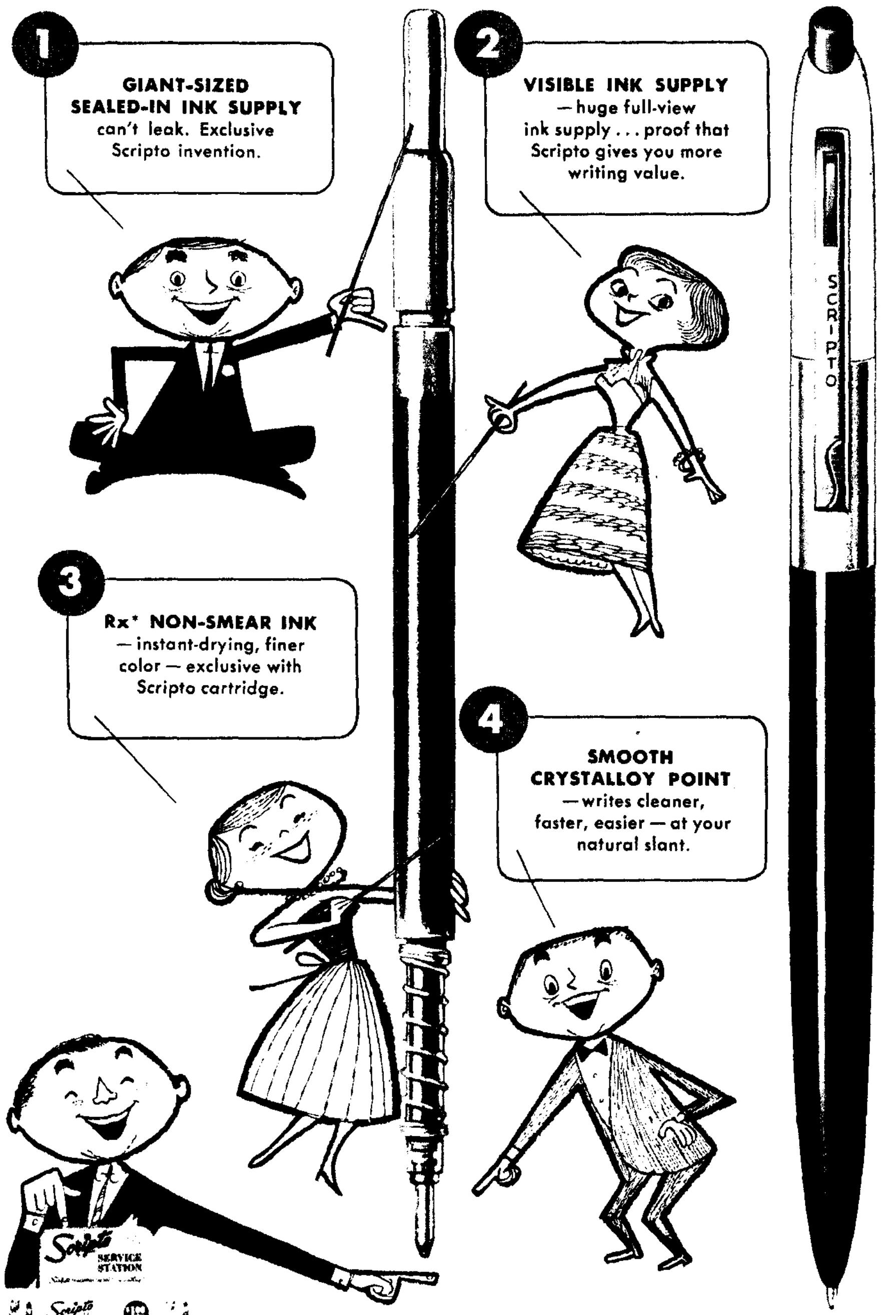
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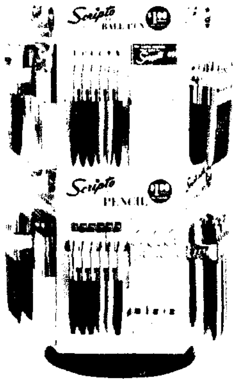

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WILL INFLUENCE THE SHAPE OF CARS FOR YEARS TO COME—Mercury's new Dream-Car Design makes a clean break with the plump, bulging lines of many of today's

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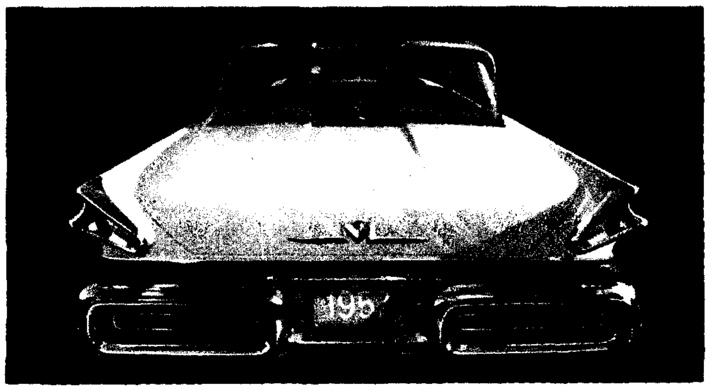

OUTDATES ANY CAR ON THE ROAD—From the back you see four stunning examples of Mercury's new Dream-Car Design: the daring V-angle tail-lights, the imaginative Jet-Flo bumpers, the sculptured rear deck and top, and the sleek, slender roof.

See the most advanced design in cars! The biggest Big M ever! More than 17½-feet long, over 6½-feet wide, with exclusive Floating Ride, Keyboard Control, and up to 290 hp!

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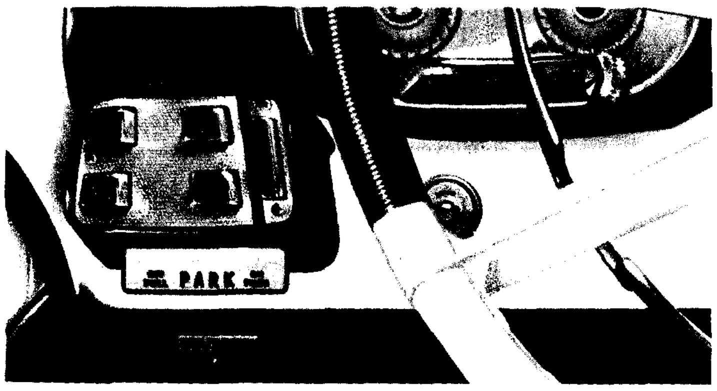

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Without fanfare, a unique revolution has swept across the land, upsetting old notions of who's making the money—and who isn't

By VANCE PACKARD

How does your income compare

Across the length and breadth of America has swept a remarkable sort of revolution which directly touches your pocketbook and mine. This startling, almost unnoticed change is a basic shift in our traditional income patterns. Jobs and professions we once thought of as money-makers are no longer surely so; trades we used to consider low-level now bring in fat earnings. As a result, we the people include many new rich, some new poor and a whole new kind of middle class.

How have you and your neighbors fared in this income revolution? In exploring this question, I have recently visited a number of representative communities: farming areas, mill and college and atomic towns, metropolitan centers, smaller cities which have been on the map for years and those which have sprung up of late; industrial places like Fall River, Massachusetts, where production workers have the lowest weekly wage ($51.50) of 113 U.S. cities, and swank suburbs like Spring Valley, near Washington, D.C., where residential plots sell for $40,000 an acre.

From the close-up observations of local employment officials, bankers, tax consultants, moneylenders, realtors, insurance men, car dealers and boat-yard operators—checked against nationwide statistics—has emerged a fascinating picture of who is making the money these days.

For example, doctors have come up as the most conspicuously prospering group in our country—baby doctors in particular, because of our booming birth rate. Among others who are doing outstandingly well are bricklayers, factory foremen and sales experts, such as advertising men. On the other hand, the new relatively poor include bank tellers, policemen—and income-tax collectors.

The most important general fact which stands out is that almost everybody except the farmer is making more money than ever before. The average total income of U.S. families exploded upward by a full third between 1947 and 1955—from $4,130 to $5,520. Living costs also rose, of course, but even allowing for this the average family enjoyed a *real* dollar gain in that period of more than $650 a year.

This generality aside, there have been some marked surges and some notable drops on the income scale. Firemen, clergymen and social workers have fallen to a markedly lower position. But truck drivers, printers, masons, carpenters and painters substantially improved their relative standing.

Some of the contrasts of income you encounter are thought-provoking, to say the least. A college-trained chemist in Newark, New Jersey, making $86 a week told me of meeting an unschooled paint-spray inspector making $185 a week. Last August the Help Wanted columns of The New York Times carried side-by-side ads offering approximately the same pay: $4,500 a year. One was for a porter. The other was for a psychologist with a master's degree in personnel work.

Shifting income patterns have wrought changes other than economic. In the most exclusive residential section of Rochester, New York, the head of a large corporation with thousands of employees—a man whose annual income tops $200,000—has some neighbors who would have seemed highly unlikely in years past: a scrap dealer, a dress-shop operator, a chiropodist and a dentist. A realtor said of the dentist, who had just built a magnificent home costing an estimated $70,000: "He made it pulling teeth."

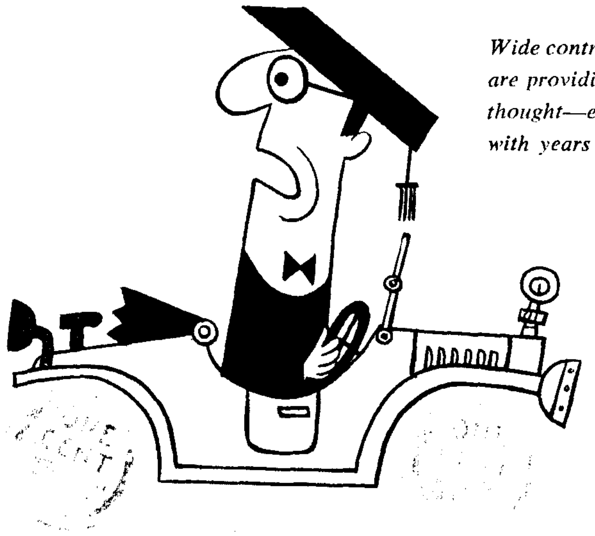
White-collar government workers are finding that they can often join in the general prosperity only by taking on extra jobs such as cabdriving. In Newark, I met a U.S. Internal Revenue agent who was working Saturdays as an appliance salesman in order to support his family. After 20 years of working for Uncle Sam, he said, he still was not making $100 a week.

Amid all the crosscurrents and occasional inequities, a leveling is taking place, a shrinking at both ends of the income scale, with a great growth in middle incomes. Before World War II the elite 5 per cent of our people made almost a third of our money. Now they make less than a fifth of it. At the low end the number of families making less than $3,000 a year declined 17 per cent from 1948 to 1953. Why this shift? Raises have gone primarily to lower-income people. Over an 11-year period, from 1939 to 1950, compensation to top management people rose 35 per cent; to middle management people, 45 per cent; to supervisors, 83 per cent; to rank-and-file employees, 106 per cent.

The result is that the character of our middle class is radically different from its traditional concept as a primarily white-collar group. Only seven years ago an economist, in explaining to congressmen the class and income structure of America, pictured a pyramid with a broad base of unskilled laborers at the bottom. Above that base, he said, were ever-smaller layers in this order upward: semiskilled, skilled; then the white-collar clerical and sales force; above them the semiprofessional and lower administrative positions, and at the top professionals and higher administrators.

Today that picture is cockeyed. Unskilled laborers no longer provide the broad base. The number is shriveling. Even more important, the better-paid "blue-collar" workers—craftsmen, foremen and some operators and service workers—are swiftly coming to dominate the middle position in

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES FLORA



Wide contrasts in take-home pay are providing a lot of food—for thought—especially for those with years of academic training

with others?

our society. A clear majority of all families in the middle-income ($4,000-$7,500) bracket now wear blue, not white collars.

Craftsmen and foremen in particular have prospered. Their pay checks have grown faster than those of any other major group: 56 per cent in seven years. Several hundred thousand of them, in fact, have shot past the accepted ceiling for middle-income people ($7,500); and at least 75,000 are in the over-$10,000 class.

The factory foreman, with an average income of $7,000, now earns as much as the typical engineer and scientists employed at the same plant.

People who sell high-priced merchandise have become acutely aware of this changing character of our middle class. Eugene Arcand, salesman of a higher-priced line of automobiles, told me that the people who buy his car are "middle-class people . . . not the white-collar people." He explained that by "middle class" he meant primarily workers at nearby plants and mills. If it wasn't for them, he said, "we would be out of business." The average sales price of his cars is $4,000.

"The guy wearing overalls is likely to come in and say, 'I'm buying a car today,' and pull out a roll big enough to stagger you," Arcand reported. By contrast, he added, "The white-collar prospect is apt to ask: 'Have I got enough money in my car for a down payment?' "

At the mouth of the Genesee River in Rochester, New York, both sides of the waterway are lined for nearly a mile in season with cruising boats. A boat-yard manager who had 16 of these boats by his pier (average value $3,500) reported that six of the 16 owners were in blue-collar occupations.

One of them, a truck driver named Don Robinson, happened to be at the yard tinkering with his 26-foot boat. A tall, soft-spoken man wearing glasses, he told me he had been driving long-distance trucks for 24 years. The average pay of a good driver in the area, he added, is about $150 a week. He indicated with some pride that he personally had been running $200 a week. Since he has three days off every week he has plenty of time to enjoy his boat with his family.

In surveying our income picture, allowances must be made, of course, for geographical variations; for example, union plasterers in Charlotte, North Carolina, average $12 a day less than union plasterers in top-paying Newark, New Jersey. And when we compare incomes of various occupations, we have to remember that income estimates for some groups, primarily the professional, are not yet available for this year; in those cases, a conservative 3 per cent per year has been added to estimated income to put

WHAT DO "WORKING PEOPLE" MAKE?

Wages vary to a startling degree from industry to industry. These lists, based on Department of Labor figures, indicate the weekly wages for average "production workers or non-supervisory employees" as of May, 1956, in these fields:

MORE THAN $100 A WEEK

Soft-coal mining
Brewery jobs
Blast-furnace operation
Building construction
Flat glassmaking
Electrical work
Locomotive manufacture
Machine tooling
Synthetic-rubber production
Iron mining

$90 to $100

Shipbuilding
Telephone maintenance
Electric utility work
Aircraft manufacture
Highway construction
Plastics production
Telephone-equipment manufacture
Turbine manufacture
Construction-machinery production
Jobs with security exchanges

$80 to $90

Local bus driving
Jobs with car dealers
Telegraph work
Gas utility work
Meat packing
Book printing
Automobile manufacture
Lead mining
Refrigerator making
Paper-mill work

$70 to $80

Logging and sawmill operations
Drug manufacture
Whisky distilling
Carpetmaking
Baking
Ice-cream manufacture
Radio and TV manufacture
Cigarette making
Typewriter manufacture

$60 to $70

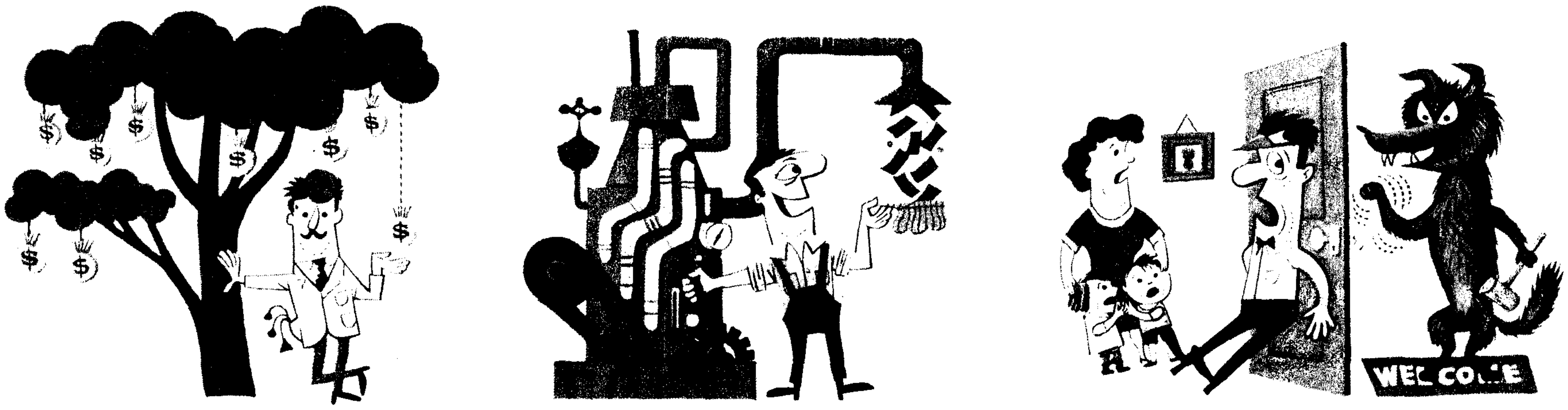
Food-store clerking
Furniture-store selling
Bank and trust-company jobs
Costume-jewelry making
Hard-coal mining
Food canning
Men's and women's suit manufacture
Luggage manufacture
Cosmetics production
Soft-drink manufacture
Toymaking

$50 to $60

Telephone-switchboard operation
Cleaning- and dyeing-plant work
Women's outerwear manufacture
Sea-food packing
Corset manufacture
Hatmaking
Wood-furniture assembling
Footwear manufacture
Knitting-mill work

$40 to $50

Hotel service jobs
Department-store clerking
Clothing-store jobs
Cigar making
Laundry work
Men's shirtmaking
Women's undergarment making
Women's household-wear manufacture
General-merchandise-store work
Children's outerwear manufacture



A basic shift in our traditional income patterns has induced upsets both economic and social. It has created many new-rich, outstanding among them, doctors; it has zoomed the blue-collar worker into a dominant place in the middle class, and it has brought a new familiarity between white-collar men and the wolf at the door

Jobs and professions once thought profitable have taken a back seat to others

all groups on a reasonably comparable 1956 basis. We can, in any event, safely draw eight major conclusions from our income revolution.

1. *It is better, moneywise, to be a physician than any other kind of professional.*

In fact, from an income standpoint, it is better to be a physician than just about anybody. General practitioners on an average net around $16,000 a year; specialists, closer to $20,000. Some independent physicians have reported net incomes of more than $200,000 a year.

As you go from town to town the occupations of the people living in the finest homes vary. But always, in these sections, there are doctors.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE suburb of Washington, D.C., is Spring Valley. You can't build there unless you agree to spend $40,000 on the house itself, and a half acre of land will cost another $20,000. Some executives, lobbyists, admirals and senators live there, but when I asked real-estate salesman Conway Hunt who had the money to buy such houses now, he said, "Doctors." And they do not use their homes for offices—that is not allowed.

The owner of Cascade Pools outside Trenton, New Jersey—a firm which installs $3,000-to-$5,000 swimming pools on your property—told me: "About a third of our customers this year are doctors." In four other towns I heard spontaneous references to the special prosperity of baby doctors. A lad at a Red Bank, New Jersey, boat yard, ticking off the owners of 13 of the bigger power cruisers by the dock, came to a 30-foot beauty and said: "Another doctor . . . What is the one who takes care of babies beforehand?" I said, "Obstetrician?" "Yeah, that's it."

The highest-paid medical specialists appear to be brain surgeons, who average about $34,000 a year. Psychiatrists average only $17,000—possibly because their patients are more time-consuming.

In considering doctors' booming incomes, however, remember that medical incomes generally do not start rolling in until after long and expensive years of education and internship; also, doctors generally put in extremely long hours. As one observer put it: "A bricklayer who puts in as much overtime as most general practitioners would earn more money too." That is certainly conceivable.

Dentists, while they have not pushed their incomes up as rapidly as physicians, have gained faster than virtually all other professionals, including lawyers. By 1956 they were netting close to $12,000 annually.

Medical people have not always had such an enviable edge over other professionals. In 1929 lawyers were in first place on the professional income scale, engineers and scientists second and medical people third. Lawyers are now a poor second, engineers and scientists a poor third. One citizen in Taunton, Massachusetts, suggested a possible reason why doctors have pulled a good $5,000 a year ahead of lawyers: doctors in town are in short supply and lawyers are overabundant—more than 60 for a town of 40,000.

We have heard a lot lately about the high starting salaries paid to engineers. One recent ad for them cried: CRAZY, MAN, CRAZY ARE OUR RATES. But while rates are high for beginners—$4,500 or better—engineers quickly run up against a ceiling unless they get into administration. The median salary for mechanical and electrical engineers now is a little above $7,000 a year. Chemical engineers run $500 less and industrial engineers $1,000 less. Among scientists, physicists run slightly above $7,000, meteorologists slightly less than $6,000.

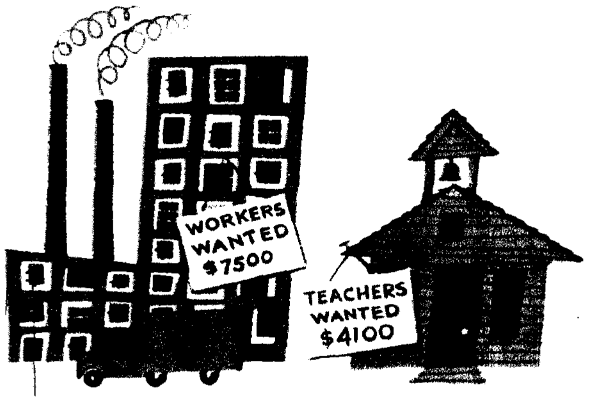
As professions become less "practical" they command less and less money. The median annual income for sociologists with masters' degrees is about $4,600. At the bottom of the professional income scale are clergymen. Protestant ministers are paid around $3,800—less than factory workers get.

2. *Blue-collar skills are gaining in both reward and stature.*

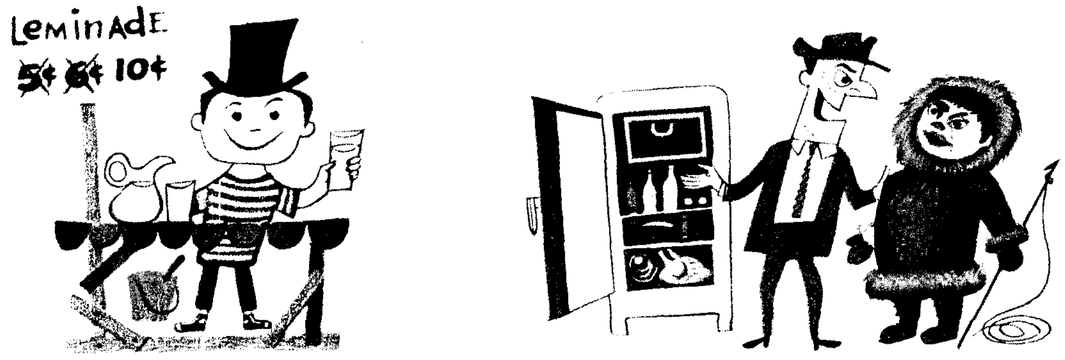
The old distinction between white-collar people as "brain" workers and blue-collar people as "brawn" workers is fading. With the growing complexity of our industries, employers have more and more sought help which is skilled, quick-witted and responsible. A $60,000 mechanism can't be entrusted to a fool. The result has been a skyrocketing of blue-collar wages.

At the U.S. Steel plant in Levittown, Pennsylvania, the top basic hourly wage is $3.71 an hour, which yields $148.40 per 40-hour week and $7,420 per 50-week year. That, of course, doesn't include overtime, incentive and fringe extras. A plant official told me: "A lot of people here who are not even foremen are making more than $1,000 a month." As an example, he cited rollers, who sit in air-conditioned pulpits directing the great machines which break down ingots. A good roller, he said, can pick up an extra $500 a month just in incentive pay.

In Newark, where building-craft incomes are the highest in America thanks to a building boom, contractors report that some of their busy electricians make $200 a week counting overtime. Bricklayers, however, are the



In the new scheme of earnings, you won't do as well in public employment as in a job with private industry, and there particularly if you are mechanically skilled.



Other glittering possibilities include running your own business (although risks are greater) and taking work where you can use a talent for selling (hard or soft)

Mr. J. Stuart Rotchford, well-known travel agent and General Chairman of the Twenty-sixth Annual Convention and World Travel Congress, American Society of Travel Agents.

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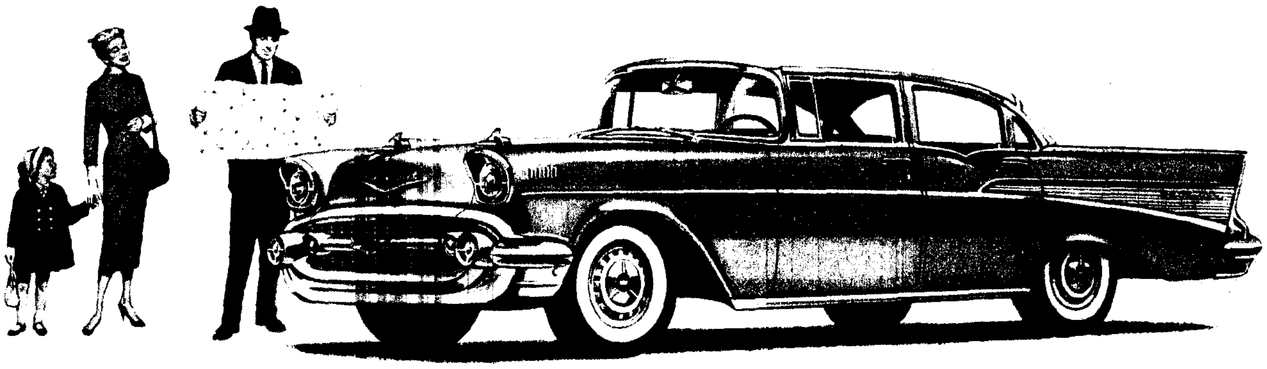

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In nine years the average total income of

aristocrats of the building trades. Nationwide they average $145, or $12 more per 40-hour week than electricians. Here is the current order of rank and approximate union hourly rates (across the country) of 10 well-known building craftsmen: bricklayers, $3.63; plasterers, $3.47; stonemasons, $3.46; lathers, $3.40; plumbers, $3.34; electricians, $3.33; carpenters, $3.13; painters, $3.02; paperhangers, $2.92; and glaziers, $2.88.

3. *Many white-collar workers are feeling pinched and unappreciated.*

Last summer, while steelworkers were averaging more than $100 a week base pay, a major airline advertised for reservation agents. It said it wanted "university graduates" with sales experience and good voice and diction. The pay: $65 a week. That is a little less than the pay for male tellers at banks, who range around $70 a week. Women tellers receive about $10 less. On a national average, girl office workers earn as follows per week: secretaries, $70; accounting clerks, $68; stenographers, $58; typists, $47; and file clerks, $45.

At a higher level of office work a New York firm offered $5,500 for a loan administrator-accountant who could analyze corporative financial standings and who also could deal with high-level executives. A $3-an-hour hod carrier in Newark with a steady job would have to pass up such an offer, assuming he was qualified. He couldn't make the sacrifice.

4. *Private industries usually pay better than public-supported institutions.*

Between 1939 and 1954 the pay of factory workers rose 140 per cent more than the cost of living. The pay of federal government employees rose only 19 per cent more, the pay of urban teachers only 4 per cent more, and the pay of firemen and policemen 12 per cent *less.*

AT THE PROFESSIONAL LEVEL, industry pays about $1,500 more per year for engineers than the government does. And it pays $3,000 more for a Ph.D economist than a university does. A chemistry professor at an Eastern university recently revealed that his son was starting out as a chemical engineer for a private firm at the same salary ($5,200) his father was still making after 15 years of teaching.

Public-school teachers and principals now average $4,100 per school year. In some schools the maintenance men earn more than the top-salaried teachers.

5. *One white-collar skill that is highly rewarded is salesmanship.*

Clerks who wait on people in general merchandise stores average $43 a week, but salespeople working for auto dealers—where hard selling is required—make twice as much.

As for insurance selling, an agent in Manchester, Connecticut, estimated that the average salesman in his area was making $7,500 a year. He added: "And if he has anything on the ball, he can double it."

The pay scale of the 30 or 40 leading advertising agencies in New York might make a $5,000-a-year zoologist (Ph.D) drool. Here are the ranges of rates in leading advertising agencies for the seasoned men and women who shape many of our best-known sales messages, according to the Walter A. Lowen Placement Agency: copy writers, $12,500 to $30,000; copy chiefs, $27,500 to $60,000; account executives, $15,000 to $75,000; research directors, $15,000 to $35,000; and art chiefs, $30,000 to $50,000.

6. *The last place to try to make a living these days is on a farm, unless you have a good-sized one.*

Cash net income of farmers dropped 24 per cent from 1947 to 1955—down to $1,538 a year, with farmers who grow cotton, wheat, tobacco, corn and peanuts having a particularly rough time.

A local car dealer in Richfield Springs, New York, said: "Farmers are pressed and not buying cars this year. What we're trying to do is concentrate on factory workers in the area" (who make $80-$110 a week). Another man, regularly in touch with farmers in that section, declared: "You've got to be bigger than average today to make a decent living on the farm."

7. *The best bet for the big jack pot is still success in private business and industry.*

Medium responsibility business executives, those above the rank of foreman but below the policy-making level, now average about $12,000 a year. When you get up to heads of companies, however, the jobs pay off largely on the basis of company size. Bank presidents as a group average $25,000, but the top men in some of the larger banks go over $100,000.

As for really big manufacturing concerns, the top man may earn anywhere from $50,000 to the $776,400 paid to General Motors Corporation's president, Harlow Curtice (much of it was bonus). A random sampling of the incomes of the presidents of 50 major industrial concerns in 1955 showed an average income of $183,355.

8. *You can keep more of what you make if you're in business for yourself.*

The people who run their own shows take a bigger risk but when successful are able to enjoy more of the money they make. Some get their profits taxed on the more favorable capital-gains basis. Others find that many semi-living expenses are valid business deductions.

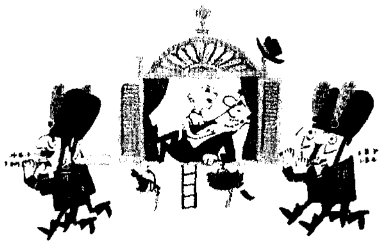
American families has shot up by a third

The 13 boats I saw lined up at Red Bank, New Jersey, average cost certainly exceeding $20,000, were owned by all sorts of people: some doctors, a building contractor, a face-powder manufacturer, a furniture maker and so on. But what stood out most was the fact that 11 of the 13 owners were in business for themselves. Of 25 new homes I saw in Rochester, in an elite area off East Avenue (average price: more than $50,000), what stood out was that 15 of the owners—more than two thirds—were in business for themselves.

This would seem to suggest that, at the very least, there are still a lot of ways to make a good living in America. THE END

STATES OF WEALTH

When the Department of Commerce added up the total of U.S. personal income for last year, the average theoretical share came out to $1,847 for each man, woman and child in the country. But the per capita income for each state varied considerably from this figure, with 15 states above it, and 32 below it. (Curiously, the 48th state, Montana, is exactly average.) Here's how your state stacked up:



ABOVE AVERAGE

30% or more above

Connecticut Delaware Nevada

20% to 29% above

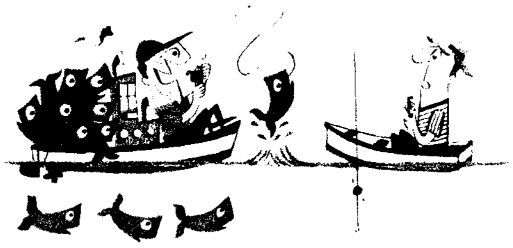
California Illinois New Jersey New York

10% to 19% above

Massachusetts Michigan Ohio

1% to 9% above

Indiana Maryland
Pennsylvania Rhode Island Washington



BELOW AVERAGE

1% to 9% below

Colorado Minnesota Missouri
New Hampshire Oregon Wisconsin Wyoming

10% to 19% below

Arizona Florida Iowa Kansas Maine
Nebraska Oklahoma Texas Vermont Virginia Utah

20% to 29% below

Georgia Idaho Louisiana
New Mexico North Dakota

30% or more below

Alabama Arkansas Kentucky Mississippi North Carolina
South Carolina South Dakota Tennessee West Virginia

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with
fussy eaters
like
Welch's

because
no one has a way
with grapes
like

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On sandwiches—on biscuits—in omelettes—over pancakes—on desserts—or, on fingers, Welch's Grape Jelly and Grapelade are the most delicious treats your child can have.

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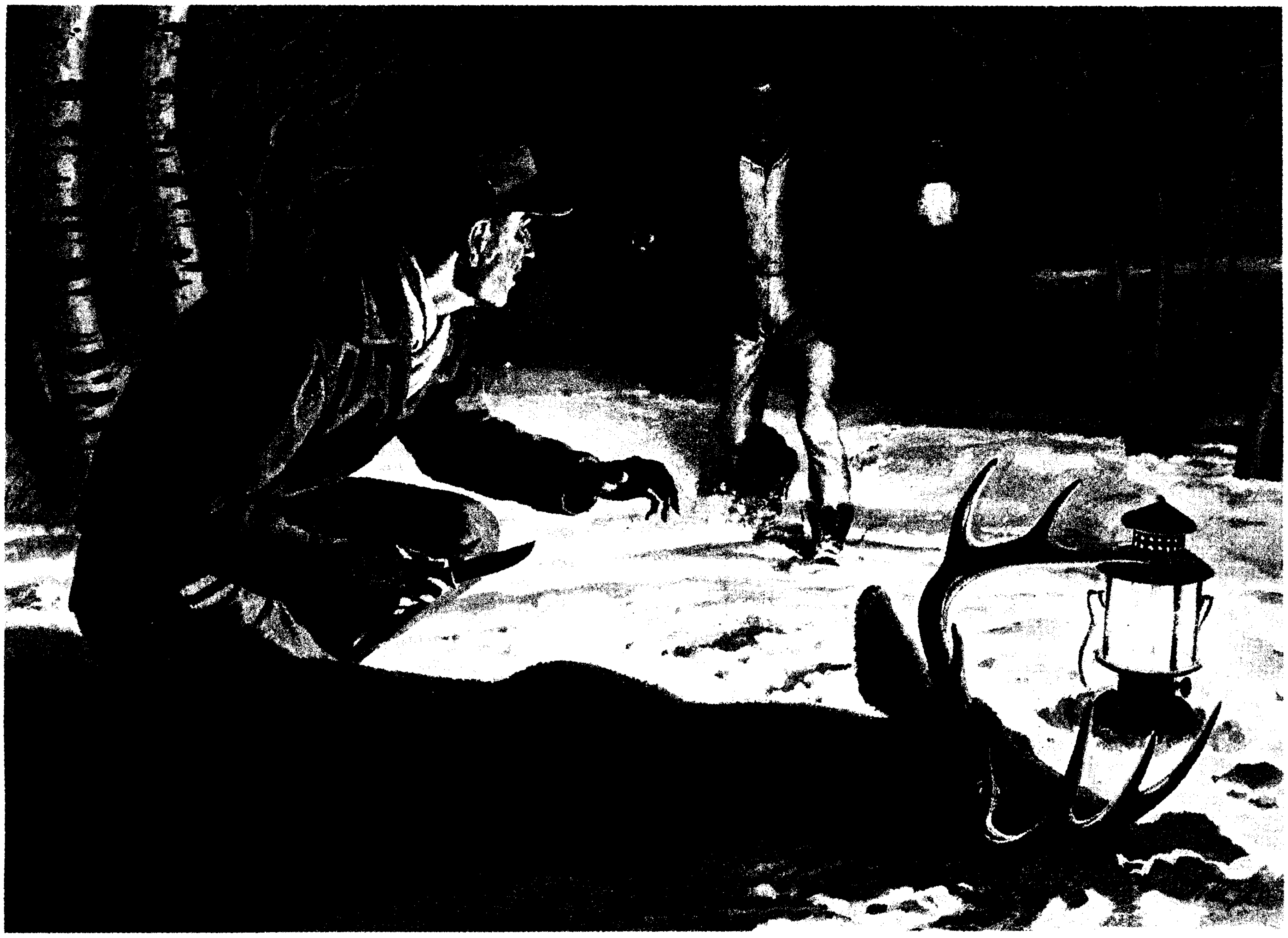
Welch's
GRAPE JELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.



As I ran toward him through the snow, I saw that my father was sticking a deer. "Dad! Are you all right?" I yelled. "Go back to bed!" he shouted at me

The hunting of the deer

By W. H. PROSSER

It was quite a thrill getting my first buck—that is, until Dad's boss said it was his

IT WAS the first deer I had ever shot all by myself. It was a buck, a big one. It was the last day of the hunt and nothing had gone right up to then. I was sure I wasn't going to get one—I hadn't even had a shot and neither had my father. He'd had lots of chances but he was trying hard to set it up for Mr. Maitland to get his deer.

Mr. Buckley had paunched a doe the first day—gut-shot her, that is—and though my father had tracked her down and finished her they all called it Jim's deer.

It was nearly dusk and soon it would be too late to shoot. They—Mr. Buckley and Mr. Maitland and my father—were up on the ridge and I was cutting along the edge of the marsh when I heard my father shout, "Shoot, damn it, shoot!" and I saw the deer just pausing on the edge of the woods: a doe, looking back at them, curious, the way they do sometimes. It took Mr. Maitland a long time to get off his first round.

Then I heard the *whong! whong! whong! whong! whong!* of his big automatic, a .30-06, and I could see he was wild, shooting way over, and of course the doe disappeared.

Almost right away the buck came out on my side, where they couldn't even see him, came out running in a half circle, and I swung onto him, brushing my front sight up along him, swinging as if I was stroking his backbone; and as he came down on one of his big leaps I touched off, and I knew I was on, dead on and still swinging, the way you have to when you wing-shoot. And I didn't even feel the recoil or hardly even hear the report, but the buck made one more big leap and then came down all in a bunch and

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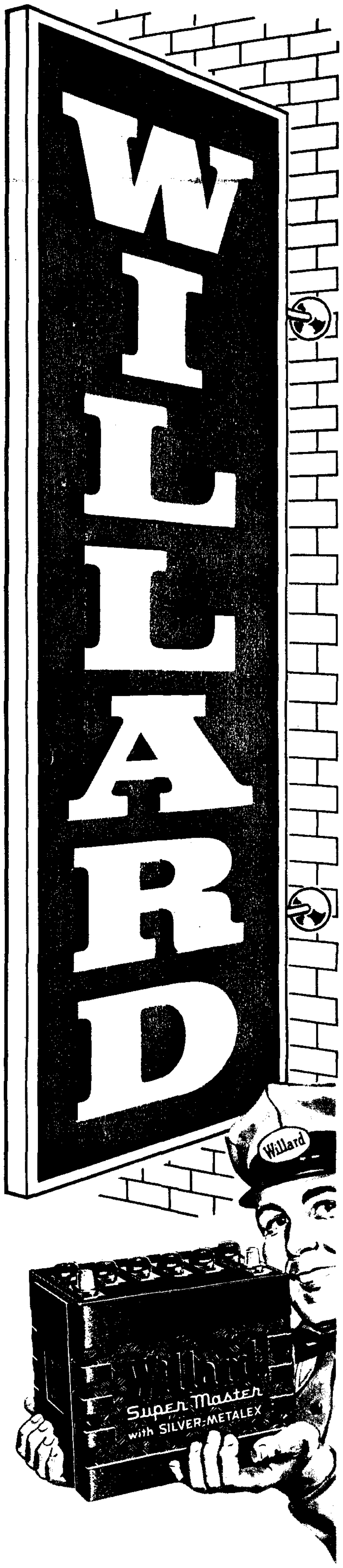

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rolled head over heels. I heard him go *blat* when the bullet struck him more than I heard the report.

I snicksnacked another round into the chamber and went running. It seemed a long way over the snow and I churned it up all around me; I was shaking and out of breath when I got to him. I held the gun on him and walked around him—they can cut you right open with those sharp hoofs they have—but I could see he was dead. The bullet had hit high on the shoulder where he quartered away from me and it must have smashed his spine and plowed on up his neck. I never saw so dead a deer. I heaved his hindquarters up on a hummock and stuck him in the throat; the blood spurted out and melted the snow red and pink. I was moving around to slit his belly when they came up—first my father, running way ahead.

He slapped me on the back and he was grinning; I guess I was too. "Boy," he yelled, "boy, *that* was shooting! You *got* him, kid!"

MR. BUCKLEY was smiling but he didn't say anything. Then Mr. Maitland came up, slow and heavy; he was a big red-faced man with not much wind. As usual he was carrying his rifle hunched under his arm, not paying any attention to where it pointed. He'd fired all five rounds, so it was empty, but still you don't do that. From the first I was surprised my father would go into the woods with a man who handled a gun the way Mr. Maitland did.

"Well!" he said in his big voice. "Well, at last! Thanks for backing me up, kid."

I put down my knife and stared at him. "But this isn't the one you fired at," I said. "That was a doe. This one hasn't got but one bullet in him—this one's mine."

I looked at my father. He looked uneasy. He laughed. "Well, it's easy enough to check. If there's only the boy's two fifty-seven in him, it must be a different deer."

"But that was a *doe* he fired at!" I said to my father. "Didn't you see her? You did see her!" I knew he had. I couldn't understand. "Don't you believe me?" I said to my father.

"Yes," he said. His voice wasn't very happy. "That *was* a doe up there, Mr. Maitland. The boy's right—this one's his deer." He looked around, frowning. "Getting dark," he said. "We'd better dress him out quick."

I heard a thump. I looked over my shoulder. Mr. Maitland was walking off toward our lodge—you could see the smoke over the trees—and Mr. Buckley was picking up something out of the snow and hurrying to catch up with him. Mr. Maitland had thrown his brand-new .30-06 down on the ground, scope and all.

"Aren't they going to help us drag him out?" I asked my father.

"It's not far," my father said. "Now, down around the vent . . . That's right. Now give me a hand. He's a big one."

"He threw his rifle down," I said.

"Here—help me twist him around." My father was breathing hard. He seemed awfully tired. He looked older than he ever had to me. Together we got the buck cleaned out. My father took out a piece of cardboard and wrote on it; then he wired it onto the rack. It said: *This is to certify that this buck was shot by my son, J. B. Clark, age 14, hunting in my company.* And then it had his signature. In Maine you have to be sixteen to have a license and a deer tag of your own, but you can hunt with your parent or guardian and he can take your deer to the inspection station with you.

"Why didn't you believe me right away?" I asked him.

"I did," he said. "I didn't want to hurt Mr. Maitland's feelings."

"He must want a deer pretty bad," I said.

"Come on. We've got some dragging to do."

But first he bent down and dipped his finger in the blood where it dribbled down the buck's throat. Before I knew what he was doing he had marked an X on my cheek. "Indians used to do that," he said, kind of self-conscious. "My father did it to me when I got my first deer. You remember: you do that with your son too."

"All right," I said. . . .

It was a hard pull and we didn't have any breath to spare to talk. The sun was just down and you could see the moon already. We hung the buck up outside our lodge, beside Mr. Buckley's doe, and my father cuffed me on the shoulder as we went in. Mona looked up from her card game. I'd forgotten she was there. She was always playing a kind of solitaire that took two packs of cards spread out on the floor. I asked her once if it ever came out and she said no. A funny game.

She was sitting cross-legged on the rug and as usual she had her mink coat slung over her shoulders. She was wearing slacks—narrow-legged things—and moccasins and a big loose turtleneck sweater that she said came from Italy. She had long black hair and dark lipstick and her eyelashes were long and always looked wet; she smelled like spice—that was her perfume.

"Golly!" she said, looking at the mark on my cheek. It always made me uncomfortable when she looked at me. "I thought it was the deer that got shot."

My father looked around.

Mona nodded toward the kitchen. "They're getting ready to celebrate," she said. "What went wrong this time?"

I KNEW what the trouble was. Mona and Mr. Maitland and Mr. Buckley had to go back first thing in the morning; Mr. Maitland had lost his last chance at a deer. Then Mr. Maitland and Mr. Buckley came out from the kitchen. Mr. Buckley had a tray with glasses and bottles on it. "Care for a drink, Ben?" he said to my father.

"Thanks," my father said. "Not just now, Jim."

"Where's the funeral?" Mona said. It seemed like she wanted to tease Mr. Maitland.

"What a bust this trip turned out to be," Mr. Maitland said. "I'd give fifty dollars to have a deer to take back tomorrow." He looked at me kind of resentful when he said it. He eased himself down into the big chair in his bright new hunting clothes. He held out his hand and Mr. Buckley put a glass into it.

"What do you want a deer for?" Mona asked him. She was the only one that wasn't careful about how they talked to Mr. Maitland. "What the hell would you do with it in New York?"

I went over to the corner and picked up Mr. Maitland's rifle. I worked the action to make sure it was empty. Then I checked the scope against the iron sights, sighting on the tip of the andirons in the fireplace.

"What are you doing with that gun?"

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Mr. Maitland asked in a sharp voice.

"Just checking it," I said. "The scope's all right, near as I can tell—it wasn't knocked out of alignment."

"Put it back."

"Don't you want me to clean it?" I asked him.

"If you want to," he said. "What difference does it make?"

I got out the cleaning things and went to work on it in the corner.

"Don't you like my whisky?" Mr. Maitland said to my father.

"I've got to get started on dinner," he said, and got up.

"I'll be out in a minute," I called after him.

Mona stood up, dusting off her slacks. "I'll give you a hand," she said. I never could see how she could move around with that fur coat hanging on her and not have it fall off.

"You haven't finished your game," Mr. Maitland said.

"So what? I never do."

"Sit down," Mr. Maitland said. "Finish it this time."

I thought sure she'd flare up but she didn't. "It's all right," I said. "My father and I can do it," and I put the gun back, half cleaned.

Out in the kitchen my father was getting ready to cook steaks. He had a little whisky of his own left over in a bottle from last year and he was mixing some in a glass of water. He lighted a cigarette and sat down on the stool by the sink, smoking and looking out the window. The sun was all the way down now and the moon was high over the trees. We could hear them talking in the other room; we could hear Mr. Maitland anyway, and Mona's voice, but not what she said.

"What of it?" Mr. Maitland was saying. It was almost like he wanted us to hear. "The kid can get a deer any time—any time at all."

My father reached out and put his hand on my shoulder. I could hear Mona's voice, and then Mr. Maitland interrupted her. "I don't give a damn. I like to be able to trust the people who work for me. Clark promised us we'd each get a deer, and by damn, where is mine?"

"You didn't!" I whispered to my father. "You didn't promise any such thing! You told them they'd get a shot and they've had plenty of shots." My father shook his head and raised his hand to quiet me. "He's lying!" I said. "I don't care if he does own the company, he's a liar! You ought to call him on it, Dad!"

My father looked mad, mad at me, and then he pulled his shoulders together. "Well," he said in an easy voice, "have a Coke, son. Let's celebrate. You got yourself a ten-point buck today. Here, son."

"Why did we have to bring *them* along?" I said. "This isn't any way to hunt. Dad, why isn't Mr. Maitland polite to Mrs. Maitland?"

"Here," he said. "Here's your Coke. Bottoms up, kid."

"Thanks," I said.

AND it wasn't any way to hunt. It was my mother who'd made my father take me on this particular trip. She couldn't understand why he didn't want to, but now that I'd met these people, I was glad she hadn't met them. They drove straight up to Linwood's Falls in Mr. Maitland's big car, and that gave my father and me a day to open up the lodge. That night we took the jeep down to the Falls to meet them and show them the way. I had already met Mr. Buckley—he was the sales manager of the company my father worked for and he had been up to talk with my father before. He was always joking.

"Mr. Maitland is a big man," my father said. "He runs the whole company. If there's anything about him you don't understand, don't show it. Just be polite."

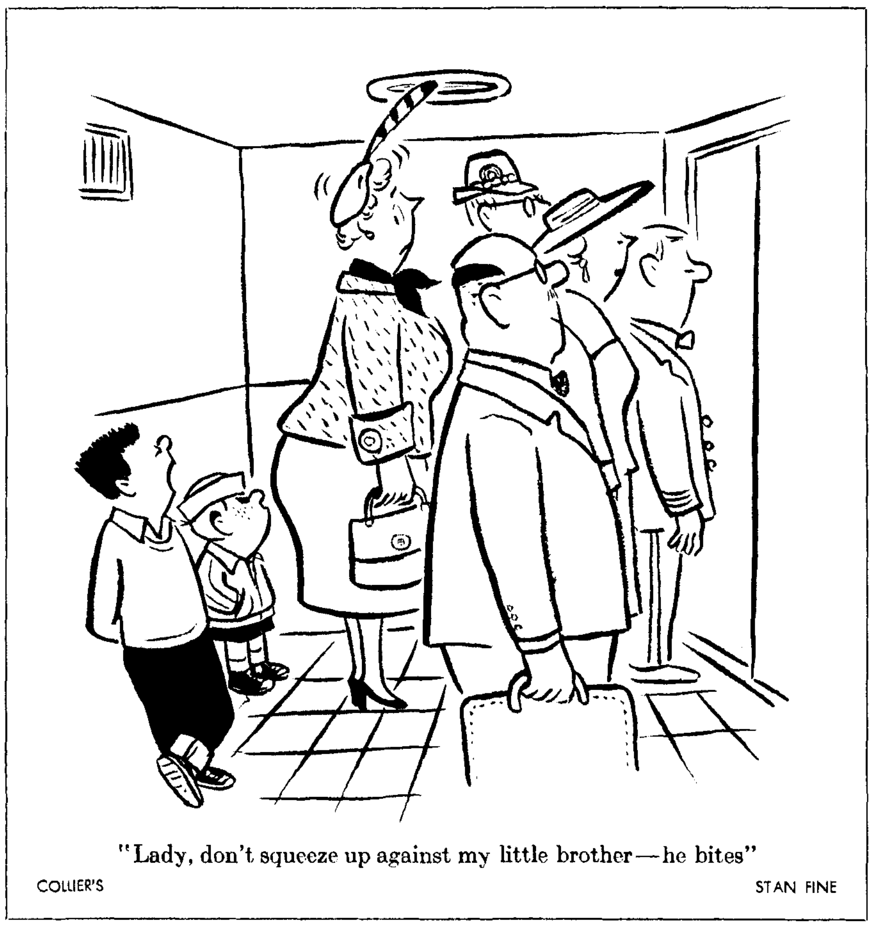
"Sure," I said.

"Just be yourself, I mean. He's never been hunting before."

"He hasn't?" I said. "And he runs the whole company?"

"Maybe he hasn't had the time."

We pulled up, then, at the railroad



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station in Linwood's Falls, which is pretty far east and so the trains don't run in the winter—or they don't stop, anyway. Somebody just hangs the mail out on a kind of arm and the train snatches it off as it goes through; and if there's any mail coming in, the train just heaves it off by the tracks and a man comes and gets it.

I sat there in the jeep thinking about my rifle. It was a bolt-action .257 Roberts my father had just got me with part of a bonus—extra money he gets once in a while for selling a lot, and he's a very good salesman because everybody trusts him—and I had spent most of the day before the trip sighting it in. It had a hunting peep sight and we sighted it in for a hundred yards. That way, if I held right on, it was good for anything up to a hundred and fifty yards without making any allowance, it shot so flat, and at two hundred I would have to hold just a little high.

MY FATHER used an old .300 Savage he had always had. He and my mother and my sister Hallie and I were to make this trip, but this Mr. Maitland business had come along and my mother had said, "Of course, dear," but my sister Hallie was pretty mad about it, so we were all going to come up in spring vacation when the ice would be going out of the lake. That was all right with me because I had an idea that by then my girl's family would trust us to take her along too, and we could go fishing together in the canoe, and—

But then along came the headlights of the big car and my father got out, saying I was to stay in the jeep, and went over to meet them. When he came back he seemed a little mad. We swung out and followed the state road for about five miles and then turned down our road toward our place, and all of a sudden my father jammed on the brakes and I saw there was a deer right ahead on the road.

Our headlights picked up his eyes, staring like two lamps lighted up, and my father ran back and flagged down the big car.

The deer just stood there. Sometimes they do that, but usually not for so long. They all got out and I was surprised to see that there were three of them. Mr. Maitland was big and he already had on his hunting outfit, red coat and hat and everything. I found out later he had stopped in L. L. Bean's in Freeport and bought everything there, clothes and boots and gun and all. I guess he really didn't have much time. He said later he had spent five hundred dollars in five minutes. That was kind of silly—you wouldn't have to spend that much.

"This is going to be easy," Mr. Maitland said.

My father chuckled. "Not in the daytime. It's the lights—he's hypnotized."

"Let's get him now, then," Mr. Maitland said.

"Oh, no," I said. "You can't. That's poaching. They haven't got a chance at night with the light in their eyes."

"They call it jack-lighting," my father explained. "People do it sometimes and you can't always blame them. Some people have to hunt for the pot. But pothunting isn't sport."

"Pothunting?" the small one said, and I realized for the first time that it was a woman.

"To stay alive," my father said. "Hunting for the pot—to get something to eat."

"My name is Jock," I said, holding out my hand.

"There he goes," Mr. Buckley said as the deer jumped away.

"Glad to meet you," Mr. Maitland said, shaking my hand in a short pumping way. He looked after the deer and sighed. "It's probably the only one we'll see."

"I guarantee you a shot," my father told him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Maitland," I said to the woman. She was all in fur with a hood over her head, but I knew it wasn't Mr. Buckley's wife—I had met her.

"Just call me Mona," she said. "I'm *dying*. Let's get back in the car."

"I'll see that you're warm soon," Mr. Maitland said, and we all went on.

"Let's hurry," my father said to me. "We've got some rearranging to do."

"Don't be a fool, Millie; it's our only chance"

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

"You didn't know either that Mr. Maitland was bringing his wife?" I asked him.

"He didn't tell me."

It wasn't until we were all in the lodge that I got a good look at her. Her fur coat and her silk stockings looked funny there in our lodge. She took off the hood and opened her coat; and that perfume filled up the whole room. The first thing she did, she pushed around in her pocketbook with one hand while she held it up close to her face and got out a cigarette. She took out a little lighter with jewels on it and snapped it and, looking at me, she said, "I'll bet you're quite a hunter."

I was feeling mixed up because when I thought of a woman being at our lodge it was my mother, and then there was Hallie and my girl Jackie maybe, and this was different. I was mad at her because she was there before Jackie was ever there, but I had to admit it wasn't her fault.

"Would you like to have some coffee?" I asked her. "There's cocoa too if you'd rather have that."

"We've got something better than that," Mr. Maitland said, slapping a big leather case he had brought in from the car while Mr. Buckley and my father and I unloaded the rest of their gear. "Any ice here, buster?"

"There's more ice than water," I said without thinking, and both Mrs. Maitland—I mean Mona, no one called her Mrs. Maitland and my father never called her anything—and Mr. Buckley laughed. "I'll get you some."

"Let me get the coffee," Mona said.

Out in the lean-to my father was getting more wood. "Are they going to sleep in your room?" I asked him.

"It's the only one that'll do."

"But that's your room," I said, "and the other one's bigger—"

"Don't ask questions," he said, a little sharp.

I took the ice back in, and when my father brought the wood Mr. Maitland began talking about business while Mr. Buckley made drinks. Mona had coffee with some liquor in it and my father had a highball while I drank the cocoa.

I was sleepy soon after. I remember hearing Mr. Maitland say, "So you think you can handle the whole State of Maine?" to my father. I hoped they'd all get to bed early but they didn't want to go.

But we all did, finally. My father and I had cots in the same room. I asked him what Mr. Maitland meant. "He said you were going to handle the whole State of Maine. Did he mean be governor?" But I knew that was stupid.

"No—he means district manager for the company."

"And are you going to handle it?" I asked him.

"That depends on Mr. Maitland," he said. "That's entirely up to him."

IN THE morning only my father and I were up at the time to go hunting, and he got Mr. Buckley out too.

"Aren't *they* going hunting?" I asked. I was a little disappointed that Mona wasn't going along. I didn't like her but it would have been nice if she was there; I could have shown her I was older than she probably thought.

"Not this morning," Mr. Buckley said. "Ben, be careful how you play your cards. Remember what I said."

It was so late it was a wonder we got a shot at all, it took so long to get Mr. Buckley going, but that was the day he gut-shot the doe. He didn't want to follow it up, but my father insisted.

We stood looking down at it, where it had got my father's bullet in the lungs. Usually he gets a shoulder or a neck shot, but this time he had played safe. This way it took another bullet through the head after it was down.

"There you are," he said.

"Thanks, Ben," Mr. Buckley said, "but I shouldn't have done it."

I didn't understand.

"It would have been better if I'd missed it," Mr. Buckley said. "Let's go back. Maybe they're up—maybe we can get another one right away."

"Not much use till evening."

"Well, at least let's not get another one now."

I wanted a deer. I looked at my father but he didn't look back.

Mona was up and getting breakfast. She was wearing slacks now. By the time we got the deer hung Mr. Maitland was up too.

"Good going, Buckley," he said. "So that's what they call a deer." He looked at it through the window for a minute. "This is going to be easy."

Mona put down a plate for him and said, "Don't be too sure. This isn't like your office." He gave her kind of a playful slap behind.

WELL, it turned out not to be easy at all. That afternoon we went out, late. Mona went too; she wore the fur coat but she did put on an old red hat my father dug out for her. My father stationed her and Mr. Maitland at a crossing, with Mr. Buckley a little farther down to back them up. We still-drove through the woods down the edge of the swamp. There were tracks everywhere and warm droppings with the steam rising off them; we were moving with the deer, and they were sure to pass the others.

But we didn't hear any shots at all. When we got to where they were, Mr. Maitland was looking glum and Mona was huddling inside her coat and smoking a cigarette. "Didn't you see anything?" my father asked them.

"Not a damn' thing."

"There were some ahead of us."

"They didn't come by here," Mr. Maitland said. "They must have outfoxed you."

That night Mona got out her cards. She wanted to teach the game to my father but he didn't want to play. The next day she stayed in the lodge and the four of us went out. My father raised a deer that walked right across a clearing in front of Mr. Maitland, but he didn't fire until too late.

"What happened?" my father asked him.

"I had my safety on," Mr. Maitland said.

"He got off a shot, though," Mr. Buckley said. "Didn't you?"

"Yes," Mr. Maitland said. "I think I hit him, too."

I knew he hadn't come anywhere near the deer, but we spent an hour and a half looking anyway. I saw the deer when he fired, and when you hit a deer it always does something—flicks its tail, or breaks stride, something, anyway—and this deer had sailed along in easy leaps, smooth and unhurried. He hadn't touched a hair. . . .

It must have been two in the morning, an hour one way or the other, that last night when I woke up. Something was wrong. I tried to wake up my father on the other cot. "Dad," I called, "Dad," and I fumbled till I got my flashlight on, and then I saw he wasn't there.

I was sleepy but I managed to find my Mackinaw. There wasn't a sound from the room where Mr. and Mrs. Maitland slept. Mr. Buckley was snoring. I was out in the big room when I realized my father was outside. Just then there was a roar.

I HAD never before heard a gun go off in the night when I wasn't expecting it; anyway this wasn't like a pistol, which is what you use for coon hunting in the night. A pistol is all you can use coon hunting, but this was a rifle. I dropped the flashlight and the glass sprinkled out on the floor. I stamped on it like it was a lighted match I'd dropped, which was crazy, and I cut my foot a little.

Then I found one of the candle lanterns and went out past the lean-to and I saw this light. I ran out toward it through the snow. It was the big generator light and my father was bending over something on the ground. I was almost up to him before he heard me coming, running through the snow. He was cursing, and then I saw he was sticking a deer. He looked up at me over his shoulder and he didn't look like my father at all.

"Dad!" I yelled. "Are you all right?" I ran up to him. I was all mixed up and it seemed as though it must be something, some wild animal I mean, that had attacked my father. But it was only a deer.

"Go back to bed!" he shouted at me. I stood there holding the lantern. He had jack-lighted the deer.

"I'll help you," I said.

He pushed at me with his hand, almost like hitting me. "Go to bed," he shouted, but we were only about two feet apart. "Go to bed, do you hear?" and then he swatted at me again but missed me.

"Let me help," I said.

He grabbed me. "Listen," he said, "listen here. Don't you ever do a thing like this. Not ever. No matter what. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said. It was not my father.

A window went up back at the lodge. "What's it all about?" somebody asked. It was Mona. "What's going on out there?"

"Nothing," I yelled. "It's gone now," and I hurried back. By the time I was in the big room of the lodge she was out there too, in her pajamas under her fur coat. She was holding a flashlight on me.

"Don't wake up Mr. Maitland," I said.

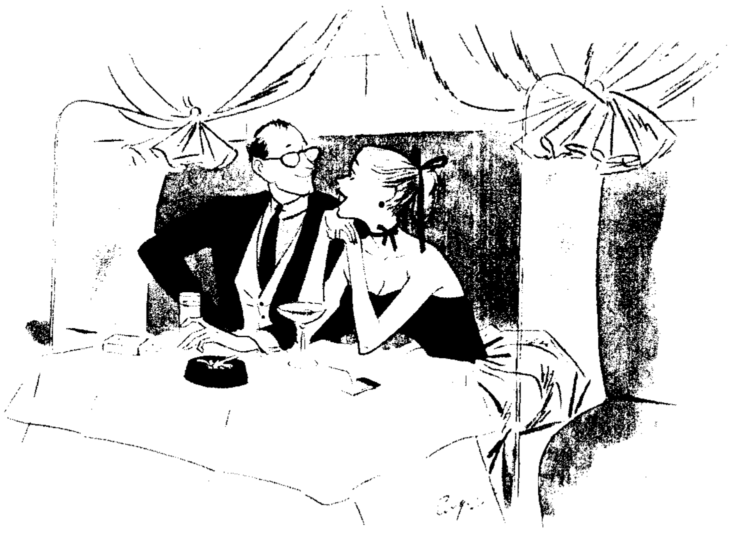
"He won't wake up," she said. "He's dead to the world."

I could hear Mr. Buckley moving around. Then he was quiet. Somehow I knew he wouldn't come out.

"I hate you," I told her. "Let me go." I was backing away from her.

I didn't turn the light on in our room. I just lay there. I heard my father come into the lodge and I waited. But after a while I knew he was on the couch out there and wasn't coming in at all. I knew I couldn't go to sleep, but after a while I must have.

WHEN I woke up it was barely light. I guess it was the motor of the big car I heard, backing around to be loaded. I stayed in bed for a while, thinking how bad everything was, and then I got up and dressed. Mr. Maitland was watching Mr. Buckley put things in the car. There were two deer on the fenders, wrapped in burlap. My father always said it was crazy to leave them out in the dirt and the dust on a long trip. Mine was still hanging, out by the lean-to.


"I was afraid you'd be one of those stuffy, intellectual people . . . but you're not a *bit* intelligent! . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"All right," Mr. Maitland was saying to Mr. Buckley. "All right—but where the hell is he?"

"Something he had to do," Mr. Buckley said. "Something about breaking up camp. I think we'd better go ahead." They were talking about my father.

"All right," Mr. Maitland said. He seemed to be disappointed. "Oh," he said to me. "There you are." He was wearing his new hunting clothes again. He looked kind of suspicious at me. He was trying to think of something to say.

"I'll tell my father you had to go," I told him.

He took his hand out of his pocket. "Come here, kid," he said.

I went up to him. I had to be polite. He put something in my hand.

"Good-by," he said. "Tell Mona we're waiting for her. Tell her to get a move on, will you?"

"Good-by, Jock," Mr Buckley said. "Good-by. See you in the spring."

I turned and went into the lodge. I knew what was in my hand. I didn't know what to do with it. I knocked on the door of the room.

"Coming," Mona said. She opened the door and pulled me inside by the hand.

"They're ready to leave," I told her.

"What have you got there?" she asked in a sharp voice. She unfolded my fingers. "Oh," she said. "Oh, how nice."

I looked at it. I never did know before that there was a picture of General Grant on a fifty-dollar bill. It wasn't real. It wasn't money at all.

"How nice," she said, but she made a face.

I held it out to her. "Take it," I said. "You take it." I held it out a long time. "You give it back to him."

In the next **COLLIER'S**

JACK FIELDS

The 67TH ALL-AMERICA

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On newsstands Wednesday, November 21

"Then he'll be sore at your father," she said.

She made me mad.

"Wait," she said. "Give it here." I handed it to her. She looked at it, shrugged her shoulders and dug into her purse. "Oh, don't worry," she said. "I don't want it. Not that bad." She had her lighter in her hand. She snapped it. The edge of the bill turned dark, and then it began to crumple; it seemed like a long time before there was any flame. She jerked her fingers away, and then there was nothing but a little scrap, and then that was gone too.

"There," she said, and squeezed my hand. Outside the window the car horn tooted. Mona frowned. "Here," she said. "Come here, you poor son of a gun," and she pulled me up close to her and held me. She was soft and she smelled nice and I didn't mind, it really was all right, it was like it was my mother somehow. She held me and she rocked me. "Don't be hard on him," she said. "Go easy on your old man. Don't be hard on any of us, not any of us at all." She let go of me and straightened up. "Now I've got to get going."

All of a sudden I didn't want her to leave. "Why did my father do it?" I asked her. She understood about the money and so I thought she would know. "Why did he jack-light a deer?"

But Mona didn't seem to hear. She was looking over my shoulder out the window.

MY FATHER had come back. He must have hurried, he was breathing hard. He didn't say anything until he got his breath, he just stood there while Mr. Maitland looked at him through the rolled-down car window.

Then my father said, low and quiet so we could hardly hear, "There's something I've got to be sure you understand. What you do about the territory is your business—it hasn't got anything to do with my boy's deer." Mr. Maitland opened his mouth. My father raised his hand. "I got you that deer there because you seemed to think it did. I had to do something to clear up any claim you thought you had. You haven't any now, Maitland. You've got your deer, and the boy's got his—let's let it go at that."

Mona let out a deep breath. She pulled me away from the window. "Good-by, Jock," she said. "Scrub up your face and come along—the guy's going to need you now."

She hurried out ahead of me, her heels clicking on the lodge floor. When I got out there Mr. Maitland looked like he was just beginning to think of something to say. Mona didn't give him a chance, though. She got between him and my father and shook my father's hand. "Thanks," she said to him, "thanks for everything," and she got into the car. "Go on, Jim, let's go," she said to Mr. Buckley. She was leaning forward and she must have pushed the button that made the car windows go up and down because the glass rolled up and cut off Mr. Maitland, and the back wheels threw up snow. All of a sudden the car was gone.

I turned around and walked back to the lean-to where we had hung my deer. I wondered if my father knew I'd heard what he said. I thought he did. Anyway, I couldn't say anything now, but sometime I would.

I heard him come up behind me. The wind blew a swirl of snow all around, and it smelled like hunting and the woods. "It's an awfully big deer," I said to my father. —W. H. PROSSER

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a turkey on your table...
and Old Crow in your glass.
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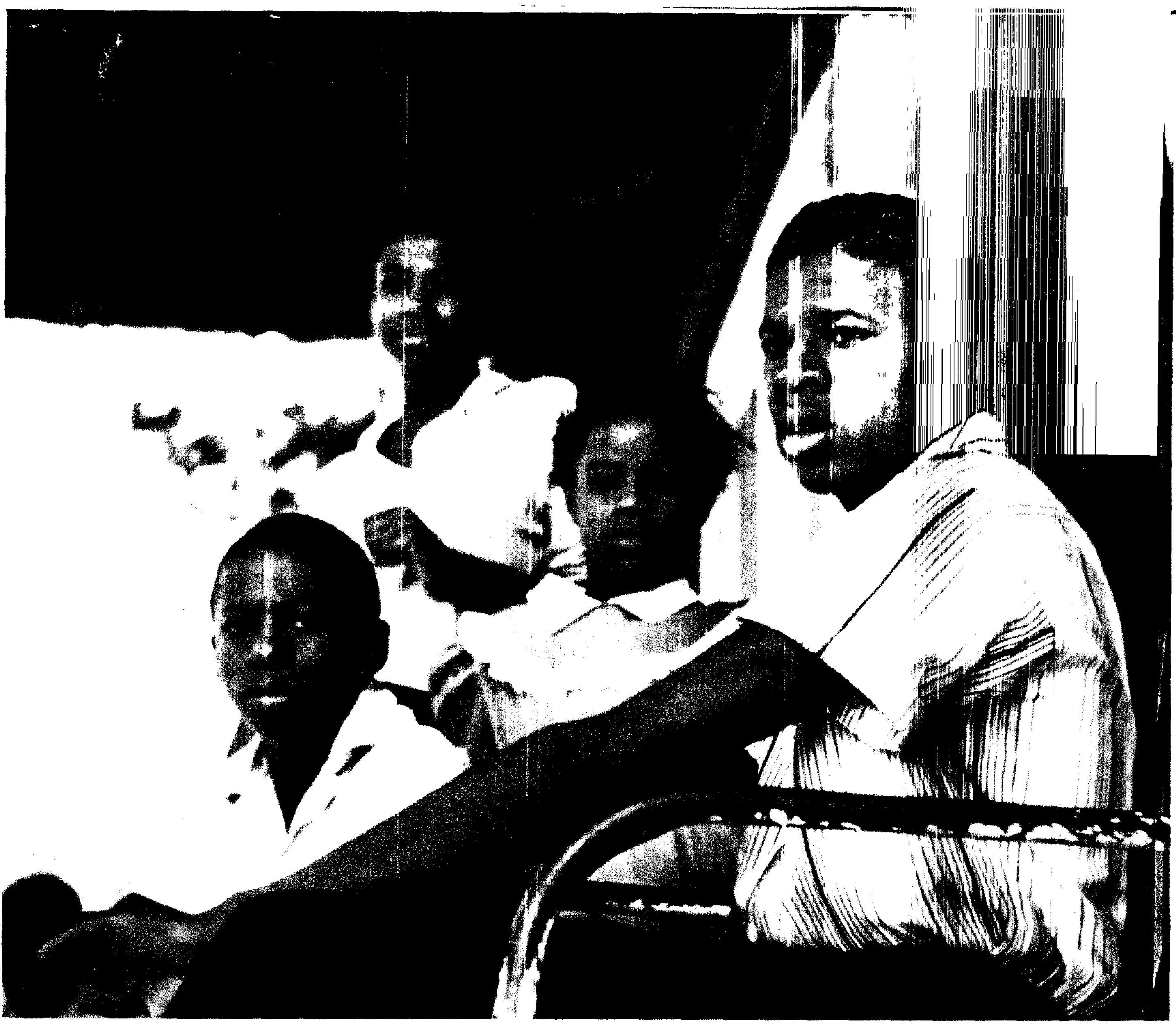


Bobby Cain (right) on the porch of his home in Clinton, Tenn., with his sisters Hattie (rear), 12, and Diane, 9, and his brother Leonard, 11

THE ORDEAL OF BOBBY CAIN

How does a youngster feel when the simple act of going to school becomes a grim nightmare of shouting, hate and violence? Here's a moving report about what it's like to live at the center of the segregation storm

By GEORGE McMILLAN

Clinton, Tennessee

THERE is an ironic inevitability in the location of Clinton High School. It sits smack at the foot of Foley Hill, Clinton's Negro community. You can't come off the hill to go downtown—to go anyplace—without passing the school.

Most of Clinton's Negro children have been passing it every day of their lives—and then, if they were of high-school age, have traveled 17 more miles to go to *their* school, a Negro school in Knoxville.

Until last August. Up on Foley Hill on the night of Sunday, August 26th, at 434 Jarnigan Street, a sixteen-year-old boy named Bobby Cain lay sleepless, frightened by the knowledge that the next morning he would have to enter that school at the foot of the hill. He did not want to go down that hill in the morning. Overnight, Clinton High had changed, in Bobby's eyes, from an accustomed landmark to the focus of an agonizing personal dilemma.

He either had to go to Clinton High, down that hill, just two tenths of a mile, or never go to school again.

For, by a quirk of history, the federal court ruling that made it possible for Bobby to go to Clinton High made it impossible for him to go back to Austin High in Knoxville. Anderson County would now no longer pay Bobby's tuition at Austin nor the cost of transporting him to Knoxville.

And it had become plain to Bobby, that Sunday for the first time, that to go to Clinton High might be an act of physical courage. All day long the sensitive intelligence network of mothers and sisters who worked as domestics "downtown" had been bringing home news of trouble. A white man had turned up down there, was calling on people, showing them pictures of a Negro man kissing a white girl. He was stirring people up.

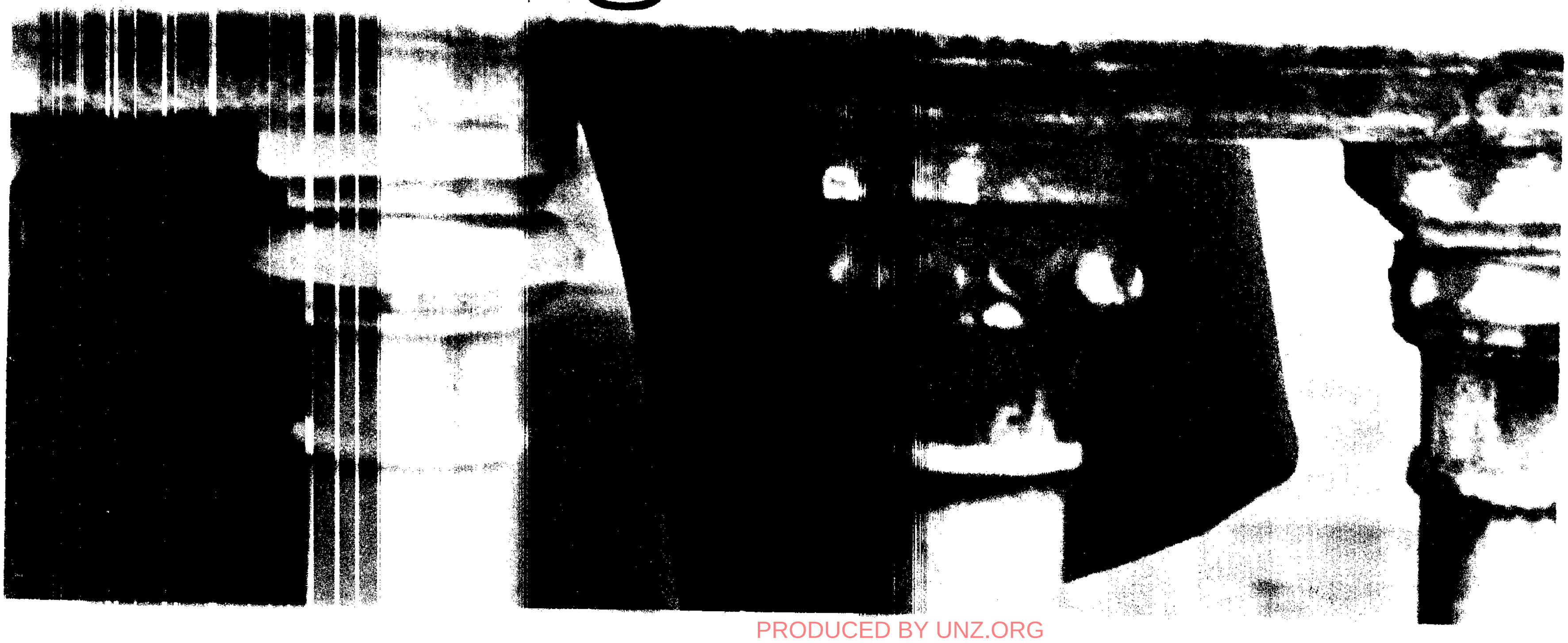
Bobby had never wanted to go to Clinton if there "was going to be a disturbance about it." In the world within a world of Foley Hill, Bobby was known as quiet, serious and "a good boy." Now he was worried by the talk. At 7:00 P.M. he switched on the TV set in the living room of the small concrete-block Cain home to hear the news. The news was that a stranger named John Kasper had come to Clinton to fight integration at Clinton High School, and he threatened to have a protest picket line in front of the school the next morning.

Bobby did not want to go through a picket line. But he did not say so then. Instead, he dressed to go to the Sunday-evening service at Mount Sinai Church with his mother. He is meticulously clean and keeps a looking-glass shine on his shoes. His mother, Mrs. Robert Cain, a stocky, heavy-set woman, had to hurry him. "Bobby, you come on!" he heard her call from the porch.

He went, for it is part of the favorable repute in which Bobby is held that he is a dutiful son.

The service turned out to be a prayer for peace, come morning. "Help us to love our enemies," said the Reverend O. W. Willis, "and send our children down the hill with peace in their hearts." Bobby

coming



Superbly tailored in beautiful fabrics, these British coats and suits have helped make red this season's big color

7

6. Red llama-cloth coat is shown near sentry box. By Vernervogue, under $140. Sizes 12-18. Morton's of Boston. 7. Coat of red tweed by Wallace of London, finished to look like knitwear, has white fur-fabric lining. Under $90; 10-16. At Roos Bros., San Francisco. This is the new eleven-twelfths coat length, showing about six inches of skirt. 8. Red wool hopsack suit—by Dorville, in sizes 10-16, about $120—is shown outside House of Lords. Right, red tweed coat by Horrockses, about $70, sizes 12 and 14. Both are available at Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. 9. In front of the Horse Guards Parade in Whitehall, red ribbed-wool coat by Harry B. Popper, about $150, in sizes 10-18. Roos Bros., San Francisco

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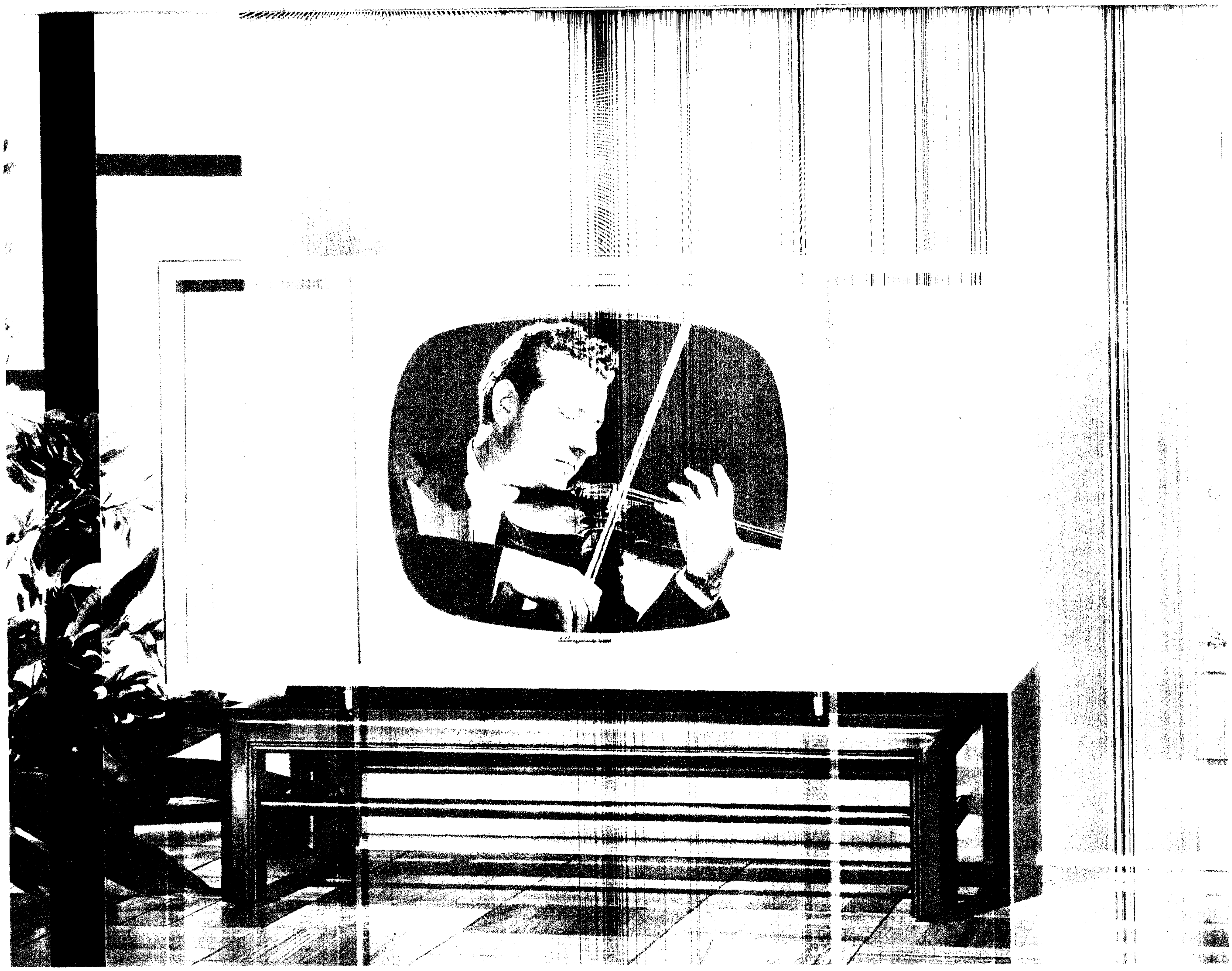

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It's one of our fastest-growing winter resorts, and no wonder: it has both swimming and skiing—plus some really spectacular landscapes

THE SOUTHWEST: sun, snow and scenery

Heated pools and neighboring mountains offer a double attraction

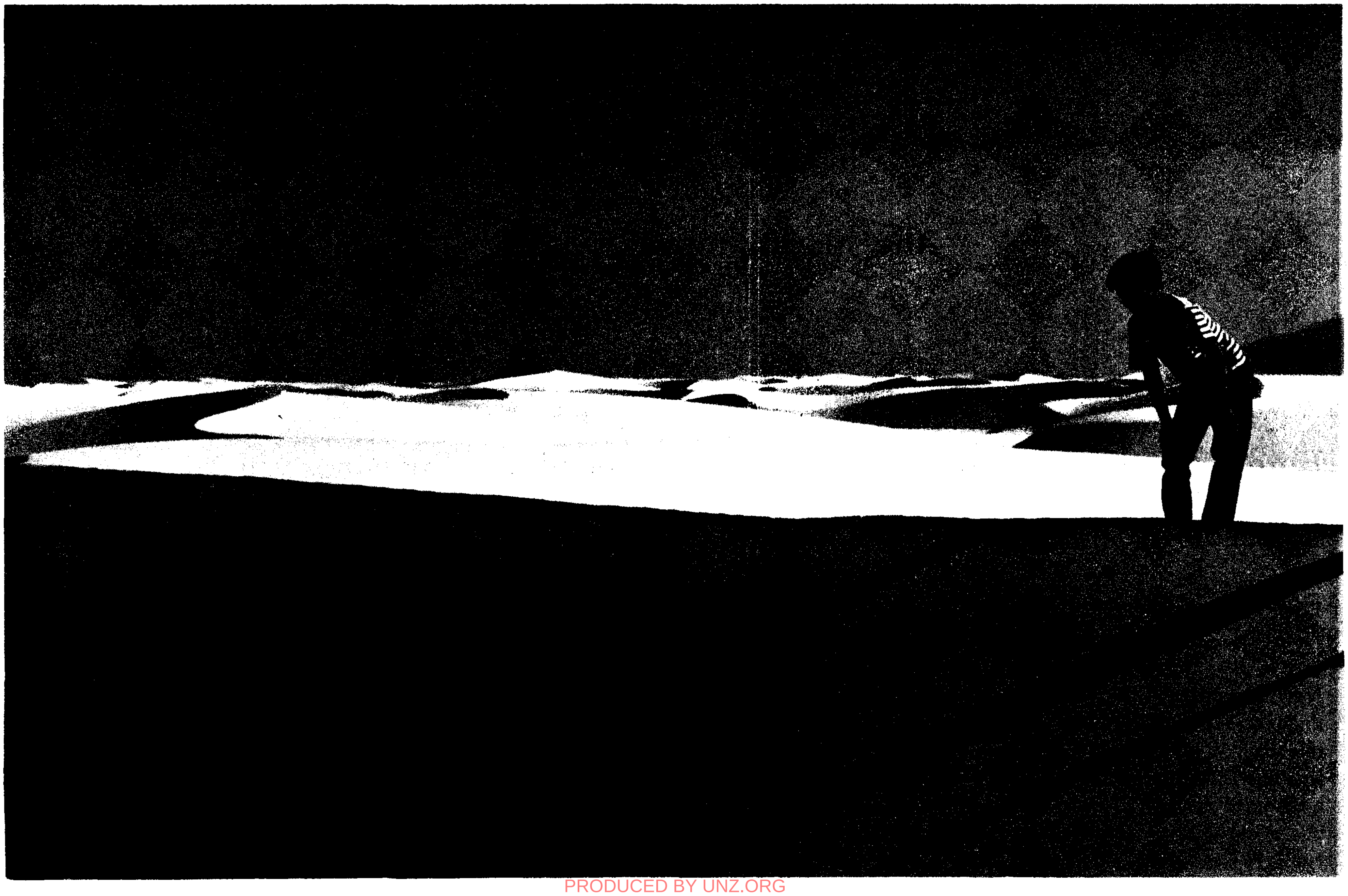
To most people planning winter vacations, skiing and swimming are separate trips: the vacationers head either north for snow, or south for sun. Few of them ever consider one of the nation's fastest-growing—and least expensive—winter resorts: the Southwest, where you can both ski and swim, and still have time for golf before dinner. Heated pools and nearby mountains make Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque, Las Vegas and other Southwestern vacation spots combination sun-and-ski centers. These resorts also provide tennis, riding, boating, Indian ceremonies, racing, rodeos, fishing—plus, of course, the greatly publicized night life of Phoenix and Las Vegas.

Nowadays, the airlines make it really easy to get to the Southwest—it's no more than an overnight trip for anyone in the U.S.—and resorts and dude ranches are doing their best to make vacations there economical. Even fancy resorts slash their prices. The weather is warm during the day, cold at night and sunnier than in any other section of the country.

There's one other feature that's strictly unadvertised: an array of the most spectacular scenery to be found anywhere. Nature has played strange games in the Southwest, and ancient inhabitants have left fascinating traces, too. The result is a brilliant but little-known assortment of many-colored, twisted, jumbled rock and earth formations, bridges, caves, and prehistoric ruins. These attractions have been incorporated into a number of federal parks called national monuments. Arizona has more than any other state, but the Southwest is dotted with them—all wonderful to behold, all easy to reach by rented car. —MICHAEL BLOW

(For more details, write Collier's Travel, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.)

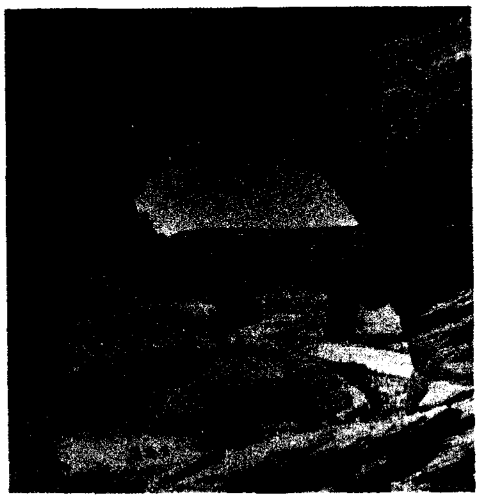
Enormous snow-white dunes of New Mexico's White Sands National Monument are part of the world's largest gypsum desert. Other monuments, above right, are in Arizona



135-room apartment house in Navajo Park

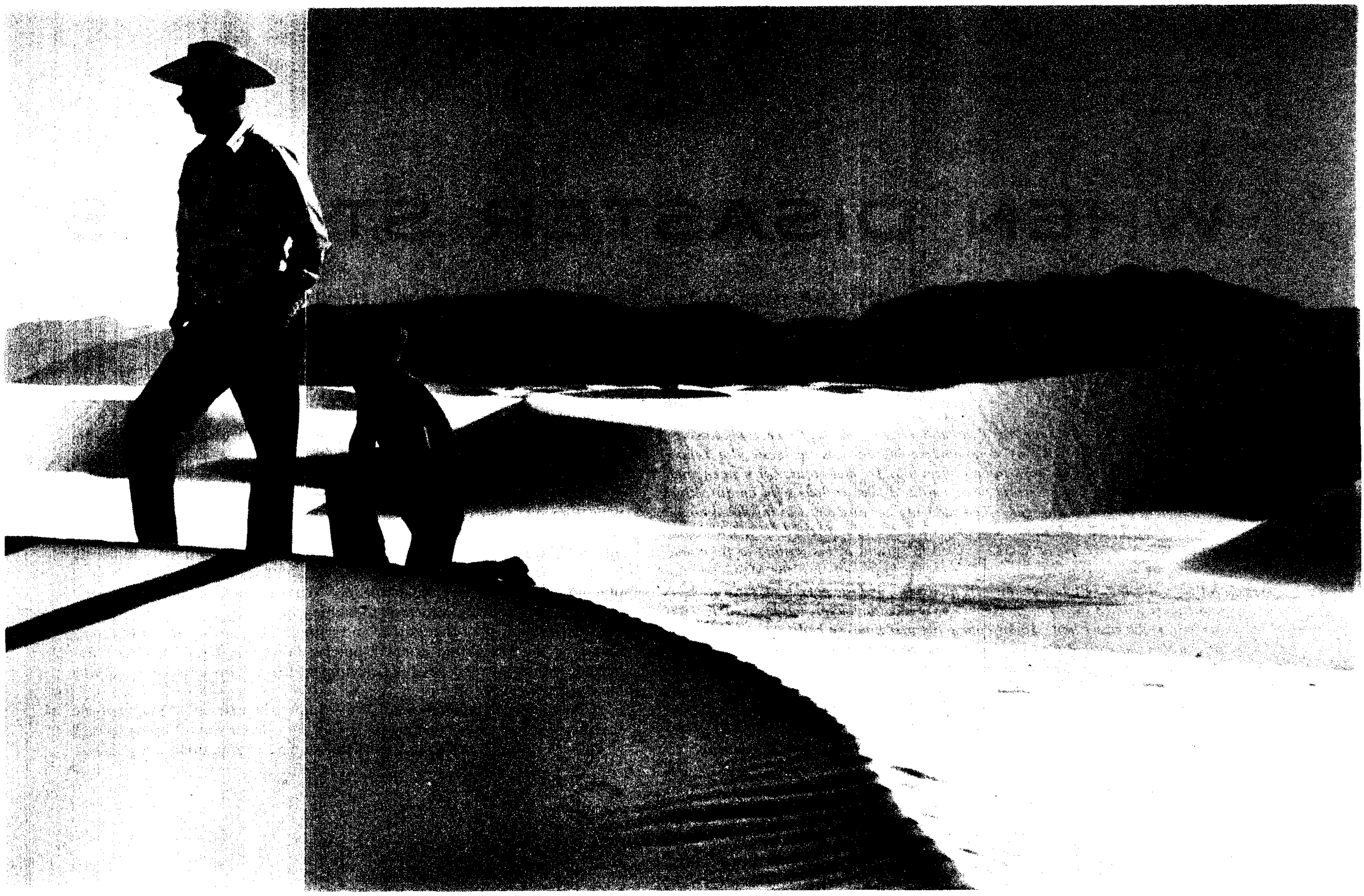
Cacti in Saguaro National Monument come 50 feet high, may weigh 10 tons

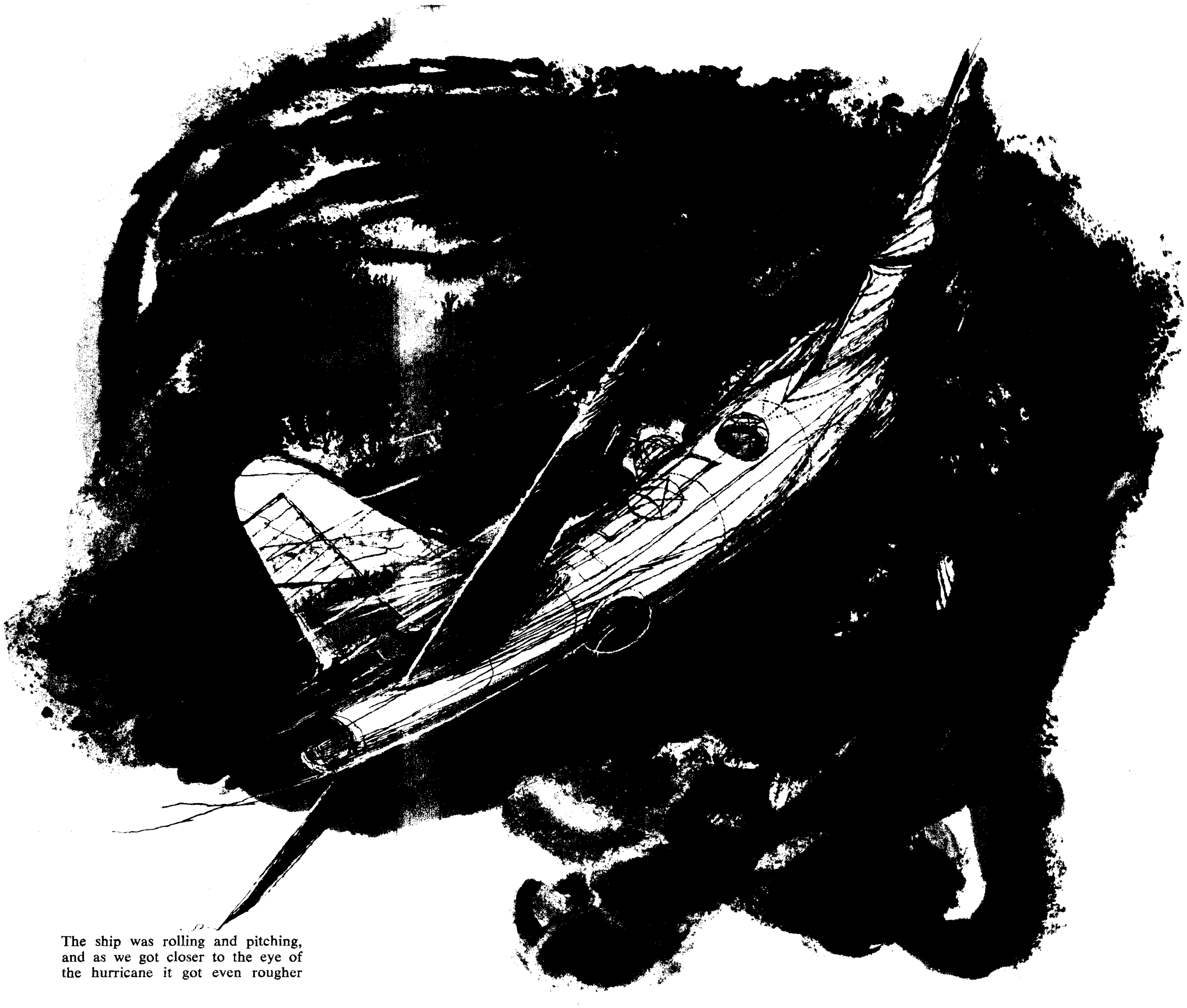
Petrified Forest has stone logs



Natural stone window frames Canyon de Chelly

Chiricahua features weird rock columns





The ship was rolling and pitching, and as we got closer to the eye of the hurricane it got even rougher

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES

It had been a nice quiet hurricane season, we thought, and just then the real big one blew up

The second of two parts **By WALT GROVE**

THE STORY . . . I was in the Air Weather Service of the Air Force, tracking hurricanes, and the MAJOR, my commanding officer, was the best pilot I had ever seen. He wanted his crew to be perfect too. He had no use for women, and finally I found out why. Several years ago he'd been in love with an attractive woman, and they were engaged, when suddenly her husband was invalided home from Korea. The Major hadn't even known she was married, and he felt pretty bitter. So when my friend RIGLEY tried to get out of his posting to Bermuda because his wife was pregnant and didn't want to leave home, the Major had no sympathy for him. Rigley and his wife quarreled, and she got a legal separation—and Rigley blamed the Major. Rigley was a good navigator, but his trouble with his wife really upset him. So, of course the first time we had to fly into the eye of a hurricane with Rigley navigating, the radar had to conk out, and everything was up to him. The winds were terrific, and he couldn't seem to find the right course. We were all sure Rigley was wrong, but he refused to back down. The Major was fighting the controls, the plane was pitching and tossing and threatening to roll over on its back, and the Major was calling Rigley every name in the book. I guess we all were. We were convinced we'd never make it.

THE MAJOR and his pilot fought to keep the B-29 from going over on its back. They simply refused to give up. And all this time the wing was coming up and still coming up until it was ninety degrees, at right angles with the ground—if there had been any ground. We hung like that for what someone later called the first few centuries of the Christian Era, and then very slowly the Major and his pilot got control of the plane. Gradually, at first, I could feel the wing begin to come back down. I could hardly believe it because I'd known we were all dead. I was sweating like a pig. I don't know, I may have cried a little too. What a wonderful pilot, I thought, as I watched the wing return to something like straight and level, what a really marvelous pilot that guy is, and with all the guts in the world too. I looked at the Major and grinned, but he didn't grin back. His face was beaded with sweat and he was frowning so fiercely his eyes were nothing but hot black slits.

"Commander to radar operator," the Major said hoarsely. "You navigate this damn' thing. Shove that damn' Rigley out of your way. You navigate."

I'd been given an order, so I worked like mad recomputing our position,

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

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Why The Church Says:
DON'T MARRY A CATHOLIC

Catholic opposition to mixed marriages is often misunderstood — and resented.

Some imagine it to be a manifestation of Catholic clannishness. Others say it is a selfish and unfair practice dictated by a domineering clergy. And still others take it as an insult to their own non-Catholic religious convictions and to their personal integrity.

Believe us when we say that none of these inferences is correct—none of these conclusions is true.

From long experience, the Church knows that the permanence and the harmony of family life are often jeopardized by mixed marriages, and, because of the religious division, the children often grow up in an atmosphere of religious indifference. This does not mean that the Church regards non-Catholics as unworthy or inferior. It is, simply, a matter of the church's concern for the religious life of the Catholic in a family which is divided from the start on one of the most vital questions demanding unity.

It is for this reason that the church recommends the marriage of Catholics to Catholics, and imposes serious obligations where a Catholic and a non-Catholic wish to be married in the Church. These obligations often cause resentment upon the part of those who do not understand the reasons for them.

Catholics believe that marriage is a holy and indissoluble union—a Sacrament instituted by Christ. If a Catholic elects to marry a non-Catholic, the obligation still remains to have the marriage witnessed by a Catholic priest. This does not require the non-Catholic to become a Catholic, but it does require the signing of an agreement to refrain from interfering with the religious life of the Catholic partner, and to raise and educate any children in the Catholic Faith.

The signing of this agreement is, moreover, only the first requirement before the Church will dispense from the law forbidding mixed marriages. The non-Catholic party to the marriage is also required to take at least six hours' instruction in the Catholic religion so as to know what is involved in marrying a Catholic. Above all, the Church requires moral certainty that the union will be a lasting and happy one.

While some may call this attitude of the Church dictatorial, thoughtful and responsible non-Catholic religious leaders take the same dim view of mixed marriages. They know from experience that such unions all too often create a disasterous disunity of family life.

For further information on this and other points concerning the age-old Catholic Faith, write today for Free Pamphlet No. C-15. It will be sent in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Fill in coupon—Mail today.

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"Good grief, man, is that *all* you ever think of?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

and when we got it, there was no doubt Rigley had almost killed us. We had been off course and flying right into the strongest part of the storm. As I said before, that's not the way to do it. You enter the eye of a hurricane where the wall is the weakest. Rigley had been taking us in through the strongest part. I don't know what his mistake was. The worried, nervous state he was in, there were a lot of things he could have done wrong. But sometimes now at night, when I can't sleep and I'm lying awake, I think about that. I still don't see how we got out alive.

I corrected our course and we slipped into the eye. It was well formed, about twenty miles in diameter, and the winds were relatively calm. Then we released our dropsonde and collected our information and got out. On the way home we were all pretty quiet.

THE MAJOR landed and parked the plane. The whole crew was standing beside it, waiting for the truck to pick us up. He was the last man out, the same as he was always the last to get on board. When I turned and saw him he was walking straight for Rigley. He looked like a bulldozer—if anything had gotten in his way he would've knocked it over. He walked right up to Rigley and grabbed him, actually grabbed him, by the front of his jacket.

You never put your hands on anyone. If you have to touch a subordinate for some reason you always ask their permission. And there's never any reason for you to touch a superior at all, so that problem just doesn't come up. The whole crew was so startled that we just stood there and stared.

"You miserable swine," the Major yelled into Rigley's face as he shook him back and forth. "You made a mistake. You could have killed my entire crew. Do you know that's never happened to me before? You made a mistake, you miserable swine. Wait, you just wait until I file my report. Navigate!—you'll navigate a desk, that's what you'll navigate, you miserable swine."

"Hey, look out—here comes the truck," someone said in a high, awed voice.

The Major let go of Rigley quickly and tried to regain his composure. He couldn't do it instantly, of course, because by then he realized what he had done in front of the entire crew. He walked quickly around to the other side of the B-29 and didn't get in the truck and go back with the rest of us.

We were quiet riding in in the truck. Nobody said anything. Davy and Rigley and I filed our reports.

"Well, I think I'll go to my quarters," Rigley said. "I think I'll lie down a while." Davy and I didn't say anything. "Well, I'll see you fellows," Rigley said, and he walked off.

"Buy you a beer," Davy said.

"All right," I said. I could feel he wanted to talk.

We sat at a table in the club. It was quiet and pleasant. Davy pushed back his cap. "I'm getting off the crew," he said, "if I possibly can."

I hated to see it break up because it was a good crew, really the best, but I couldn't tell him what to do.

"I don't want to fly with those two guys," he said, "and I don't mind telling anyone that. I'll tell the colonel that, if I have to."

Notice he said those *two* guys. It was the first time anyone had ever talked about the Major that way.

I told Davy about Rigley's separation becoming legal. I didn't tell him I'd asked to navigate myself and the Major hadn't let me. I don't know why—still loyal, I guess. "It was a special incident," I said. "It'll never happen again."

"Maybe it won't," Davy said, "but I'm getting off anyway—if I can."

The outcome was embarrassing. The Major did have a talk with the colonel—he really hated Rigley for ruining his crew when it had been the best—and the colonel talked to Rigley. Then the colonel called me in, and I had to confirm what had happened on the flight. And Davy did request to get off the crew, too. For a few days there was a lot of gossip going around. Then the colonel made his decision. He made the Major take three days' leave and get away for a rest. The crew didn't change. It stayed the way it was. After all, it had been the best.

THAT was the last hurricane in September. There was only one for the entire month of October, and that was certainly far below the average of the past two or three years. It was hard to imagine, but we got all the way through October with only one disastrous blow for the month, and then, there it was, the first day of November. Short season, everybody said, no more hurricanes this year, and they went around laughing about it. I hoped they were right.

I stopped by Rigley's room that afternoon. I hadn't seen him for a few days. He was lying on the sack, his hands under his head, staring at the ceiling. "I just got a letter from my mother-in-law," he said. "Helene's feeling depressed."

"What about?"

"My mother-in-law says it's about time for the baby," Rigley said, "and that's what makes Helene depressed. She doesn't have a husband around. She mopes around all the time like she's an unwed mother. She feels guilty, because she thinks it was wrong to get married and separated."

"What do you mean wrong?" I said. "What're you talking about? You were married."

"I know we were married. We still are, we're just separated. But Helene feels it was wrong to get married to me in the first place and then have a baby. And she feels it was wrong to separate after that. It's because she's having a baby and doesn't have a husband around to protect her, that's all." Rigley took a deep breath. "So my mother-in-law thinks it would be a good time for me to take some leave and go home for a visit."

"But you're separated."

"I know I'm separated," Rigley said, beginning to get tense. "But if I go back when the baby's born I might not be any more."

"She'd remarry you?"

"I don't think we even have to get remarried—just unseparated, I guess. Helene's mother wrote they even know exactly when the baby's coming."

"Yeah? How do they know that?"

"Well, the normal term for a pregnancy is two hundred and eighty days. November the ninth will be Helene's two hundred and eightieth day—only eight days from today. And her doctor says if she doesn't have the baby naturally on the ninth, then he's going to induce labor on the tenth. He took an X ray, and because of the baby's position and size he can't let it be born any later than the tenth. There are a lot of ways a doctor can induce labor, too. He can give Helene some kind of shots that do it, if he wants to. Anyway, I know that if the baby isn't born on the ninth then it will be on the tenth because it has to.

"That's what the doctor says. And my mother-in-law says I should be there when Helene comes out of the anesthetic. She thinks Helene will take me back if I'm there at the psychological moment. That's when I have to be there, when it's psychologically correct to be there."

"Well, you know more about that than I do," I said. "Want to go have a beer?"

"I never wanted to get separated," Rigley said. "All I want is my wife. Do you think the colonel would let me have a little leave?"

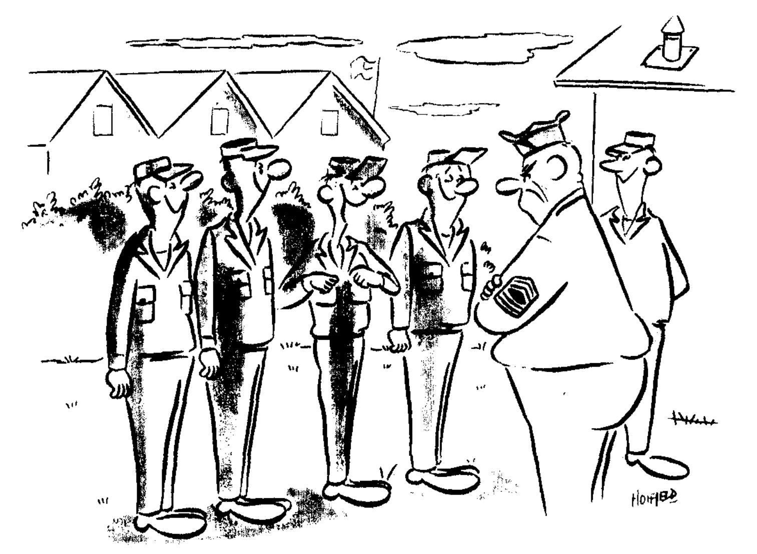
"I'd tell him the whole story," I said. "How about getting that beer now?"

We didn't get it. Rigley talked to the colonel, and the colonel said yes. Rigley planned to leave Bermuda on the morning of the ninth on a commercial flight to New York. From there he was either going to drive or take a bus to Toms River in New Jersey. If the baby was born on the ninth, then he would be there. But if it hadn't been born and Helene was still waiting, then Rigley planned to stay at a neighbor's house and not let Helene know he was in town until after the baby had been born the next day, the tenth. It certainly looked like everything was going to end happily for Rigley. But on November the third, hurricane conditions were reported several hundred miles off Puerto Rico.

A FREIGHTER out of Yucatán crossing the Caribbean and heading north, first reported that immense seas were building up, waves forty and fifty feet high. The barometer in that area fell to 29.76 inches of mercury and so the Joint Warning Center asked us to send a flight into it. A flight went out, and our squadron tracked the storm north through the Caribbean and across the western end of the island of Cuba, where it caused havoc and destruction. That was the third day of the storm's existence. On the fourth day, which was the seventh of November, it crossed the southern end of Florida, and that was when it did a very peculiar

PRIVATE PUN

How to Get Along in the Army By NORMAN HOIFJELD



"I just wanted to correct your grammar, pal. It's *those wise guys*, not *them wise guys*"

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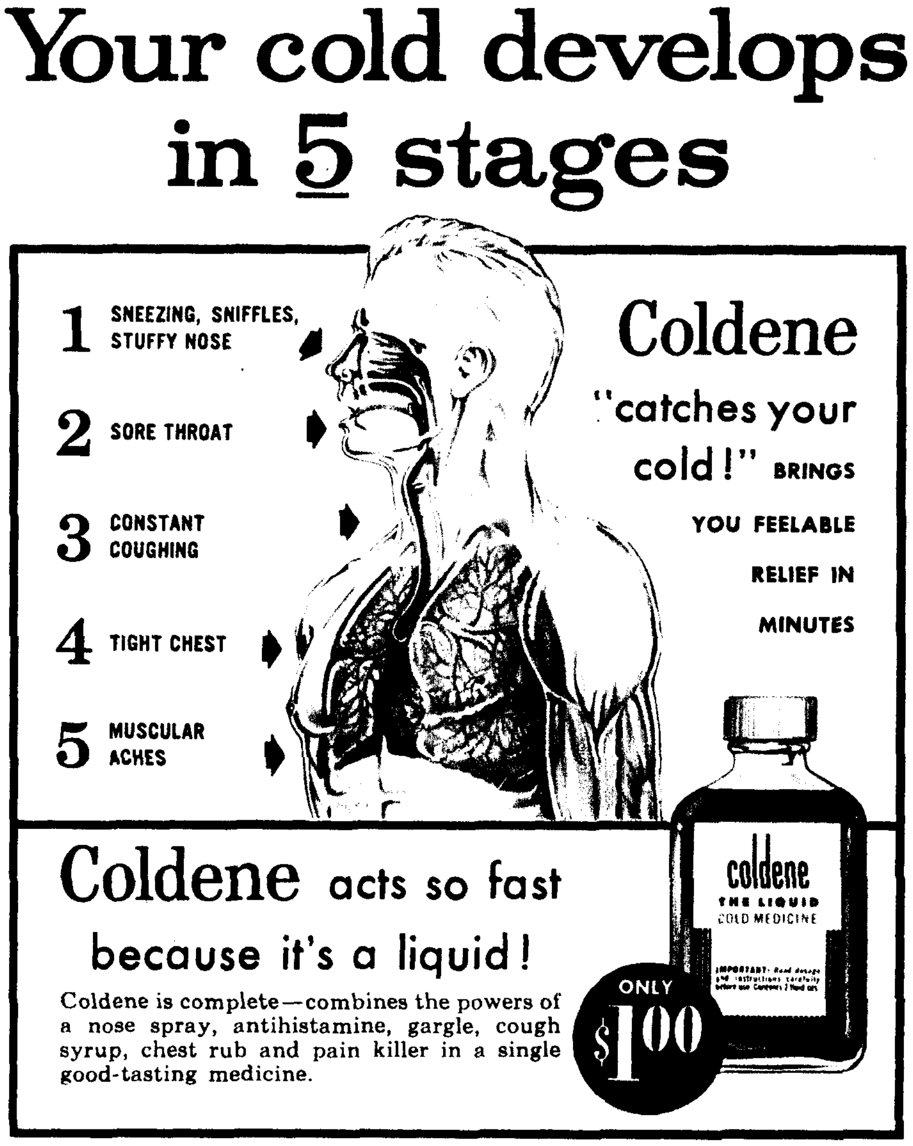
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thing. It blew into Florida from the west coast, then it turned sharply to the north and gradually described a complete circle over the southern tip of Florida and then crossed the east coast of the peninsula and went right up the coast of the continent about two or three hundred miles out at sea. It was really moving by then. On November the eighth it was about five or six hundred miles off Maryland and Delaware —and suddenly it began to slow down and gradually swing inland. The last information our squadron managed to get was that it was headed in a northerly direction and its forward movement had slowed to five or six miles an hour. And, like I said, when they begin to slow down that way you've got to watch them, because they're starting to turn, usually, and you don't know which way they're going.

SO THERE it was, approaching the Delaware and Maryland area, and it could have turned and gone out to sea harmlessly, or it could have turned inland with all its fury. Naturally, on the morning of the ninth of November, under those conditions, there was only one thing that could happen. Rigley had his leave canceled shortly before he was scheduled to get on board the commercial flight to New York. It was canceled indefinitely.

Our crew wasn't scheduled to make a flight into the hurricane; there were two crews ahead of us. One went out the morning of the ninth, and the second one that afternoon. A message came through that the forward movement had slowed to nothing. The hurricane was sitting out in the Atlantic about two hundred miles off the Jersey coast, pumping up energy and causing gales all along the Eastern seaboard in that area and creating extremely hazardous tide conditions. That was about four o'clock in the afternoon, something like that, with night coming and the storm just sitting out there, tantalizing everybody.

I'd been at the base all that day, and I'd had several conversations with Rigley. He was sick about the storm and not getting leave, but he had begun to be extremely determined. That worried me, because you can be too determined, you know, when it comes to hurricanes.

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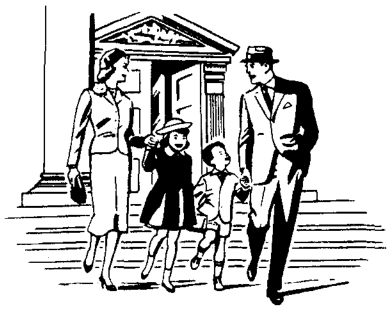

WORSHIP TOGETHER EVERY WEEK!

But Rigley planned on getting the colonel to allow him to leave the island the next morning anyway. There was a commercial flight he could take to New York, and if Helene hadn't already had the baby naturally by then, she was going to the doctor's office about ten o'clock that morning, the morning of the tenth. The doctor would induce labor, and they thought her pains would start about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Rigley could get there in plenty of time from New York, if only Helene didn't have the baby naturally on the ninth. If he could just sweat out the ninth then everything would be all right, he thought. His mother-in-law had promised to send him a radiogram the minute Helene started having the baby. And all that day Rigley went around saying, "I know she won't have it today. I know it will come tomorrow." I didn't say anything to him. He was in such a state, so worried and yet so determined. I could understand why.

But the day passed and Rigley didn't get a radiogram from his mother-in-law. It looked like the baby wasn't going to be born naturally on the ninth but would have to be induced on the tenth. And the later it got that day the more sure of himself—and the baby—Rigley became.

After the sun goes down in the tropics it gets dark immediately. There's no such thing as twilight. As soon as the sun started going down I went home. When I walked into the house the telephone was ringing. I stood and looked at it. I didn't want to answer it.

"Is that you?" my wife called from the kitchen. "Why don't you answer it? It's probably for you."

"What do you say that for?" I said. "What makes you so sure it's for me?"

"Well," she said, "aren't you going to answer it?"

I picked it up. "Hello," I said.

"Captain, come back to the field immediately," the Major said. His voice was short and impatient.

"What for? I just left."

"Don't you ask me what for," he said, getting mean. "We're on alert. Get back out here."

"Alert?" I said. "Major, it's night, it's beginning to get dark."

"Did I give you an order, or didn't I?" he yelled. "Now get back out here!" And he slammed down the telephone on his end of the line.

"I got to go back," I called to my wife.

"Oh, are you going to be late for supper again?" she said. She still hadn't come out of the kitchen.

"I'll call and let you know as soon as I can," I said. I was too worried to talk to her about it. I went back to the field.

THE whole crew was in briefing, even the enlisted men, and they were all looking very serious. The colonel was there, and of course the operations officer, Michaelson. I sat down next to the Major and asked him, "What's the damn' deal?"

"*I* don't know," he snapped. He looked exactly like a man who was being tortured with something sharp. I'd never seen him like that before.

"Gentlemen, give me your attention," the colonel said, looking at all of us. "Tonight you are going to be involved in a history-making flight."

When he said that, then I knew.

"We have received a request from Miami to send one of our aircraft into the eye of the storm now off the Jersey coast. If, during the night, the storm begins to move inland then people must be warned. And, as you know, no air-

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craft has ever penetrated the eye of a hurricane at night before."

The Major stood up, and ahemed. "There has never been any doubt in my mind, sir, that we can do it," he said, very determinedly and nervously. "I have said that before, and I repeat it now. Aside from the simple mechanical problem of arranging some lights so that the scanners can see the engines, the main requirement for such a flight will be a more precise operating of the radar set. The entire crew will, of course, have to be more precise in their technique and more perfect. The only difference will be a psychological one—I mean, so far as penetrating the eye is concerned. Once inside the eye we still won't be able to see. That is purely psychological, and I'm sure my crew is perfectly capable of overcoming anything psychological."

He had to cough and clear his throat again. He was nervous, but that was only because he was so eager and determined to make the flight. "I always said I had the best crew, sir. And I'm sure every man on it is deeply appreciative of the opportunity to do something no one has ever done before. And we won't let the squadron down, sir. We'll penetrate it, the way it should be done."

"I know you will," the colonel said. "You have always done your job, Major, and done it perfectly."

The Major said, "Thank you, sir," and when he sat down his eyes were shining and he was smiling.

Michaelson began to brief us and tell us what Miami wanted. We were to get a fix and then get the hell out of there, that was all. So Rigley and Davy and I calculated a detailed flight plan and filed it. Rigley looked sicker than a dog. Naturally he hadn't expected to make a flight at night. And he had been making plans all day about how he could still be reconciled with his wife. But, hopeless as that seemed, he was still determined. He would not give up the idea of seeing Helene right after the baby was born—and it hadn't started to be born yet, because he hadn't received a radiogram from his mother-in-law. He kept biting his nails and making rapid calculations in his head.

"If we go up and then come back, and if we're lucky, I'll still make that commercial flight out of here in the morning," he said. "We'll get back here in just enough time for me to make it—if we're lucky."

"Listen, we're going to be lucky," I said. I wanted to cheer him up as much as I could. "You'll make it." I didn't tell him how I really felt.

I had to get something to eat and call home, so I got out to the plane after everyone else. There were stars but no moon.

The Major was pacing back and forth beside the plane and chewing on a cigar.

Rigley hadn't gotten on board either. He was standing with his chute over his shoulder, and his face actually looked ashen.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"He got a radiogram from his ex-wife's mother," the Major said, quickly putting his hand on my shoulder. He had never done that before.

"Is she having it?"

"She's having it now," the Major said.

"You mean right now?" I said.

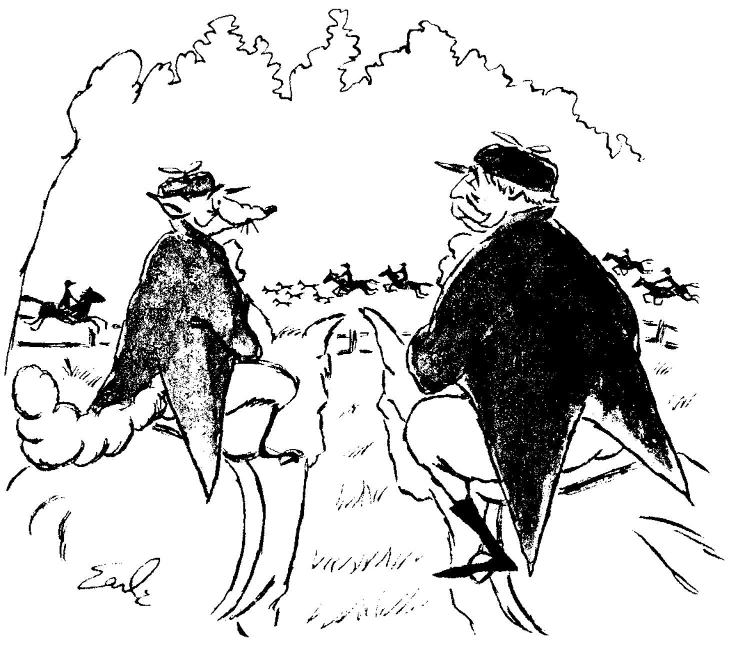
"Now, right this minute," the Major said. "The baby isn't waiting for tomorrow. It's going to be born tonight sometime."

Rigley still had the radiogram in his hand. I glanced at him, and then took the message and read it. His mother-in-law's last words were COME AT ONCE.

"You'll get there the day after," I said, trying to console him.

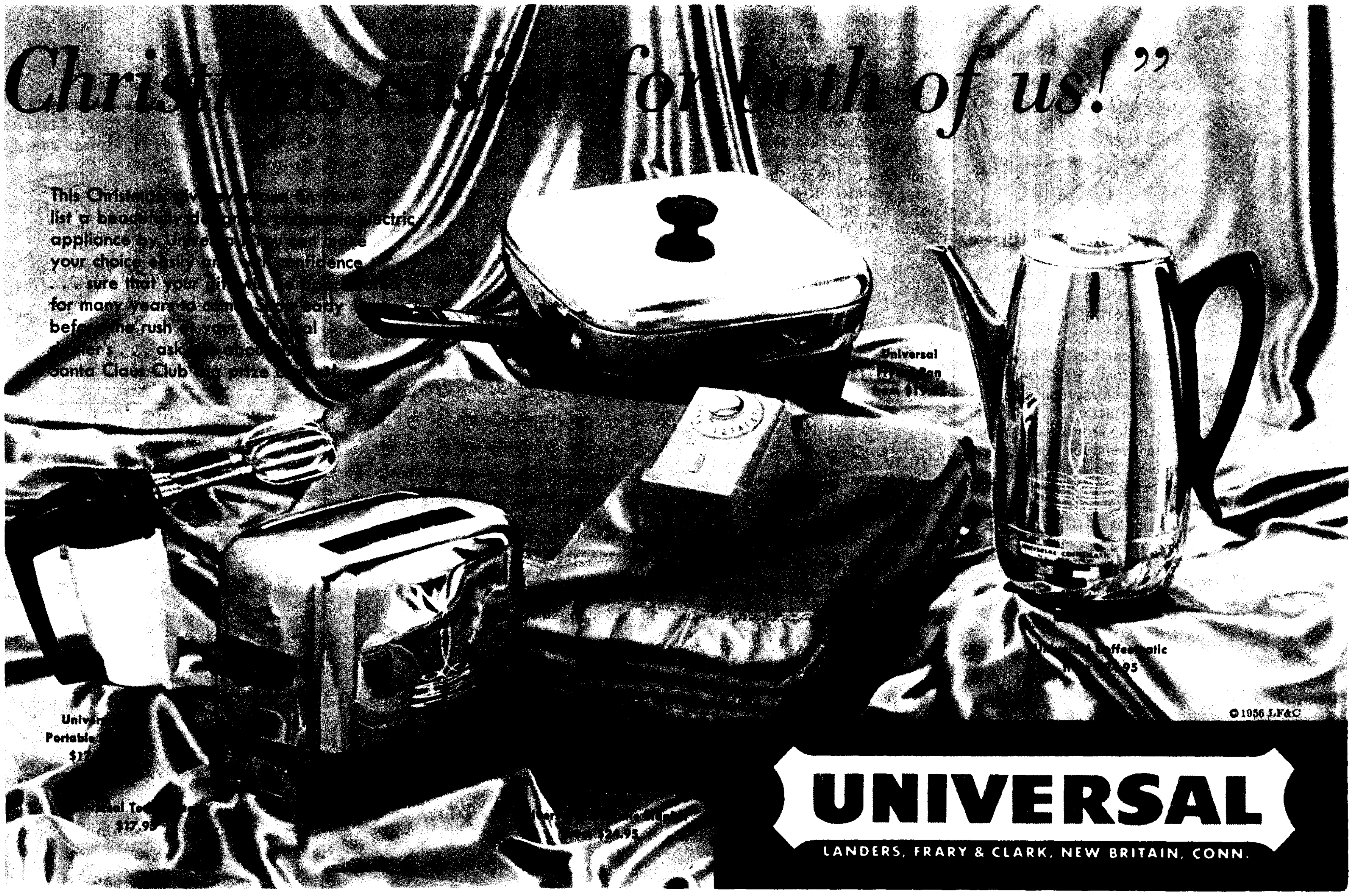
"What good will that do?" Rigley said bitterly. "She'll be over her first joy then. She may be feeling let down. Maybe she'll already be worrying about something, raising the kid alone by herself, or something. She won't be glad to see me—*I'm* the cause of all her trouble. She'll be realizing that she has a child now, to raise by herself. She'll hate me when she sees me."

"Maybe it'll work the other way,"



"We must be ever alert, my boy! This fox we're after is clever as they come"

COLLIER'S EARLE LEVENSTEIN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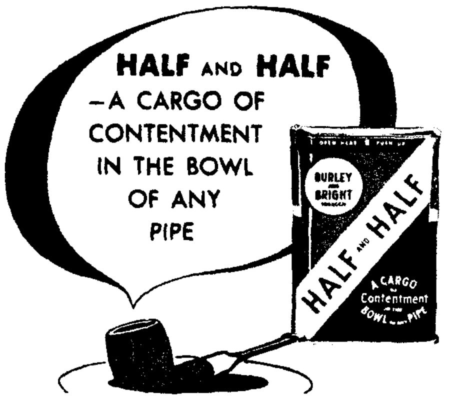

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I said. "Maybe she'll realize how much she needs you now."

"No, no, I don't think so," he said quickly. "She isn't like that. I've got to be there."

All this time the Major had been keeping his hand on my shoulder and trying to pull me backward, while I tried to resist. "Come back by the tail," he said. "I've got to talk to you."

We walked back there. I said, "What is it?"

"He can't navigate," the Major said. He really looked worried and tense about it.

"Well, he sure as hell can't operate the radar set," I said. "When you get inside the eye you're not going to know when to turn unless the radar operator tells you. You don't want to fly into that right-front quadrant, do you?"

THAT was where the winds were the strongest. The radar operator would be the only one who could keep the plane in the eye, and out of those vicious winds.

"You're going to navigate," the Major said. He was nervous because he wanted the mission to be perfect. It was probably the most important mission he'd ever flown and he was determined not to let Rigley foul it up. "You'll navigate. That's all there is to that. Then when we get inside the eye you can take over the radar."

"Hell, have I got to do his job and mine too?"

"You want to do this thing right, don't you?" the Major said. "You want to get back alive, don't you?"

I did. I wanted to get back alive very much. "Okay," I said, "but we arranged in briefing, you know, that he was going to navigate. How're you going to explain this to him now?"

"Explain, hell," the Major said, and he wiped the sweat off his forehead with his palm. "I'm going to *tell* him. You're navigating. When we get in the eye I'll just tell you to take over the radar, that's all." . . .

We walked back to where Rigley was standing. He was in the same position, bent like a weeping willow. The only sign of life was his nervous, flickering eyelids. "Rigley, you operate the radar set on the way in," the Major said. "All right, everyone on board."

Rigley showed some signs of life. He raised his head and moved one arm. "Who's navigating?"

"I am," I said. "Get on board."

"That wasn't what we decided in briefing."

"It's what we're going to do now," the Major said. "Damn it, will you get on board? I should be starting those engines now."

"No," Rigley said. "I won't do it. I'm going to navigate."

"You're in no shape, kid," I said.

"I'll say you're not," the Major said, biting the end off a fresh cigar.

"Come on, you just go along for the ride," I said. "Be a nice fellow."

"You think I can't navigate properly," Rigley said, and he was beginning to choke up. The unexpectedness of not seeing his wife after all, and going on an unusual flight were too much for him. "You think I can't do my job because I'm so worried about my wife I could sit down and cry. You think anybody who does that is weak. Well, let me tell you something, Major. Why don't you just try it sometime?"

"Get on board," the Major hissed. "I'm giving you an order."

"I don't go unless I navigate," Rigley said, wiping his eyes.

"Listen, get on board," the Major said desperately. "We've got to take off. Someone will be out here in a minute to see what's wrong if we don't take off."

"Well, who cares?" Rigley said. "I don't take off unless I'm navigating. I've got to get back here in the morning in time for that New York flight, and I'm not going anywhere with anyone unless *I'm* navigating, because I'm going to make sure I'm back here in time."

"Okay, have it your way," I said. I was really disgusted with both of them. "You navigate then."

Rigley and I got on board, and the Major followed us. There wasn't anything else he could do. He had to take off. We did, and after Davy had corrected his altimeters we climbed to 10,000 feet.

One thing about that dark and dismal night, though—the radar set was working perfectly. Actually, nobody knows exactly how radar can pick up a cloud formation. They think the

Complete in Collier's—Next Issue

MURDER HUNTS A HERO

By Hugh Pentecost

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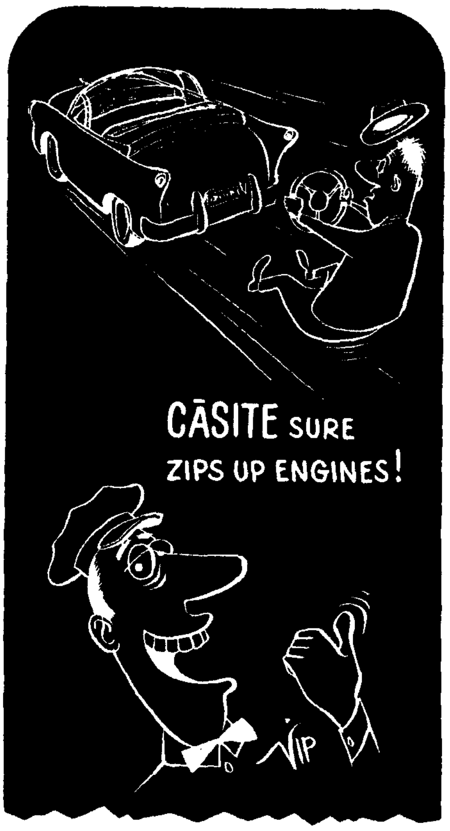
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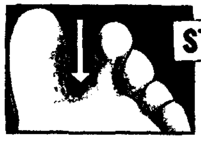

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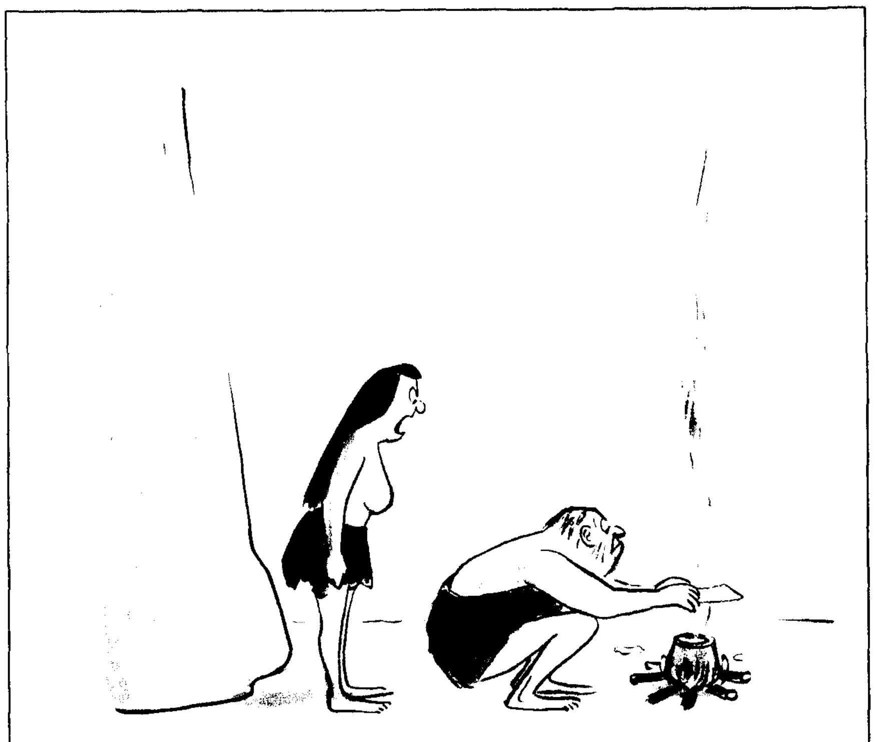

"I don't see what good it does to try to invent a steam engine when the wheel hasn't been invented yet . . ."

COLLIER'S FRANK B. MODELL

beam goes out, then bounces off the individual droplets of moisture. That's what they think, but they haven't proved it. And that was certainly a strange thing, when you took time to think about it. There we were, absolutely blind, and the only way we could see any distance ahead was with the radar—and nobody even knew *how* we were able to.

ABOUT two o'clock that night, or rather morning, we began to run into a lot of rain and fractocumulus. There was some stuff down below so we couldn't see the ocean. I think we might have been able to now and then if there had been a moon. But you could just imagine what the sea was like: waves fifty or sixty feet high and the spray and foam stringing out solid white for about a hundred feet in swirls. Then about an hour after that we were in winds seventy-five miles an hour at least, and getting a certain amount of turbulence.

We were about forty minutes from the center of the storm and nobody had said a thing over the intercom except Rigley, giving the Major a correction for his heading. The scanner who watched the port engine was also the crew chief. All of a sudden he said, "Port scanner to commander: Oil is beginning to leak from the inboard engine."

"Commander to engineer: Will we have to feather that one?"

"Engineer to commander: Stand by. I'm watching the oil-quantity gauge."

"Port scanner to commander: The oil leak is increasing. It has increased from small to moderate."

I concentrated as hard as I could on what I was doing. I watched that storm on the radar until my eyeballs ached, but I couldn't help listening to the sound of the engines crying out there in the night, along with the rain and wind.

"Engineer to commander: We have to feather that one now, sir."

You could look right out and see it, the lights they had rigged up so we could make the flight were that strong. I saw the big fan start to slow down and get slower and slower and begin to windmill a little before the pitch of the blades decreased to nothing. Then it stood stiff and straight in the wind.

It was about thirty minutes then until we should have been in the center of the storm. The wind velocity was a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and we missed that engine. We needed it.

"Aircraft commander to radio operator: Inform Joint Control we have lost an engine."

A few minutes passed.

"Radio operator to commander: Joint Control requests can we continue."

"Commander to radio operator: Affirmative. Send that message."

I had to look away from the radar just a second and close my eyes. I'd been staring at it so fixedly I was about to get cramps in my head. I glanced at Rigley. His face looked sick, like he might get airsick. Naturally, because of the branch of the service we were in, we all prided ourselves on not getting airsick. I've seen guys who would rather die than get airsick. But if Rigley had, I don't think anyone who was along on that flight would ever have kidded him about it.

The closer we got to the eye, the greater the velocity and intensity of the winds became. They got up to one sixty, and we were entering the storm through the weakest part, too. On the right-front quadrant of the hurricane they must have been over two hundred miles an hour. The Major had let down the landing gear to counteract the loss of that engine. Theoretically that helped decrease the effect of the turbulence, but not enough so you could tell. The ship was rolling and pitching so that sometimes I thought my backbone would snap in half. The Major and his pilot were giving it everything they had, grunting and twisting at the controls.

RIGLEY was taking us to the point where Joint Control had said we'd find the eye. He was responsible for getting us there, but it was up to me and the radar to find a break in the cloud formation so we could slip through the path of least resistance. I knew that

(*Continued on page* 94)

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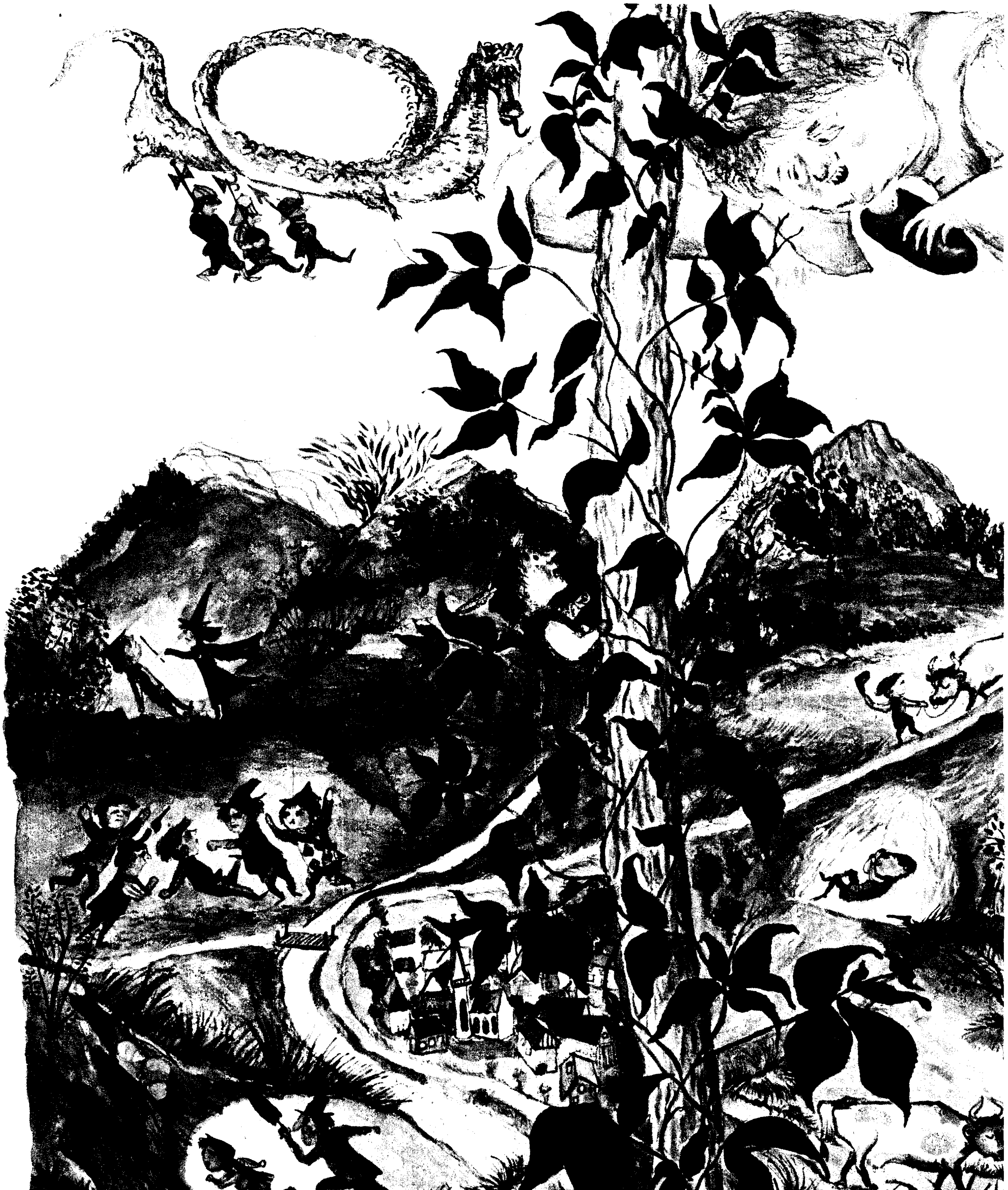
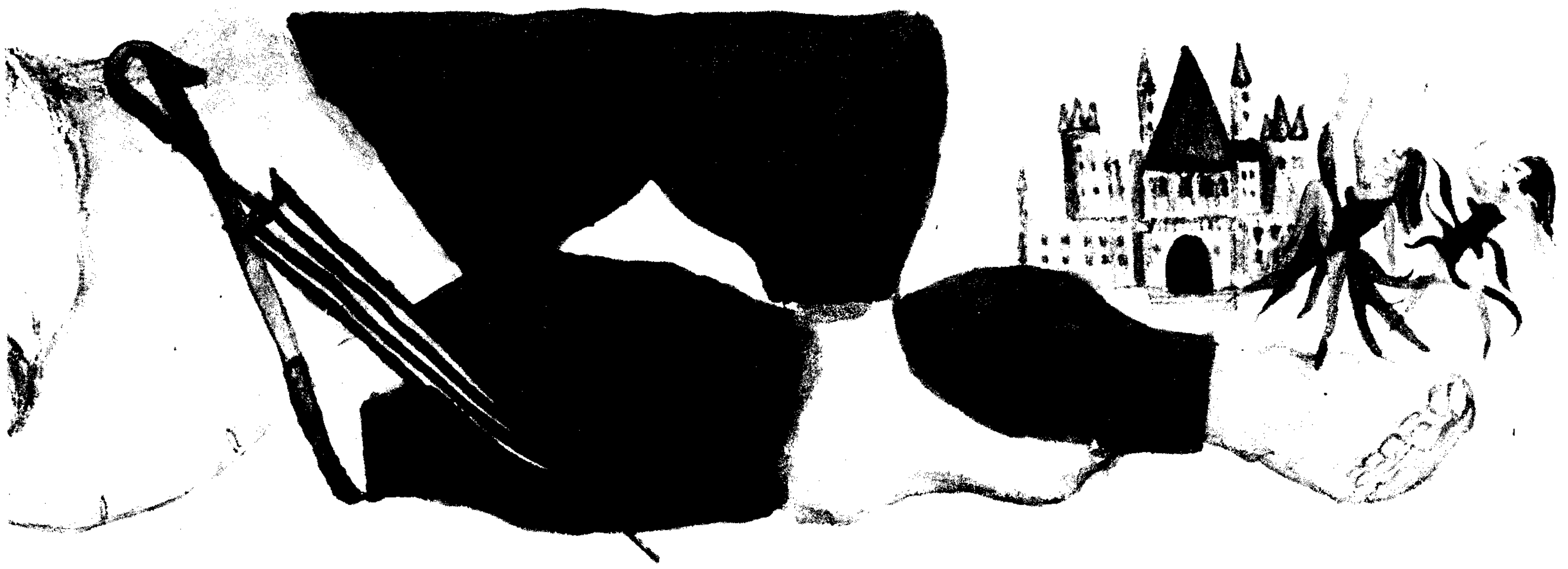
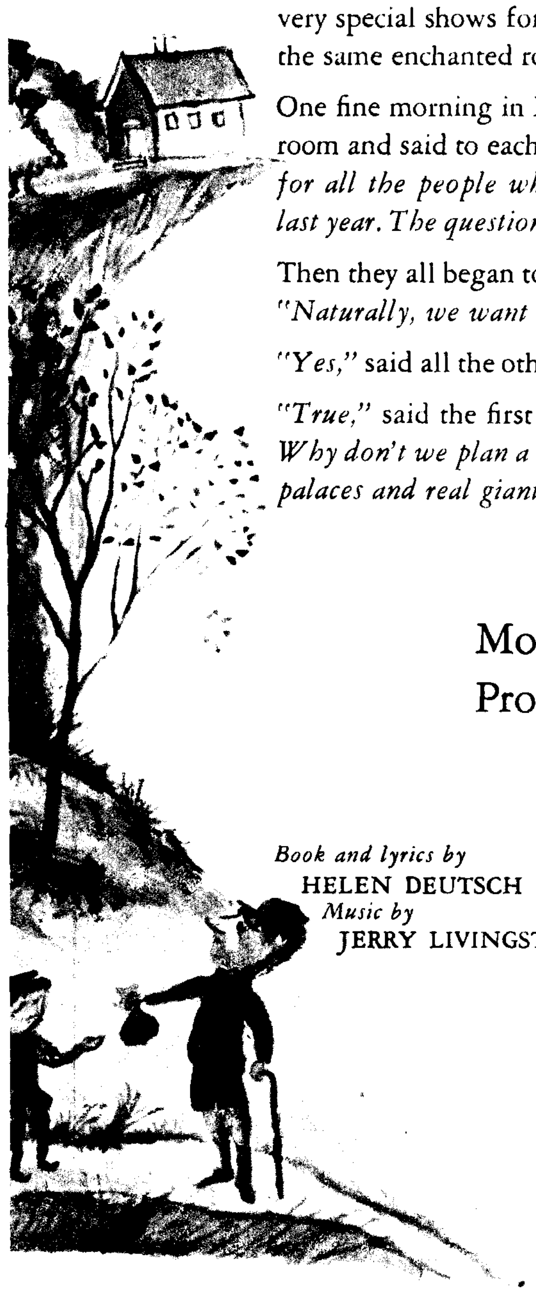




ENCHANTMENT

Last year it was Peter Pan. This year it's JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



ONCE upon a time there was a tower where dancers danced, clowns clowned, actors acted, and singers sang.

This tower had an enchanted room where planners planned very special shows for people who believe in magic. This was the same enchanted room where Peter Pan was born.

One fine morning in May, the planners met in the enchanted room and said to each other: *"It is time to plan another show for all the people who clapped their hands for Tinker Bell last year. The question is, what shall it be?"*

Then they all began to think very, very hard. At last, one said: *"Naturally, we want to plan a show in Color."*

"Yes," said all the others. *"But we have those every night."*

"True," said the first planner. *"But they all look so life-like. Why don't we plan a show that looks dream-like? With cloud palaces and real giants and passageways of fire and . . ."*

So they planned a Color show about Jack and the Beanstalk, which everyone who is, has, or ever was a child would enjoy.

"This Jack and the Beanstalk should have music," one planner said. *"And lots of singers and dancers."*

"And peppermint-striped umbrellas," said another.

"And magic swords," said a third.

"And capes that make the wearer invisible," said a fourth.

"Let's see," said the fifth planner. *"If we start right this minute, and work and work and work for the next six months . . ."*

"That's exactly what we'll have to do!" they all agreed.

So they hurried away and started calling up people who knew how to make beanstalks grow higher than the eye can see.

They planned and worked and worked and planned for the next six months. And now, at last, the show for all the people who believe in magic is *HERE!*

Monday night, November 12th, 8 to 9:30 PM, EST, on NBC Big Color TV, Producers' Showcase presents Jack and the Beanstalk starring

Book and lyrics by
HELEN DEUTSCH
Music by
JERRY LIVINGSTON

CELESTE HOLM

CYRIL RITCHARD

BILLY GILBERT

PEGGY KING

Watch it in black-and-white if you have to. But if you want to live happily ever after, see Jack and the Beanstalk in Color! *Exciting things are happening on . . .*

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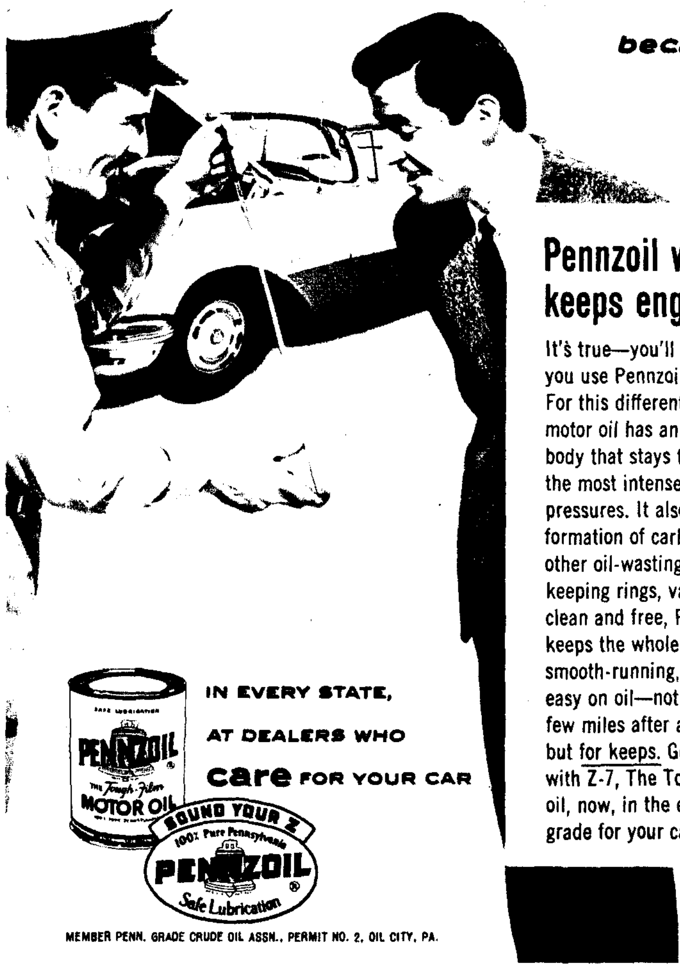

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(*Continued from page* 91) Davy was watching his altimeters, too, looking for areas of lowest pressure. For the final break-through all three of us would help, but Rigley was the navigator and he was mainly responsible no matter how many aids he had. I mean, he couldn't duck that.

"Starboard scanner to commander," a squeaky voice said all of a sudden on the intercom, scared as hell. "Sir, my light's gone out. I can't see the engines no more at all."

"Commander to engineer: You have to watch it now, boy."

"Engineer to commander: Everything normal."

THEN Rigley gave the Major a correction for his heading. The clouds were banked up like a brick wall in front of us. And then all of a sudden I saw a break. "Radar operator to navigator: About fifteen degrees left—it looks good there."

According to Rigley's calculations we were still about ten minutes from breaking through. I had never been in turbulence like that. There was no doubt that if anything went wrong we were finished. Nobody could have bailed out in that wind. When your chute opened, if it didn't break your neck the wind would tear it to shreds. You'd just fall until you hit the water.

It felt funny, too. It felt like we were being blown, as if the Major simply didn't have control of the plane any more. But I was too busy to look at him. I couldn't take my eyes off the picture of the storm I had. Everybody was depending on me to see for them.

"Weather observer to navigator: The pressure is dropping quite sharply now. This looks like it."

Then I saw a definite break that would take us through. "Radar operator to navigator: Fifteen degrees left—there's a good clean break. Fifteen degrees left and we're in."

"Navigator to aircraft commander: Correct your heading fifteen more degrees left."

Then it happened, right then.

"Commander to navigator: That doesn't feel right. It feels stronger that way."

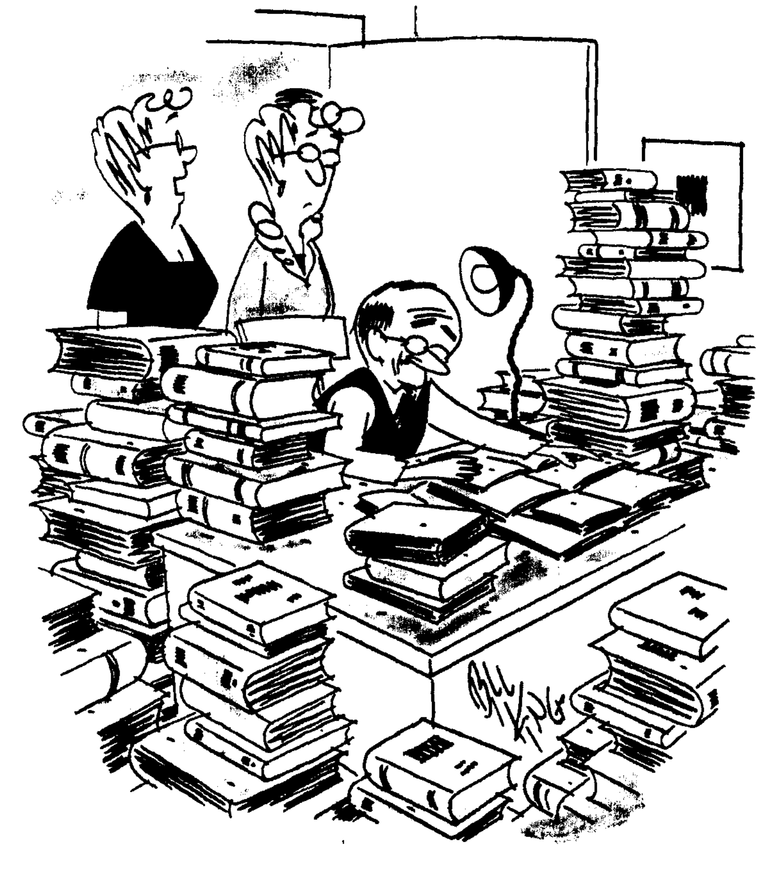
A pilot never does that. He simply never does it. I doubt if I can explain to you what a stupid thing it is, actually, to do what the Major did. There's almost nothing I can compare it to. Safety had been pointed out to him. We were on the verge of slipping through and accomplishing our mission—if only he had turned the plane like we told him to!

Of course, psychologically, I could understand how the Major felt. He wanted to fly a perfect mission because it was historic and important—and fifteen degrees left just *felt* wrong to him because he couldn't see. All he saw was blackness, and all he felt was that terrible wind. He was fighting with the plane, not having complete control of it at all times, and he didn't trust Rigley. That was it, of course. He was so afraid Rigley was making another mistake. But he had to do what we told him, not what he felt he should do, or we were all going to get killed.

"Navigator to commander!" Rigley said harshly over the intercom. "Fifteen degrees left!"

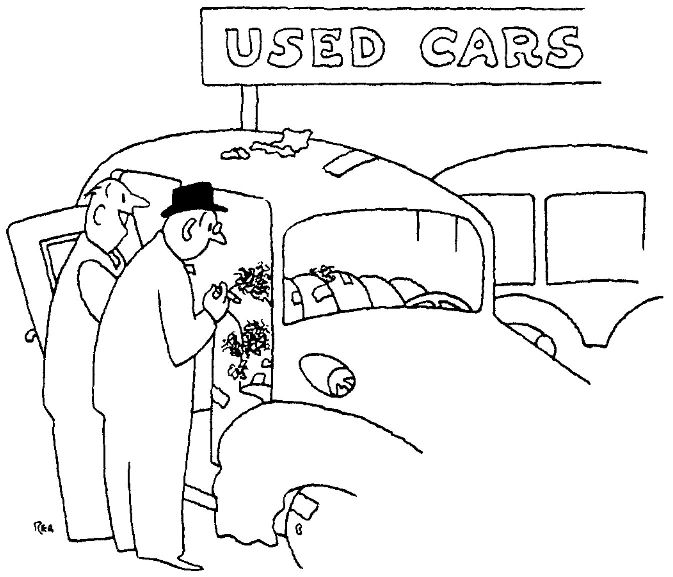
"No," the Major's voice said. "You've been wrong before. We've got to do this right. This is too big for any mistake. I'm not going in that way."

Rigley tore off his headset. He wrenched his safety belt loose and managed to stand up. He pointed one finger to the left, which was generally more westerly than the way we were headed, and yelled at the Major, "Fifteen degrees left! Correct fifteen degrees left, or you can navigate this damn' thing yourself. I'm through! I won't take you out again!" He actually threw down his pencil and tried to walk away. He took about one step and got



"Charles always likes to know the precise meaning of a word"

COLLIER'S BILL KING



"And look at that upholstery stuffing! Where could you get stuffing like that nowadays?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

tossed clear across the nose and landed on his ear, then began to bounce and rattle around on the floor. He was still yelling at the Major, who could not hear his exact words, of course. "Turn this ship like I tell you, or you can navigate yourself home! Turn, or you won't ever see home again, because I won't navigate for you. I'm right, I know what I'm doing. Turn like I say, or navigate it yourself!"

I was waving my arm and gesturing for the Major to turn, too. Even Davy had turned around and was pointing to the left. But, at the same time, I was thinking that when I left the plane I would delay my jump as long as I could. We were in the weakest part of the storm, after all. Perhaps I could make it somehow.

Slowly the plane began to turn. I was looking at the radar and giving the Major corrections myself as we slipped through and then into the eye. It was calm and peaceful. The air was calm, so calm. It was like a gentle spring breeze. The sky was black, but there were many, many stars.

RIGLEY picked himself up and got in the seat and strapped himself in. He was bleeding from the mouth where he'd gotten banged, and one eye was swelling. All around us, towering to at least 25,000 feet, was a wall of almost solid clouds and violent winds. On the radar I could see what the Major could not—that wall. As we flew back and forth across the eye while Davy collected his information, I told the Major when to turn. The eye was about twenty-five miles in diameter, and I instructed the Major to turn like this. I would say, "You are five miles from the wall, you are four miles, three miles, two, one, turn." Then he would make the turn.

I got a chance to look at the Major once. I don't think I've ever seen a man look that way in my life. He should have been happy, or at least relaxed, because we had been through the most hazardous part and we were in the relative peace of the eye, but the Major wasn't happy or relaxed. He had a terrible look on his face. He had almost made a mistake that could have killed us and washed out the mission. He would have, too, if it hadn't been for Rigley. He did look terrible. I'll bet the Major had never had a shock like that before in his life. He'd been wrong. . . .

We'd been in the eye about twenty minutes. We had released a dropsonde, and the radio operator relayed that information to Miami. But that storm wasn't standing still any more. It was moving.

"Radio operator to commander: Miami requests can we stay in the eye and report our position every thirty minutes. The storm is moving inland, probably over New Jersey, with a forward speed of fifty miles an hour. Miami requests can we do it."

"Commander to radio operator—affirmative. Tell Miami we'll stick with it."

We moved inland with the storm. Another hour and a half and we were over the coast of New Jersey. The surf down there must have been something to see. I was about to go blind and dizzy staring at the radar. When I could I looked away for a second. I turned my head to the side and closed my eyes to relax them. When I opened them I saw Rigley's chart and I stared at it a second and at the way he'd laid out our course. Then I realized which way the storm was moving. It was going to pass directly over Toms River. If Rigley's wife hadn't had that baby, then she was probably having it, or else she would be any minute. From what I'd seen of hurricanes I didn't think they were ideal places to give birth.

I looked at Rigley. And he *knew*.

I broke the silence on the intercom. "Radar operator to commander: Major, this storm looks like it's headed directly for Toms River."

"You mean Mrs. Rigley?" the Major's voice said.

"Hell, yes. We'd better do something."

"You keep your eyes on that damn' radar set," the Major said. "Let's not have any more mistakes. Keep your eyes on it, and tell me when to turn."

"You're okay, Major. Don't exercise yourself."

"Commander to navigator: Rigley, what's the street address of that house?"

"Seven forty-two Elm," Rigley said. He sounded like he was about to break down.

"Stand by, Rigley," the Major said. "Commander to radio operator: I want

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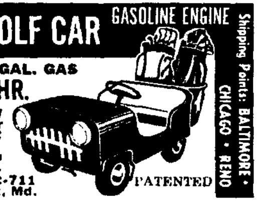

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you to send a message to Miami. Ask them to relay it to the warning center in Washington. Ask Miami to ask Washington to ask the Red Cross if they can get help to a woman who is having a baby at Seven forty-two Elm in Toms River, New Jersey. Ask them to send some kind of assistance if they can. Just a minute—Rigley, what kind of assistance does she need?"

"I don't know," Rigley said brokenly.

"Electricity, Major," I broke in.

"Ask them to get some kind of generator or power to the house if they can," the Major said. "Tell Miami that the woman who is having the baby is our navigator's wife. And . . . who's the doctor, Rigley?"

"Doctor Green. The old man, not his son."

"And the doctor's name is Green, senior."

WE PASSED over Toms River in the dark hours of early morning. Below on the ground in the fiercest of winds—well, who knew? We stayed in the storm as it beat its way into New York State. By that time the eye of the hurricane was beginning to disintegrate. There wasn't any real eye any more, only two areas of low pressure. The storm was falling apart. We got clearance to land at Mitchel Air Force Base because of the engine we had lost. It was about five o'clock in the morning then, and we were all so hopped up from our experience that we didn't realize how exhausted we were.

We parked the plane and got out and began to stretch our legs. The Major was saying, "All right, how much money is in the crowd? All you men give me your money."

"What for?" Davy asked.

"Rent a car," the Major said. "They have to do something about that engine. Rigley might as well drive to New Jersey while they're doing it."

"What if they get it fixed before he gets back? What if we have to take off without him? He'll be in a terrible jam."

"The plane can take off without Rigley," the Major said, "but it can't take off without me." He looked up and saw me standing there staring at him, and he suddenly looked uncomfortable. "This was your idea," he said roughly and illogically. "You can just come along with us." . . .

We got to Toms River about ten thirty that morning, still wearing the clothes we'd worn on the flight because we hadn't any others. The Major was driving, and when he stopped the car Rigley jumped out and ran inside. It was a big old house.

"Think everything's all right?" the Major said.

"I don't know."

We sat on the porch in rocking chairs until Rigley's mother-in-law came out and introduced herself and asked if we wouldn't like some coffee. She was a pleasant round little woman. She had a very pleasant manner.

"Hey, you guys!" Rigley called. "You can come upstairs now. Helene's finished brushing her hair."

"Think we should?" the Major whispered to me.

"They expect us to look at the baby," I told him.

We went upstairs. Rigley was waiting for us, grinning. The Major smoothed down his hair with the palm of his hand, cleared his throat, and we went in.

"Hi," Helene said. "Look what I've got." She was sitting in the big old bed, leaning back against several pillows, and she was holding the baby.

"Hey, how are you?" I said.

"Oh, fine," she said. "Want to see the baby?" She held him up. "There. Don't you think he looks like Bill?"

"Oh, yes," the Major said instantly, as if he had been prodded from behind.

"He does, doesn't he?" I said, although the baby looked like no one except himself. "Well, how'd it go?"

"Oh, easy," Helene said, settling the baby down again. "But it wouldn't have if it hadn't been for you guys. I realize now it wasn't too bright to have a home delivery. It would have been much more efficient in a hospital. Home deliveries sound nice, but hospitals are just better equipped for emergencies."

"She means the electricity went off," Rigley said, beginning to grin.

"Yes, at the psychological moment," Helene said, starting to laugh. "But someone from the Red Cross came with a portable generator. Thanks to you guys. If it hadn't been for you guys, well, I just don't know."

"I think we should let them rest now," the Major said to me.

"I guess we'll see you in Bermuda," I said.

"You're not kidding," Helene said. "In about three weeks. Listen, you help Bill find a house now, do you hear?"

The Major had gone to the door. He was standing there, impatient and ill at ease. Instead of being relaxed, now that we were leaving, he looked even more tense. "Oh . . . Bill," he said to Rigley, trying to sound matter of fact, as if he had just thought of it, but his voice cracked. "Thanks for getting us out of that jam last night. I'm afraid my stupidity damn' near wrecked us. Can't imagine what got into me." And the Major suddenly took the cotton glove off his hand, held his hand out to Rigley. "He did a courageous thing last night, Mrs. Rigley," the Major said over Rigley's shoulder. "He really did."

"I'm sure of it," Helene said, staring at them.

"See you in Bermuda then," the Major said quickly to Helene. " 'By." He lifted his hand and waved, perhaps to the baby. He had the glove on again. "Wait for you downstairs," he said to me and stepped out the door.

"Isn't he a funny little man?" Helene said. "He's quite emotional. I didn't notice that before. Bill, what did you do last night?"

"Nothing. He's just talking."

"Come on, Bill," she insisted. "What did you *do?*"

"Nothing, Helene. I didn't do a thing."

I went downstairs. The Major was not in the house. I saw him pacing back and forth on the sidewalk and looking at his watch. I walked outside and joined him. "He'll be out in a minute," I said.

"Oh, there's no hurry," the Major said. We walked back and forth. "Think they'll have any trouble finding a house?" the Major asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"We can look around, help them. Should be able to find something in three weeks. Say," he said suddenly, "you didn't think that baby looked like *him,* did you?"

"No," I said. "I just said that—you know."

"Well, I didn't think it did either," the Major said, and he sounded greatly relieved. "It doesn't look like Rigley at all. Actually, it looks exactly like *she* does."

THE Rigleys came to Bermuda and moved into a house the Major had found. Helene liked it; she thought the climate was ideal. The Major listened patiently to her comments, and agreed with whatever she said. Some nights he even baby-sat. I remember stopping by at night and ringing their bell and having the Major come quickly and quietly to the door with a book in his hand, going sh-h, sh-h, which meant not to wake the baby. At other times, when he did not know anyone was watching, I used to see the Major stand and stare intently at Rigley, as if he was trying to see what it was that had made Rigley so much the better man in that one awful moment that night.

Whether the Major ever knew or not I don't know. About a year after the Rigleys had come to Bermuda he transferred out of the squadron. They got letters from him for a while. The Major served in Alaska, and there was one letter from Walter Reed Hospital. There was one more after that shortly before he went to his new assignment—not flying this time, but staff work. Then there were no more letters. The Major's still in the service somewhere, of course. The Rigleys don't know exactly where because they haven't heard from him in some time. But one of these days the Major will write to them, I'm sure. —WALT GROVE

Coming in **COLLIER'S** —Next Issue

A delightful novelette for the Thanksgiving season

When Jack Smith Fought Old Satan

By MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

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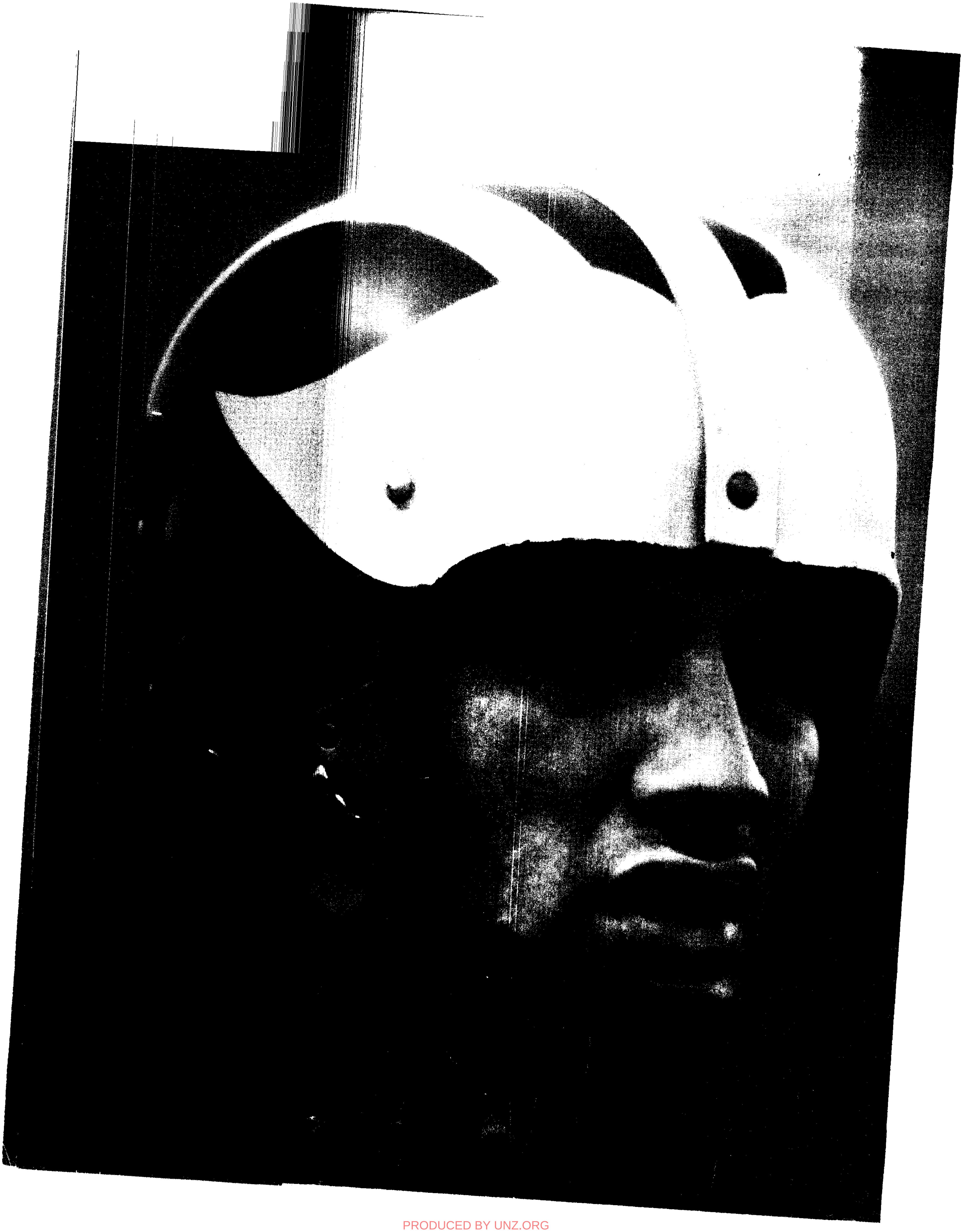


By BILL FAY

Michigan star Ron Kramer draws blasts as well as praise for his rough-tough play. "There's only one sure-fire way to win," he asserts. "Grind 'em down in the first half, then polish 'em off"

GH FOOTBALL

Ronald J. Kramer likes his game of football rough—to this he himself and several million TV viewers, will attest. On the gridiron, he is very likely the toughest college star in the land, and off the field, his conversation is equally blunt. This fall, Kramer is playing left end for the University of Michigan, playing it in All-America style as he did in 1955. And like last year, when he was the storm center of Michigan's games with Iowa and Ohio State, he'll probably be discussed months after the season ends.

Kramer will crash into anything—opposition runners, kickers and passers with his 220 pounds of muscle and bone, and controversial issues with his hard-nosed opinions, like the following:

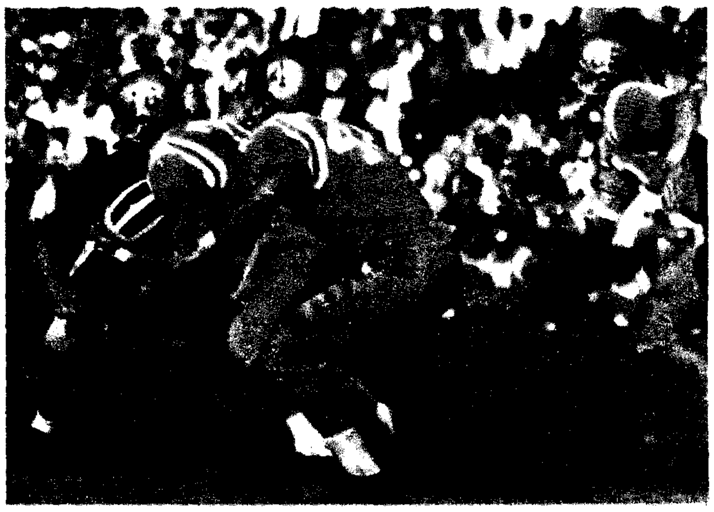
Rough football—"The real good teams don't try to beat you with finesse. They use the only sure-fire winning system . . . grind 'em down in the first half and polish 'em off in the second."

Subsidization of players—"I don't say a player should be paid a salary, but I don't see anything wrong in reimbursing a player for the time he spends practicing . . ."

Studying—"I intended to study accounting, but I discovered I couldn't play three sports and still make passing grades in accounting so I switched to a general academic course . . . I can always take some correspondence courses while I'm in the Air Force after graduation . . . Meanwhile, the reputation I build up in sports seems to me more important than making a slightly higher academic average."

This may indicate that Kramer is something the opposite of the large, simple boy being exploited for the sake of a high-powered game. Even those afternoons of cracked ribs and a black-and-blue stomach are worth while to him and expected. On the day of the Iowa game last year, for example, Ron arose at seven o'clock and consumed eight fried eggs, four helpings of ham, six slices of buttered toast clobbered with strawberry jam and three cups of coffee. No cream.

He went back to bed and slept until eleven thirty, then got up, dressed and walked over to the stadium. Trainer Jim Hunt fitted the special plastic shield designed to protect the four ribs Kramer had cracked in the Army game three weeks previously and Ron was ready for work.


JOHN MENDICINO

Rated the best pro end prospect in football, Kramer takes out two men in his team's 42-13 win over UCLA

In deference to the cracked ribs, coach Bennie Oosterbaan kept Kramer on the bench until Iowa scored its second touchdown near the end of the first quarter to lead 14 to 0. But Ron made up for lost time by scoring on a 65-yard pass play to ignite the rally which carried Michigan to a 33-21 triumph. He also set up the Wolverines' clinching touchdown with a tremendous block that prostrated Iowa's left tackle.

"That tackle rolled over three times after he landed," recalls right end Tom Maentz, Michigan's '56 captain. "If Kramer had eaten one more egg for breakfast, he might have killed the poor guy!"

But television viewers later talked about other activity by Kramer in the Iowa game, and this was summed up by columnist Dave Tefft of the Ann Arbor News. In an open letter to Kramer, Tefft charged that Ron "deliberately pummeled an Iowa halfback far beyond the call of football duty. Later

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Flying fists and pile-ons can be deceptive, says Kramer; they usually don't mean dirty football

on in the game, some bits of elbow swinging and a bit of punter crashing brought on pressbox comments of: 'He's mean, isn't he?' "

Kramer made his debut as a national TV figure in that Iowa game, but it was three weeks later when Michigan battled Ohio State with the Big Ten title and the Rose Bowl at stake that he became the most controversial player of the season.

With three minutes to play and Ohio State holding an 11 to 0 lead, some 2,000 Ohio fans stormed out of the stands, tore down the north goal posts, and started snowball fights along the side lines. Tempers flared on both teams. In two minutes, officials called a total of eight penalties—four against each team—for either "illegal use of hands," "unsportsmanlike conduct," or "unnecessary roughness."

The big blowup came when Kramer was cited for unnecessary roughness while attempting to rip the football from the arms of an Ohio State halfback. Angered by the penalty, Kramer and teammate Al Sigman charged the referee, and—after a bitter argument—both players were put out of the game for protesting the decision.

THE BANISHMENT OF KRAMER touched off a violent sports-page controversy over whether Ron "slugged" the Ohio State ball carrier. Michigan authorities were so disturbed that athletic director Fritz Crisler made public a letter of apology to president Howard Bevis of Ohio State.

Kramer endured the storm with equanimity. "I'm sorry I blew my top," he told Oosterbaan, "but I didn't slug. That halfback had the ball clasped tight against his chest to guard against a fumble, and I was digging in there to jar it loose."

Oosterbaan substantiated Kramer's story. "I studied the disputed play 15 times in slow-motion game movies, and there was no slugging," Oosterbaan declared. "Kramer was trying to jerk the ball out of the Ohio player's hands.

"Ron is the player who lifted us up in 1954 and again in '55," Oosterbaan added. "In the last two minutes of the Iowa game when we led 27-21 and there was talk in the huddle of running out the clock to play safe, Kramer said:

" 'Let's not stall it out. We're Michigan men. Let's go for the TD!' And Kramer made the block as Tony Branoff went 31 yards for the touchdown."

Kramer's version of that huddle is typical of him. "We'd just come from behind," Ron recalls. "Maybe I made the comment about being Michigan men, but more likely I said, 'Let's shove that ball down their throats,' or something like that."

Although the slugging charge against Kramer was refuted by motion-picture evidence, there is a bloc of critics which contends that Kramer roughs opposition players deliberately.

After the Michigan State game last month, I asked Kramer about these criticisms. He thought for a moment. "Let's put it this way," he finally said. "I'm fairly large and when I get my 220 pounds moving at top speed, I can't stop on a dime. Suppose the ball carrier slips and falls on a cutback just as I'm set to make the tackle. Technically, the play is dead when the ball carrier's knee touches the ground, but I may ram him anyway. That may look rough—even deliberately rough—from the press box, but it's the only smart play. If you try to stop suddenly or change direction abruptly to avoid that fallen runner, you may pull a muscle or twist your knee or ankle.

"The same thing holds true when you rush the passer or try to block a punt. You go in fast—pushing and shoving those blockers—and put your hands up to block the ball. Once in a while, if you're knocked off balance, or the passer moves suddenly, you block somebody's chin instead of the ball. That's tough luck, but it evens up. I've been cracked plenty of times with fists and elbows, but I never thought it was done deliberately, and I've never punched or elbowed anybody deliberately.

"Football just happens to be a rough game," Kramer continued. "You read a lot about the different systems like the single wing and the split-T, but the real good teams like Ohio State, Oklahoma and Michigan State don't try to beat you with finesse. They use the only sure-fire winning system —hit the other guys harder than they hit you. Grind 'em down in the first half and polish 'em off in the second.

"One thing's sure," Kramer concluded, "you bang those ball carriers with a couple of solid tackles, and they don't run quite so fast. That's why we lost that big game last year to Ohio State. Nobody hit [Hopalong] Cassidy hard enough. Those Ohio blockers gave him more protection than Fort Knox. I didn't get a good shot at Hoppy all afternoon."

Kramer's capacity for belting ball carriers was demonstrated in last month's Michigan State game. Michigan State, rated the nation's top offensive unit, won 9-0 by capitalizing on two breaks—a fumble and an intercepted pass—but the Spartans failed to make a first down in the first half and never mounted a long march.

"We just couldn't move Kramer," testifies Spartan coach Duffy Daugherty. "We used two blockers on him, but he kept coming in and always had the spot between right tackle and end stopped up. That's where we like to run—with Clarence Peaks carrying the ball—but we got nowhere against Kramer."

Ron, now a senior, has maintained the reputation for being an unadulterated athletic phenomenon which he had when he matriculated at Michigan in the fall of 1953. At East Detroit High School, he earned all-state honors in football and basketball and captured state track championships in the hurdles and high jump. But even so, the Michigan coaches scarcely anticipated Ron would make such a sensational debut as a sophomore end.

DURING THE '54 campaign, Kramer caught 23 passes for 303 yards and three touchdowns, kicked 14 out of 15 extra-point attempts, averaged 41.4 yards with his booming punts, was devastating on defense. He blocked punts—possibly the most difficult defensive maneuver in football—in three successive games against Illinois, Michigan State and Ohio State.

Although slowed by injuries as a junior last season, Kramer still was an overwhelming choice for Collier's All-America and awed pro scouts rated him the best end prospect in college football. After Ron grabbed three touchdown passes last year as Michigan overwhelmed Missouri, 42 to 7, veteran Missouri coach Don Faurot declared: "Kramer is the greatest end I've ever seen in 27 years of coaching—bar none!"

Two weeks later, in Michigan's game against Army, Kramer delivered the key block as halfback Terry Barr raced 82 yards on a punt return for the touchdown which transformed what figured to be a tight ball game into a 26-2 conquest for Michigan.

Unfortunately for Kramer, that important block very nearly ended his football usefulness for that season. In the ensuing pile-up, an Army player's plastic helmet crashed into Ron's right side, cracking four ribs. Kramer walked off the field but collapsed in the tunnel leading to the dressing room.

Ron then sat out the Northwestern and Minnesota games before returning to action against Iowa.

"He wore that plastic shield over his ribs and his whole right side was wrapped in foam rubber," Oosterbaan recalls. "Undoubtedly, the wrappings hampered Ron's effectiveness in the last four games of last season, but he still managed to make the big play for us.

"It was halfway through the basketball season—sometime in February—before Ron was able to move normally without feeling twinges of pain in those cracked ribs," Oosterbaan adds.

KRAMER REGARDS INJURIES as an inevitable part of a rough but exhilarating sport. He has yet to go through a varsity campaign without harm. By this year's second game he already had suffered a hairline fracture in one hand. This is nowhere near as serious as the cracked ribs of the '55 season or as the injuries of his sophomore year when he was forced out of action twice.

"In the '54 opener against Washington," he remembers, "somebody really belted me after I grabbed a pass, and I was out for a week with a bruised hip. That's when I learned the big trick isn't catching the ball—it's holding the ball after you catch it. Usually, you're turned toward the line of scrimmage for the catch, and the defensive back is behind you. He can't whack you until you touch the ball but then he really belts you—hoping to jar the ball loose."

Later, against Northwestern, Kramer incurred a painful knee bruise while attempting to block a punt. "That's the odd part about that play," he points out. "If you fail, you don't get hurt; but if you succeed, you either get kicked by the punter's foot or you get the ball bounced off the front of you. Either way it hurts. After I blocked those punts on three successive Saturdays, my whole stomach was black and blue for a month."

But, as indicated previously, it isn't only remarks about football that qualify Kramer as one of the frankest talkers in the annals of intercollegiate competition. Take studying, for example, a subject about which many college football stars prefer to maintain a discreet silence.

The thumbnail sketch on Kramer in the Michigan Gridiron Guide states: ". . . A good student, he entered Michigan with a definite plan in mind. He is majoring in psychology, heading toward an industrial public-relations career upon graduation . . ."

When this reference was brought to Kramer's attention, Ron said: "I'd say I was a fair student. My grades run around C plus. Of course, I really intended to study accounting, but I made some inquiries and discovered I wouldn't be able to play three sports and still make passing grades in accounting—it's a real tough subject. So I switched to a general academic course with emphasis on psychology.

"Usually," Kramer continued, "my grades fall off about a point during football season, but I manage to pull them back up again by studying harder during basketball season. It's hard to study during football season. You practice until about six thirty most nights, then eat dinner and when you get to the room you feel too drowsy to read anything."

Aside from the circumstance that he is studying psychology instead of accounting, Kramer seems to be well satisfied with his over-all academic prog-

Kramer finds playing and practicing college football (l.) the equivalent of a 40-hour work week. The sport also has meant injuries to him each year since he's been on the varsity (above, he gets heat treatments for damaged shoulder in training room). He concedes sports activity makes studying late and difficult (r.)—but insists the game is worth the price

ress. "Probably I could raise my average to a B if I quit basketball or track," he admits, "but I don't believe I'm missing anything really important. After all, assuming I get my AROTC commission, I have a three-year hitch in the Air Force coming up after graduation next June. If I need to specialize in a couple of subjects, I can always take some correspondence courses while in service. Probably, I'll take some accounting, anyway.

"Meanwhile," Kramer adds frankly, "the reputation I build up in sports seems to me more important than making a slightly higher academic average. I'm looking forward to a business career in Detroit—and Detroit is a Michigan town. So, the publicity I'm getting now should be a valuable business asset later on.

"Not that I expect anybody to do business with me because my name happens to be Kramer, but I figure if you work as hard or harder than the next guy—and you've got a name for a door-opener—well, you ought to do pretty well."

Although Kramer answers questions fully and frankly, he seldom volunteers information during an interview. ("I figure if the reporters are interested in something, they'll ask about it.") This inadvertently involved him in another sensational news story last July when he was accused of receiving a "full ride" scholarship from Michigan as compensation for his football services.

"THE RUMPUS REALLY STARTED at Easter vacation when I came back to the campus driving a new car," Kramer recalls. "There was a rumor some alumnus bought the car for me. Then a reporter showed up and started asking questions. But he never asked me where the car came from so I never told him. If he'd asked, I'd have told him the truth—that my parents bought it for me as a sort of a graduation present a year in advance. They knew I'd be going into the service and thought I'd enjoy the car more if I drove it during senior year."

The Kramers sold a small lot to pay for Ron's car. "Frankly, they couldn't afford the car and shouldn't have bought it," Ron declares, "but you know how parents are."

So far as scholarship assistance is concerned, Kramer asserts he never asked for financial aid from the university until he was injured in the Army game last year.

"I had to spend so much time in the hospital and in the training room undergoing heat treatments that I couldn't work at my job clerking in the bookstore for almost three months," Kramer explains. "So, I asked for a grant and received $560 from a university fund which provides financial aid for students in an emergency."

Kramer estimates it costs him about $1,500 a year to attend Michigan. He earns roughly $1,000, and his parents make up the remaining $500. "The only time I can make any real money is during summer vacation," Ron points out. "This past summer, I worked 10 hours a day with a construction gang and another six hours most nights at a gas station and averaged about $110 a week."

Kramer adds: "Someone ought to look at the question of aid to football players from the players' viewpoint. I don't say a player ought to be paid a salary, but I don't see anything wrong in reimbursing him for the time he spends practicing—particularly if he needs financial help, and the practice occupies 20 or 30 hours a week he might otherwise put in on a campus job.

"For example, let's take the case of two students who need financial help and are paid a dollar an hour by the university for doing maintenance jobs around the campus. During the fall, one student works at the stadium, painting and sweeping up, and makes about $25 a week. The other student, who is a football player, can't work because he's too busy practicing.

"Now," Kramer wonders, "if it's all right for the university to pay one student a dollar an hour for sweeping up the stadium, what's wrong with reimbursing the other student the same amount for the time he spends practicing to play in the games which fill the stadium on Saturday afternoons?"

Lavish is scarcely the word to describe Kramer's style of campus living. He shares an attic room in the Sigma Chi fraternity house with Charles Brooks, a fellow end on the football squad. The room is furnished with two beds, two desks and a sagging, old couch valued at upwards of $6.

Over three years at Michigan, Kramer estimates he's averaged 30 hours per week in some form of varsity athletics. He is top scorer on the basketball team and a 6-4 high jumper on the track team. "Football takes the most time," Ron declares. "It's the equivalent of working a 40-hour week at some job. You spend about 12 to 15 hours a week practicing. There are one or two night meetings a week with the coaches; then you join the team at the country club for dinner on Friday night, sleep at the country club, stay with the other players at the club until it's time to go to the stadium around noon Saturday, and you don't get away from the stadium after the game until about five o'clock. That's a 23-hour stretch during which you do nothing but eat, sleep and play football."

Kramer spends another 35 to 40 hours per week either studying or attending classes. "The studying varies quite a bit," he admits. "The closer the exams, the more book time I put in."

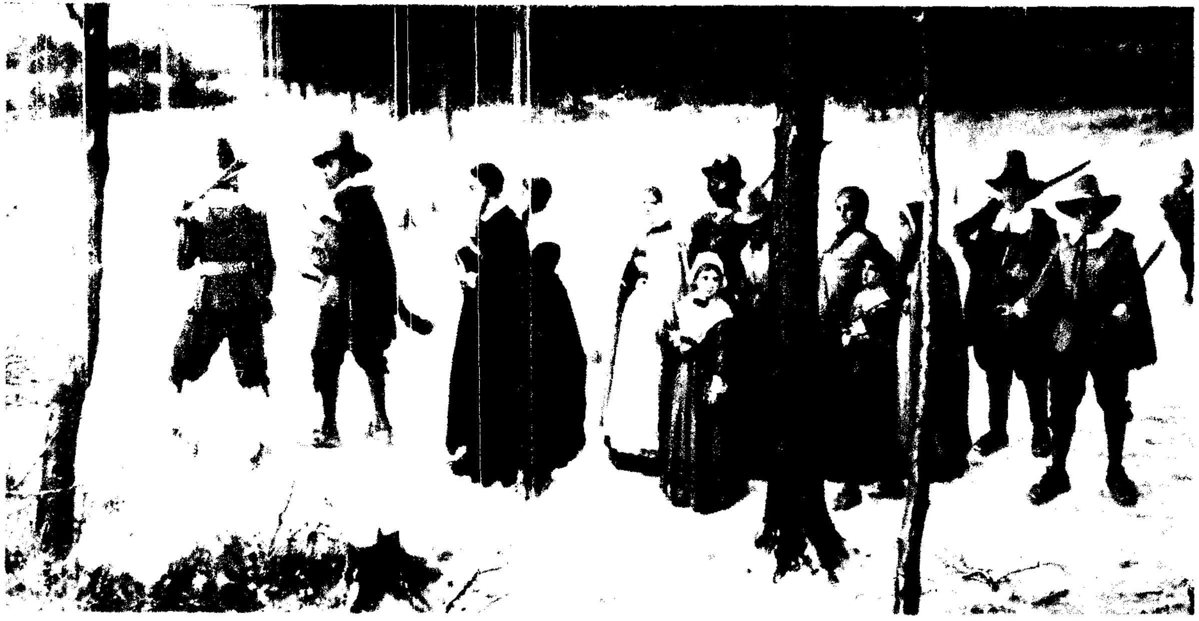
ON THE EVE of a psychology test last February, Kramer worked at his desk from eight o'clock until quarter to ten the next morning. He took the test, returned to his desk and studied all afternoon. "Then," testifies Maentz, "Ron went over to the field house and scored 25 points in a Big Ten basketball game. He hadn't had a wink of sleep for 36 hours when he went on the court."

Even while devoting upwards of 75 hours per week to sports and studies, Kramer enjoys a rather full social life. He invariably takes a hand in the postlunch bridge games at the fraternity, sees one or two movies a week and has a steady girl, Nancy Cook, a blue-eyed, blonde sophomore from Jackson, Michigan. They date twice a week and go dancing every Saturday night. Even after a football game, says Miss Cook, he's never too tired to go dancing.

Almost every Sunday afternoon Ron goes home to visit his parents in East Detroit. John Kramer, his father, is a foreman in the Chevrolet forge plant. He is a powerfully built man, five feet ten inches and 190 pounds, but he looks small alongside Ron. "It's hard to believe now," says the senior Kramer, "that Ron was a fat, clumsy, little fellow all through grade school—didn't seem to care much for football or basketball. Then one summer—just before he went into the ninth grade—he grew five inches in three months. After that, he was always over at the gym. We hardly ever saw him."

This year anyone with an eye, or an ear, on football is going to be seeing and hearing from Ron Kramer—speaking roughly, and playing the same way. THE END

Collier's Comment



PAINTING BY G. H. BOUGHTON NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"...every day by your favor"

THE government's foreign-aid program has been subject to a great deal of misunderstanding—both at home and abroad. It is, certainly, a necessary instrument of policy, a sound and constructive program. It is also "government," and therefore cold, impersonal and subject to the cynical criticism of being self-serving. In fact, there has been a growing feeling abroad that Americans are becoming a smug and cynical lot, bent on wringing some value for themselves out of every charitable dime spent.

We have been looking into another kind of foreign aid—people-to-people aid, the kind that bypasses governments, that is sent without thought of reward by private American citizens to needy people abroad. And what we found is, we feel, a gratifying rebuttal of the cynics.

Fifty-three separate private agencies are now registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. These 53 all are free associations of private citizens, organized for giving. They give to people of every race and nation, to the lost and needy of every continent. Thousands of unpaid workers and millions of contributors have rallied to their support, and the aid that these organizations have distributed overseas has risen from $135,000,000 in 1953 to a rate of nearly $300,000,000 a year today.

This is more than a statistic.

It's food for the hungry, clothes for the ragged, shelter for the homeless. It's the pride of an Israeli farmer, given tools with which to strike out for a new independence; the joy of parents whose child has been restored to health by modern medicines; the fresh and solemn dignity of a Korean orphan boy learning, through someone's thoughtfulness, to read and write.

Beyond this, it seems to us that here is a vivid example of a brand-new awareness by Americans of the world around them. Historically, we have always expected to give in our own neighborhoods—we'd provide for the sick and help the poor and if a man's barn burned down we'd all join in to rebuild it.

We have pushed back the boundaries of that neighborhood a very long way. Today we're doing these same things for people in Kabul and Palermo and Seoul. Three hundred million dollars of spontaneous aid tells eloquently of our discovery that all mankind is one community, one people; that hopes and dreams, joy and sorrow, are as real and warm and poignant in Karachi as they are in Chicago. This is a big discovery. It is one that philosophers and travelers and occasional statesmen have made over and over again through the centuries, individually—but never in the world's history has it been shared by a whole nation.

When programs of personal giving that reach across oceans can find the success these have had, man has come a long way from jungle law. Each who gives must feel a kinship with the one he helps, and with that kinship a sympathy. And these are the fundamentals of a lasting peace.

Now as we celebrate another Thanksgiving with its traditional counting of blessings we find that we have been richly blessed. We have peace and we have abundance, and more.

The handful of Pilgrims who gave us Thanksgiving were celebrating a harvest—their first harvest, brought forth from a small patch of rocky New England soil. Today the few bushels of corn they struggled so hard to produce would be lost among our surpluses, as our tractors till and our combines reap across the full sweep of a continent. But to them, those few bushels meant the difference between starvation and survival, between failure and success. From those few bushels the little colony took new hope, new life; and from that little colony, our nation grew.

Today there are other groups of Pilgrims in far-off lands, struggling for survival on their own frontiers—frontiers not of a new world, perhaps, but of a new life of freedom, of release from bondage and from want and disease and ignorance.

A few bushels of corn—or its equivalent in milk or medicine—can mean as much to many of these pioneers as to the Pilgrims of Plymouth, and millions of Americans are providing it with their contributions. What they are getting in return is summed up by a letter received by CARE from a boy in the Kun-Hwa Orphanage in Korea:

"We can have sweet food every day by your favor. And we cannot eat it without thinking of you. We wish to be as kind as you who care for the poor. We want you to help us more so that we may drive back the Communists from this free country. We hope to be good men who keep democracy and freedom when we grow to men. We pray to God that may your country be rich evermore."

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